THE LAST part of the Mirour for Magistrates, wherein may be seene by examples passed in this Realme, with how greenous plagues, vyces are punished in great Princes & Magistrats, and how frayle and vnstable worldly prosperity is founde, where Fortune seemeth most highly to Fauour.

Newly corrected and enlarged

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

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1578.

Cum Priuilegio.

Loue and Liue.

TO ALL THE NOBI-litie, and all other in office, God graunte wisedome and all thinges nedefull for the preseruation of their Estates. Amen.

PLato among many of his notable sentences conteruyng the gouernement of a common wrale hath this: well is that Realme gouerned, in which the ambitious, desire not to beare office. Whereby you may perceiue (right honourable) what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gainfull spoyles for the gredy to hunt for, but painefull toyles for the beady to bee charged with. You may perceiue also by this sentence, there is nothing more necessary in a common weale, then that Magistrates be diligent and trusty in their charges.

¶ And sure in whatsoeuer Realme such prouision is made, ỹ officers be forced to do their duties: there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to repulse & shift of those that with flattery, bribes, and other shifts, sue & preace for offices. For the ambitious (that is to saye prollers for power or gayne) seeke not for offices to helpe other, for whych cause officers are ordained: but with the vndoing of other, to enrich themselues. And therfore bar them once of this bayt, & force them to do their duties, then will they geue more to be rid from their charges, than they did at ỹ first to come by thē: For they seeke onely their priuate profite. And therfore, where

In the best to way to liue at peace
is to let strife and Enuie goe.

the ambitious seeke no office: there no doubt, offices are duely ministred. And where offices are duely ministred, it cannot be chosen, but the people are good, whereof must nedes follow a good common weale. For if the magistrates be good, the people cannot be ill. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any Realme lieth in the goodnes or badnes of the Rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy Apostles so earnestly charge vs to pray for the magistraees: For in dede the wealth & quiet of euery common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same, come specially thorough them. I neede not go eyther to the Romaines or Greekes for the proose hereof, neither yet to ỳ Iewes, or other nations: whose common weales haue alway florished whyle their magistrates were good, and decayed and ran to ruyne, when vicious men had the gouernement.

Our countrey stories (if we reade and marke them) wil show vs examples enow, would God we had not sene mo thā enow. I purpose not to stand herevpon the particulers, because they be in parte setforth in the tragedies folowing. Yet by ỳ waye this I note (wishing all other to doe the like) namely, that as good gouernours haue neuer lacked their deserued praises: so haue not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plagues as are horrible to beare of. For God (ỳ ordeiner of offices) although he suffer them for punishment of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoilers and Iudasses, than toilers or Iustices (whom the scriptures cal hypocrits) yet suffereth he them not to scape vnpunished, because they dishonour him. For it is Gods own office, yea his chief office which they beare and abuse. For as Iustice is the chief vertue, so is ỳ ministration therof, the chiefest office: and therfore hath God established it with the chiefest name, honouring and calling Kinges and all officers vnder them by his owne name: Gods. Ye be al Gods, as many as haue in your charge any ministration of Iustice. What a foule shame were it for any nowe to take vpon them the name and office of God, and in their doings to shew them

themselues deuils: God cannot of Iustice, but plague suche shameles presumption and hipocrisie, and that with shamful death, diseases, or infamye. Howe he hath plagued euil rulers from time to time, in other nations, you may see gathred in Bochas boke intituled The fall of Princes, trāslated into English by Lydgate a Monke of ỳ Abbey of Bury in Suff. How he hath dele with some of our countrymen your auncestours, for sundry vices not yet left, this boke named, A Mirrour for Magistrates, shall in parte playnye set forth before your eyes which boke I humbly offer vnto your honours, besechīg you to accept it fauorably. For here, as in a mirror or lokīg glasse you shal se if any vice be foūd, how the like hath ben punished in other, heretofore, wherby admonished, I trust it will bee a good occasiō to moue mē to ỳ soner amēdmēt. This is ỳ chief end why this booke is setforth, which God graūt it may talke accordīg to the maner of the makers. The worke was begō & part of it printed in quene Maries time, but staid by such as thē were chief in office, neuertheles, through ỳ meanes of the right honorable Hēry Lord Stafford, ỳ first part was licēced, & imprinted ỳ first yeare of ỳ raign of this our most noble and vertuous Quene, & dedicated to your honours with this preface. Since wh time, although I wāted such help as before, yet the said good Lord Stafford hath not ceased to cal vpō me, to publish so much therof as I had gottē of other mēs hands, so ỳ through his Lordships earnest meanes, I haue now also setforth another part, conteining as much as I could obtaine at ỳ hands of my frends: Which in ỳ name of al the authours, I hūbly dedicate vnto your honours, instātly wishing, ỳ it may so like & delite your mynds, ỳ your therefulreceiuīg therof, may encourage worthy wits to enterprise & performe ỳ rest. Which assone as I may procure, I entēd through Gods leaue & your fauorable allowance, to publish with all expedicion. In the meane whyle my Lordes and Gods, (for so I may cal you) I moste humbly beseech your honours fauorably to ac-

 cepte

cept this rude worke, and diligently to reade and consider it. And although you shal find in it, that some haue for their vertues bin enuied and brought vnto misery: yet cease not you to be vertuous, but do your office to the vttermost. Embrace vertue and suppresse the contrary, both in your selues and other, so shall God whose officers you are, either so maintaine you that no malice shall preuaile, or if it do, it shall be for your good, & to your eternall glory both here and in heauen which I beseech God you may both seeke and attaine.

Amen.

Yours most humble
VV.B.

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A BRIEFE MEMO-riall of ſundry vnfortunate Engliſhmen.

WILLIAM BALDWIN to the Reader

WHEN the Printer had purpoſed with himſelf to Print Lidgates tranſlation of Bochas, of the fal of Princes, hauinge made priuy thereto, many both honourable and worſhippefull: hee was coũſayled by dyuers of them to procure a continuance of the Storye from whereas Bochas left, vnto this preſẽt time, chiefly of ſuch as Fortune had abuſed here in this Iſland: which might bee as a Myrrour for men of all eſtates and degrees aſwell Nobles as other, to behold the ſlipperye deceiptes of the wauering Lady, & the due reward of all kinde of vices. Which aduice liked him ſo well, that he required mee to take paynes therein: but becauſe it was a matter paſſing my wit & ſkill, and more thanckleſſe than gaynefull to enterprise. I refuſed vtterly alone to vndertake it without the helpe of ſutch, as in wit were apt, in learninge allowed, and in iudgemente and eſtimation able to wield and diſcharge the weight of ſutch a burden, thinkinge ſo to ſhift my handes. But hee earneſt and diligent in hys aſſayzes, procure me an Athlas

to laye the burden vppon my shoulders, which I would not haue vndertaken, but that shortly after diuers learned men (whose many giftes nede few prayses) consented to take vpon them part of the trauaile. And when certayne of them to the num- of seuen, were through a generall assent at an ap- poyncted time and place, gathered together to de- uise thereuppon: I resorted vnto them, bringinge with mee the booke of Bochas translated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obseruation of his order: which although wee did not mislyke, yet would it not conuenientlye serue, seing that both Bochas, & Lidgate were dead, neither were there any alyue that had medled vō like argumēt, to whom the vn- fortunate might make their moane. To make ther- fore a state meete for the matter, they al agreed that I shoulde vsurpe Bochas rome, and the wretched Princes complaine vnto me: and toke vpon them- selues, euery man for his part to be sundry perso- ges, and in their behalfes to bewaile vnto me their sundry chaunces, heauy destenies, and wofull mis- fortunes. This done, wee opened suche Bookes of Chronicles as wee had there present, and Maister Ferrers after hee had founde where Bochas left, which was about the ende of Kinge Edward the thirdes raigne, to begin the matter, sayd thus.

I maruayle (q hee) what Bochas meaneth to forget among his myserable Princes, such as were of our Nation, whose number is as great as theyr

Aduentures

Aduentures wonderfull. For to let passe all, both *Britaynes*, *Danes*, and *Saxons*, and to come to the last Conquest, what a sort are they, and some also in the time of Bochas himselfe, or not much before. As for example William Rufus the second kinge of Englande after the Cõquest, eyther by malice or misaduenture slayne hunting in the new Forest, by Walter Tirrell with ỹ shot of an arrow. Robert Duke of *Normandy* eldest sonne to William Conquerour depriued of his inheritaunce of England, by Henry his youngest brother hauing both his eyes put out, and after, myserably imprisoned in Cardiffe Castel, whereas hee died. The most Lamentable case of William, Rychard, and Mary, children of the sayde Henry the first called Beauclerke, drowned vpon ỹ Sea by the negligence of drunken Mariners, and kynge Rychard the fyrst slaine with a quarel in his chiefe prosperity. The most vnnaturall murther of Artur Duke of *Britayne* right Heyre of Englande, by king Jhon his vncle, wt the death of Isabell his Sister by Famyne. The myserable ende of the sayd king Jhon their vncle by Surfet, or as some write poysoned by a Monke of the Abbey of *Swinsted* in Lyncolneshyre. Are not their Histories ruful, and of rare Example? But as it should appeare, Bochas being an *Italian*, minded most the *Romayne*, and *Italike* Story, or els perhaps hee wanted the knowledge of ours. It were therefore a goodly and no-

table matter, to ſearch and diſcourſe our whole ſtory from the firſt beginninge of the inhabitinge of the *Iſle*. But ſeeinge the Printers mynde is to haue vs ſupply where Lidgate left, we will leaue that great labour to other ẏ may intende it, and (as one being bold fyrſt to breake the Iſle) I will begin at ẏ reigne of Rychard ẏ ſecõd, a time as troubleſome to ẏ people, as vnlucky to ẏ Prince. And for aſmuch frende Baldwin, as it ſhall be your charge to penne orderly the whole proceſſe: I will ſo far as my memory, and iudgement ſerueth, ſomewhat further you in the truth of the ſtory. And therefore omittinge the ruffle made by Jacke Straw & his Lewd meiney, with the murder of many notable mẽ which thereby happened, (for Jacke as yee knowe was but a poore Prince) I wil begin with a notable example, which within a while after enſued. And although the perſon (at whom I beginne) was no kinge nor Prince: yet ſithens he had a Princely office, I will take vpon mee the miſerable perſon of Syr Robert Treſilian chiefe Juſtice of *Englande*, and of other his fellowes learned in ẏ Law ẏ were plagued wᵗ him: thereby to warne all of theyr callinge & profeſſion, to beware of wronge Judgementes, miſcõſtruinge of Lawes, or wreſtinge the ſame to ſerue the Princes turne, which rightfully brought them to a myſerable ende, which they may iuſtly lament in maner enſuinge.

* *
*

THE FALL OF SIR Robert Tresilian chief Iustice of England, and other his fellowes, for misconstruinge the Lawes and expoundinge them to serue the Princes affections. Anno. 1388.

IN the rufull Regester of mischiefe, and mishap,
Baldwin we beseech thee with our names to begin,
Whom vnkrendly Fortune did trayne vnto a trap,
Whē we our state estēm'd most stable to haue bin:
So lightly leese they all, which all do weene to winne:
Learne by vs yee Lawyers, and Iudges of the Lande,
Vpright and vncorrupt in dome alway to stande.

And myne yee this president to remayne for euer,
Enroll and recorde it in tables made of Brasse,
Engraue it in Marble that may bee razed neuer,
Where Iudges of the Lawe may sée as in a Glasse,
What guerdon is for guile, and what our wages was,
Who for filthy lucre, corrupt with meede and awe,
Wittingly and wretchedly did wrest the sence of Lawe.

A chaunge more new or straunge, when was there euer séene,
Then Iudges from the Bench to come downe to the Barre,
And counsaylours that were, most nigh to King and Quéene
Exiled their countrey, from Court and counsayle farre,
But such is Fortunes play that can both make and marre,
Exaltinge to most highe, that was before most lowe,
And turning tayle agayne, the lofty downe to throwe.

And

And ſuch as late afore, could ſtoutly ſpeake and pleade
Both in Court, and Countrey, careleſſe of the triall,
Stand muet as Hammers without aduice, or reade
All to ſeeke of ſhifting, by trauerſe or deniall
Which haue ſeene the day, when for a golden Riall
By ſinelle and cunning, could haue made blacke ſeeme whit
And moſt extorted wrong, to haue appeared right.

Whilſt thus on bench aboue, wee had the higheſt place,
Our reaſons were to ſtrong, for any to confute,
But when at barre beneath, we came to pleade our caſe
Our wittes were in the wane, our pleadinge very bruto,
Hard it is for Priſoners, with Judges to diſpute
When many againſt one, and none for one ſhall ſpeake,
Who weenes himſelfe moſt wyſe, ſhall haply be to weake.

To you therefore that ſit, theſe fewe wordes will I ſay,
That no man ſits ſo ſure, but may be brought to ſtand,
Wherefore whilſt you haue place, & beare the ſwing, & ſway
By fauour without rygor, let poincts of Law bee ſkand:
Pitty the poore Prſoner that holdeth vp his hand,
Ne lade him not with Law, who leaſt of Law hath knowne,
Remember ere yee dye, the caſe may bee your owne.

Beholde mee vnfortunate Foreman of thys Flocke,
Treſilian, ſometime chiefe Juſtice of this Lande.
A Gentleman by byrth, no ſtayne was in my Stocke,
Locketon, Holt, and Belknap, with other of my bande,
Which the Lawe and Juſtice had wholly in our bande,
Under the ſecond Richard a Prince of great eſtates
To whom and vs alſo, blinde Fortune gaue the mate.

In the

In the common Lawes oure skill was so profounde,
Oure credit and aucthority such, and so esteemed,
That what that we concluded was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for Lawe, what so to vs best seemed.
Lyfe, Death, Landes, goods, and all by vs was deemed.
Whereby with easy payne, great gaine we did inget,
And euery thinge was fishe, that came vnto our net.

At Sessions and Sises, we bare the stroke and sway,
In pantents and commission, of Quorum alway chiefe:
So that to whether side, soeuer we did way,
Were it by right or wronge, it past without repreefe,
The true man we let hang, somwhiles to saue a Thiefe.
Of Golde and of Siluer, our handes were neuer empty,
Offices, Fermes, and Fees, fell to vs in great plenty.

But what thinge may suffice vnto the greedy man?
The more he hath in hold, the more he doth desire,
Happy and twyce happy is hee, that wisely can
Content himselfe with that, which reason doth require,
And mopleth for no more, then for his needefull hyre:
But greedinesse of minde doth seldome keepe the eye,
To whom enough and more, at no time doth suffise.

For like as Dropsy pacients drinke and still be dry,
Whose vnstaunched Thirst no Liquor can alaye,
And drincke they nere so much, yet Thirst they by and by,
So Catchers, and Snatchers toyle both night and day,
Not needy but greedy, still prollinge for their Praye,
O endelesse Thirst of Gold, corrupter of all Lawes,
What mischiefe is on mould wherof thou art not cause.

Thou

Thou mayeſt vs forget the fayth we did proteſte,
When Sergeants we were ſworne to ſerue the cõmon Law,
Making a ſolempne oth in no poynt to dygreſſe.
From approued Principles in ſentence nor in lawe:
But we vnhappy wyghts without al dread and awe,
Of the Iudge eternall, more high to be promoted.
To Mammon more then God, all wholly were deuoted.

The Lawes we did interprete and ſtatutes of the Land,
Not truely by the Text, but newly by a gloſe:
And wordes ỳ were moſt plaine, when they by vs were ſcand,
Wee turned by conſtruction like a Welchmans hoaſe,
Whereby many a one both life and Land did looſe:
Yet this we made our meane to mount a loft on Mules,
And ſeruing times and turnes, peruerted Lawes and rules.

Thus clyming and contending alway to the toppe,
From hie, vnto higher, and than to be moſt hye,
The bonny dew of Fortune ſo faſt on vs did droppe,
That of King Richards counſayle we came to be moſt nye:
Whoſe fauoure to attayne, we were full fine and lye
Alway to his auayle, where any ſenſe might ſound,
That way (were it all wrong) the Lawes we did expound.

So workinge Lawe like ware, the ſubiect was not ſure
Of Life, Land, nor goods, but at the Princes will,
Which cauſed his kingdome the ſhorter time to dure,
For clayminge power abſolute both to ſaue and ſpill,
The Prince thereby preſumed his people for to pill:
And ſet his luſtes for Lawe, and will had reaſons place,
No more but hange and draw, there was no better grace.

Thus

The King thus outleaping, the limits of his lawe,
Not raygning but raginge, as wyll did him entice,
Wyse and worthy persons from Court did dayly drawe,
Sage counsell set at naught, proud vaunters were in price,
And ropsters bare the rule, which wasted al in byce,
Of ryot and excesse, grew scarcitie and lacke,
Of lacking came taxing, and so went wealth to wracke.

The Barons of the Land, not bearing this abuse,
Conspiring with the commons assembled by assent,
And seing no reason nor treatye could induce
The king in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his princely mynde: they cald a Parliament
Francke and free for all men, vnchecked to debate
Aswell for weale publique, as for the Princes state.

In which high assemblye, great thinges were proponed.
Touching the Princes state, his regally and crowne,
By reason that Richard, which much was tobe moned,
Without regard at all, of honour or renowne,
Misled by ill aduise, had turnde al vpside downe:
For suretie of whose state, them thought it did behooue,
His counsailours corrupt, by order to remoue.

Among whom, Robert Veer, called Duke of Ireland,
With Higbel Delapoole, of Suffolke new made Earle.
Tharchbyshop of Yorke was also of our band:
With Vzembze of London a ful vncurteous churle)
Some learned in the law in exile they did hurle:
But I iudge Tresilian, because I was the chiefe,
Was dampned to the Gallowes to dye there as a thiefe.

Lothe kyne of falſhoode, the ſtipend of corruption,
The ſickle ſee of fraud, the fruites it doth procure,
Ye iudges now liuing, let our iuſt punition
Teach you to ſhake of bribes, and kepe your handes al pure.
Riches and promotion be vayne thinges, and vnſure:
The fauour of a Prince is an vntruſtie ſtaye,
But Iuſtice hath a fee, that ſhal remayne alwaye.

What glorye is more greater in ſight of God or man.
Then by pathes of Iuſtice in Iudgement to proceede?
So dueiye and truely the lawes alway to ſkan,
That Iuſtice may take place without reward or meede,
Set apart all flattery and vayne worldly dreede:
Set God before your eyes the righteous Iudge ſupreme,
Remember wel your reckening at the day extreame.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes.
Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortall mens diſpleaſure.
With eyes ſhut, & hands cloſde, you ſhould pronoũce ỹ lawes
Way not this worldly mucke, thincke there is a treaſure
More worth then Gold or ſtone, a thouſand times in valure,
Repoſed for all ſuch as righteouſnes enſue,
Wherof you cannot faple, the promiſe made is true.

If Iudges in our dayes would ponder wel in mynde,
The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting lawe and right,
Such ſtatutes as tourh lyke, ſhould not be thus defynde
By ſences conſtrained, againſt true meaning quite,
Aſwel they might affirme the blacke for to be whyte,
Wherfore we wiſh they would, our act and end compare,
And waying wel the caſe, they wyl (we truſt) beware.

Finis. G. F.

When

When finished was this Tragedy, which semed not vnfyt for the persons touched in ỹ same. Another which in the meane tyme had stayde vppon syr Roger Mortimer Earle of March, and heyre apparaunt of Englande, whose miserable end (as it should appeare) was somwhat before the others: sayd as foloweth. Although it be not greatlye appertinent to our purposed matter, yet in my iudgement, I thincke it would do wel to obserue the tymes of these great infortunes, and as they be more auncient in tyme, so to place their seuerall plaintes: For I fynde that before these (of whō maister Ferrers here hath spoken) there were two earles of ỹ name of Mortimer, the one in the tyme of king Edward the third out of our date: a nother in Richard the secondes time, slayne in Ireland, a yeare before the fal of these Iustices: whose hystorie syth it is notable, and therample fruitful, it were not good to ouerpasse. And therfore by your lycence and fauours, I wyl take vpon me the personage of the earle Mortimer called Roger, who full of bloudye woundes mangled, with a pale countenaunce, and grieslye looke, may make his moane to Baldwin, in this wise.

HOVV THE TWO ROGERS, ſurnamed Mortimers, for their ſundrye Vyces, ended theire lyues vnfortunatelye, the one Anno. 1329. the other. Anno. 1387.

AMong the ryders on the rolling wheele,
Which loſt their holdes, Baldwyn forget not mee
Whoſe fatall thred, vntimelye death dyd reele
Ere it were twiſted, by the Siſters three,
All folke be frayle, theyr bliſſes brittle bee:
For proofe whereof, although none other were,
Suffice may I, Sir Roger Mortimer.

Not he that was in Edwardes dayes the third,
Whom Fortune brought from boote to extreme bale,
With loue of whom, the Queene ſo much was ſtird,
As for his ſake from honour ſhe did ſcale,
And whileſt Fortune, blew on this pleaſaunt gale,
Heauing him high on her triumphall Arch,
By meane of her hee was made Earle of March.

Whence pryde out ſprang, as doth appeare by manye,
Whom ſoden hap, aduaunceth in exceſſe,
Among thouſandes, ſcarſe ſhal you fynde anye,
Which in high wealth that humor can ſuppreſſe,
As in this earle, playne proofe did wel expreſſe:
For whereas hee too loftye was beſore,
His new degree hath made him now much more.

For

For now alone he ruleth as him list,
Respecting none saue only the Queene mother,
Which moued malice to kouldor out the rust,
Which deepe in hate, before did lye and smother.
The Peeres, the People, aswel the one as other.
Against him made so haynous a complaint,
That for a traytour, they did the Earle attaynt.

Than al such crimes as hidden lay before,
They skower a fresh, and somwhat to them adde,
For hydden hate hath eloquence in store,
When Fortune biddes small faultes to make more bad,
Fyue haynous crymes against him soone were had,
Causing the king to yeld vnto the Scot,
Townes that his father, but late afore had got.

And therewithall the Charter called Ragman,
Yeuen to the Scots for byrbes and priuie gayne,
That by his meanes sir Edward of Carnaruan
In Berckley Castel, most cruelly was slayne:
That with his princes mother he had layne,
And last of all by pyllage at his pleasure,
Had spoyld the kyng and commons of their treasure.

For these thinges lo, which erst were out of mynde,
Dampned he was, and hanged at the last,
In whom dame Fortune fully shewed her kynde,
For whome she beaues, she burleth downe as fast:
All men to come, would learne by other past,
Wy coosins fall might cause them set asyde,
High clymim, bybing, adultery and pryde.

Roger Mortimer.

The fynal cauſe, why I this proceſſe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this other,
My like in name, vnlike me though he fel.
Which was I wene my graundſire or his brother:
To count my kin, Dame Philip was my mother,
Eldeſt daughter and heire of Lyonell,
Of King Coward the third the ſecond ſequele.

My Father bight ſir Comund Mortimer,
Cald Earle of March, whence I was after Earle,
By true diſcent theſe two my pareates were,
Of which the one of knighthood bare ferl,
Of Ladies all, the other was the pearle:
After whoſe Death I onely ſtoode in plight,
To be next heyre vnto the crowne by right.

Touching the caſe of my couſin Roger,
(Whoſe ruful end euen now I did relate)
Was found in tyme an vndue atteindre
Againſt the law, by thoſe that bare him hate:
For where by lawe ech man of free eſtate,
Should be heard ſpeake before his iudgement paſſe,
That common grace to him denyed was.

Wherfore by doome in Court of Parliament,
His atteindre appering erroneous,
The King, the Lordes, and Commons of aſſent,
His lawleſſe death vnlawful did diſcuſſe,
And both to bloud and good reſtored vs:
A preſident worthy, in record left,
Lordes lygnes to ſaue, by lawles meanes bereft.

Whyle

Whyle Foztune thus did frendly me reteyne,
Rychard the king, that second was by name,
Hauing none heire after him to reigne:
Made me his mate in earnest and in game:
The Lordes themselues so wel allowd the same,
That through my titles vulye comming downe,
I was made heire apparaunt to the crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemed?
Wel was the man that vnderstoode my bent,
Whom I allowed, as Lordes the People deemed,
And me to serue was euery mannes entent,
With all that wyt or cunning could inuent:
To me as prince attended great and small,
In hope a day would come to pay for all.

But seldome hope continueth trouble voyde,
In greatest charge cares greatest do ensue,
The most pollest, are euer most anoyed,
In largest seas fore tempestes lightly drue,
The freshest colours, soonest chaunge their hue,
In thickest place is made the diepest wounde,
True proofe whereof, my selfe to soone haue founde.

For whiles Foztune so lulde me in her lap,
And gaue me giftes more than I did require,
The double Dame behynde me set a trap,
To dash me downe and lape all in the myre:
The Irish Kernes agaynst mee did conspyre,
My Landes of Ulster vniustly to bereaue,
Which my mother for heritage did me leaue.

And whyles I there to set all thinges in staye,
(Dimit my toyles and troubles thyther warde)
Among mine owne, with my retinue laye,
The wylder sort, whom I did least regarde,
And therfore the reckelesse mannes reward:
When least I thought, set on me in such number,
That fro my corps, the lyfe they set asunder.

Nought might auayle my courage nor my force,
Nor helpe of frendes, which were alas to few:
The cruel folke assaulted so my horse,
That all my helpes in pieces they to hew,
Our bloud distaind the ground as drops of dewe.
Nought might preuayle to flye or yet to yelde,
For whom they take they murther in the fielde.

No law of Armes they know, nor none wil learne:
They make not warre (as other do) a play,
The Lord, the Boy, the Gallowglasse, the Kerne,
Yeeld or not yelde, whom so they take they slaye,
They saue no prisoners, for raunsome, nor for paye:
Their booty chiefe, they countpt a deadmans heade
Their end of warre's to see their enemie dead.

Amongest these men, or rather sauage beasts
I lost my lyfe, by cruel murther slayne,
And therfore Baldwin note thou well my gestes,
And warne all princes rashnes to refrayne,
Bid them beware their enemies when they fayne,
Nor yet presume to make their match amisse,
Had I not so done, I had not come to this,

At

At naught I set a sort of naked men,
And much the lesse, seeming to flye away.
One man me thought was good ynough for ten.
Making small account of number more or lesse,
Wanne elle it is, in warre to goo by gesse,
At vnwares assaulted by our fone,
Which were in number fourtie to vs one.

See here the stay of pompe and highe estate,
The feeble hold of this vncertayn lyfe,
For I but young, proclaymed Prince but late,
Having sayre fruict by my beloued wyfe:
Lost all at once by stroake of bloudy knife:
Whereby assurde, let men themselues assure,
That wealth, and lyfe are doubtful to endure.

FINIS. T. Ch.

After this Tragedye ended, Mayster Ferrers sayde, seeinge it is beste to place eche person in his order, Baldwin take you the Chronicles & marke them as they come: for there are many worthye to bee noted, thoughe not treated of. First the Lorde Murrey a Scottish man, who tooke his deathes wound through a stroake lent him by the Earle of Notingham, whom he chalenged at the Tylt: But to omit him and also the latte Pryor of Typtre, pressed to death

wyth

with thronge of People vppon London Bridge at the Queenes entrye, I wyll come to the Duke of Glocester the kinges vncle, a man mynding the common wealth, and yet at length miserably made away, in whose person if ye wil geeue eare, ye shal heare what I thinke meete to be sayd.

How

HOVVE SIR THOMAS of VVoodstocke, Duke of Gloucestre, Vncle to King Rychard the second, was vnlawfully murdered. Anno. 1397.

WHo stablisht is in State, seeming most sure,
And so far from daunger of Fortunes blast,
As by the compasse of mannes coniecture,
No brasen pyller may be fyxt more fast:
Yet wanting the stay of pruident forecast,
When froward Fortune list for to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpside downe.

In proofe whereof, O Baldwin, take payne,
Turne thine eare to Thomas of Woodstocke,
Prest in presence on Fortune to complaine,
In the forlorne hope of English flocke:
Who by discent was of the royall stocke,
Sonne to king Edward, third of that name,
And second to none in glorye and fame.

This noble father to maynteyn my state,
With Buckingham Earledome did me indowe:
Both Nature and Fortune to me were grate,
Denying mee nothing which they might allowe
Their sundrye graces in me did so flowe,
As beautye, strength, high fauour, and fame,
Who may of God more wish then the same?

Brothers

Brothers we were to the number of seuen,
I beeing the first, and youngest but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,
More stout or more stately, of stomacke & person,
Princes al peereleſſe in ech condition,
Namelye syr Edward, called the blacke Prince,
When had England the like before or euer since?

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of Fortunes variaunce?
Syth daylye and hourelye wee see it in vre,
That where most cause is of affiaunce,
Euen there is found most weake assuraunce:
Let none trust Fortune, but follow reason,
For often wee see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tryed,
Fynding high treason in place of high trust,
And most false fayth where I most affyed:
Beinge by them that should haue bene iust.
Trayterouslye entrapt, ere I could mistrust,
Ah wretched world, what is it to trust thee?
Let them that will learne now harken to mee.

After king Edward the thirdes decease,
Succeeded my Nephewe Richard to raigne,
Who for his glory and honours encrease,
With princely wages did me entertaine,
Against the Frenchmen to be his Chieftayne:
So passing the Seas with royall puissaunce,
With God and S. George I inuaded Fraunce.

Wasting

Wastinge the country with sword and with fyre,
Ouerturning townes, high Castles and towers,
Like Mars God of warre, enflamed with ire,
I forced the Frenchmen t'abandon their bowers:
Where euer we matcht, I wan at all howers,
In such wise visiting both Cittie ad village,
That alway my souldiers were laden with pyllage.

With honour and tryumph was my returne,
Was none more ioyous than young king Richard
Who minding more highlye my state to adourne,
With Glocestre Dukedome did me reward:
And after in mariage I was prefarde,
To a daughter of Bohun an Earle honourable:
By whom I was of England high Constable.

Thus hoysted high on Fortunes whyrling wheele,
As one on a stage attending a playe,
Seeth not on which syde the scaffold doth reele,
Til timber and poales and al flye awaye:
So fared it by me, for day by daye,
As honour encreased I looked stil higher,
Not seing the daunger of my fond desier.

For Fortunes cloud thus running with ful streame,
And I a Duke descended of great kinges,
Constable of Englaud, chiefe officer in the realme,
Abused with assuraunce in these vayne thinges,
I went without feete, and flew without winges:
Presuming so sure vpon my high estate,
That dread set apart my Prince I would mate.

For

For whereas all kinges haue counsel of their choyse,
To whom they referre the rule of their Land,
With certein familiers in whom to reioyce,
For pleasure or profite, as the case shall stand,
I not bearing this, would needes take in hand,
Maugre his will, those persons to disgrace,
And such as I thought fitte to settle in their place.

But as an old Booke sayth, who so wil assay,
About the Cats necke to hang on any Bell,
Had first neede to cut the Cats clawes away
Least if the Cat be curst, and not tamed well,
She happly with her nayles may clawe him to the fell,
So putting on the Bel about the Cats necke,
By being too busie I caught a cruel checke.

Reade wel the sentence of the Rat of renowne,
Which Pierce the Plowman describes in his Dreame,
And who so hath wyt the sence to expoune,
Shal fynde, that to bryde the Prince of a Realme,
Is euen (as who sayth) to stryue with the streame:
Note this all subiectes and construe it well,
And busie not your Braynes about the Cats bel.

But in that ye be Lieges learne to obay,
Submitting your wil les to your Princes Lawes,
It sitteth not a subiect to haue his owne way,
Remember this prouerbe of the Cats clawes:
For Princes like Lyons haue long and large pawes
That reach at Random, and whom they once twitch,
They claw to the bone before the skinne itch.

But to my purpose, I being once bent,
Towardes the atchieuing of my attemptate.
Foure bold Barons were of myne assent,
By oath and aliaunce fastlye confederate,
First Henry of Derby an Earle of estate,
Richard of Arundel, and Thomas of Warwicke,
With Nowbray the Marshal, a man most warlike.

At Ratecote bridge assembled our band,
The commons in clusters came to vs that day,
To daunt Robert Ueer, then Duke of Ireland,
By whom King Richard was ruled alway,
We put him to flight and brake his array,
Then Maugre the king his leaue or assent,
By Constables power we cald a Parliament.

Where not in Roabes, but with Basiardes bright,
We came for to parle of the Publique weale,
Confirming our quarel with maine and with might,
With swordes and no wordes we tryed our appeale,
In steede of reason declaring our zeale,
And whom so we knew with the king in good grace,
We playnly deprined of power and of place.

Some with short processe were banisht the Land,
Some executed with capitall payne,
Whereof who so list, the whole to vnderstand,
In the Parliament rolle it appeareth playne,
And further how stoutly we did the king straine,
The rule of his realme wholy to resigne,
To the order of those, whom we did assigne.

But

But note the sequele of such presumption,
After we had these Oracles thus wrought,
The kinge inflamed with indignation,
By Subiectes thus in bondage to bee brought,
Suppressinge the Ire of his inward thought:
Studied nought els but how that he might,
Be highly reuenged of this high dispight.

Agreeued was also this later offence,
With former cause of rancour to renewe,
For once at Wyndsor I brought to his presence,
The Maior of London with all his retinewe,,
To aske accoumpt of the Realmes reuenew:
And the Souldiers of Brest by me were made bold
To clayme their wages, when the towne was solde.

These griefes remembred with all the remnaunt,
Fulfyld his hart with hate out of measure,
Yet openly in shew made he no semblaunt,
By word or by deede to beare displeasure:
But Frendship fayned, in proofe is found vnsure.
And who so trusteth a foe reconcilde,
Is for the most part alwayes beguilde.

For as fier ill quenche will by fat a start,
And fores not wel salued do breake out of new,
So hatred hidden in an ireful hart,
Where it hath not had long season to brew,
Upon euery occasion doth easely renew:
Not fayling at last, if it be not let,
To pay large vsurie besides the due det,

Euen

Euen so it fared by this frendship fayned,
Outwardly sound and inwardly rotten:
For when the kings fauour in seeming was gayned:
All olde displeasures forgeeuen and forgotten,
Euen than at a soden the shaft was shotten,
Which pearced my hart voyd of mistrust,
Alas that a Prince should be so vniust.

For lyinge at Plashey my selfe to repose,
With long sicknesse diseased very sore:
The King espying me apart from those,
With whom I was confedered before,
Thought it not meete to tract the time more
But glad to take me at such aduauntage,
Came to salute mee with frendly visage.

Who hauing a Band bound to his bent,
By colour of kindenesse to visite his Game,
Tooke tyme to accomplish his cruel entent:
And in a small vessel downe by the streame,
Conueid me to Calais out of the realme,
Where without processe or doome of my peares,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeares.

This act was odious to God and to man,
Yet rigour to cloake in habit of reason,
By craftye compasse deuise they can,
Articles nine of right haynous treason:
But doome after death is sure out of season,
For who euer saw so straunge a president,
As execution to goe before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of mynde,
By sought occasion burst out of new,
And cruelye abused the lawe of kinde,
When that the Nephue the uncle slew,
Alas King Richard, sore maist thou rue-
Which by this fact preparedst a playne waye,
Of thy hard destenye to hasten the daye.

For bloud axeth bloud as guerdon due,
And vengeaunce for vengeaunce is iust rewarde:
O righteous God thy iudgementes are true,
For looke what measure to others we awarde,
The same for vs againe is prepared:
Take heede ye princes by examples past,
Bloud will haue bloud eyther first or last.

FINIS. G. F.

When maister Ferrers had ended this frutefull Tragedye, because no mā was readye with an other, hauing perused the storie which came nert, sayde: because you shall not saye (my maysters) but that I will some what doe my parte. I wyll vnder your correction, declare the tragedye of Thomas Mowbrey, Duke of Northfolke, the chiefe worker of the Duke of Glocesters destruction: who to admonish all counsaylours to beware of Flattring Princes or falsely enuying or accusing their Peregalles, may lamēt his vyces in maner folowinge.

How

HOVV THE LORDE Mowbray promoted by Kynge *Rychard the seconde, to the State of a Duke,* was by him Banished the Realme, in the yeare of Christe. 1398. and after died myserably in exile.

THough sorrowe and shame abash me to reherce,
My lothsome lyfe and death of due deserued,
Yet that the paynes thereof may other pearce,
To leaue the like, least they be likewise serued,
Ah Baldwin marke, and see how that I swerued:
Dissemblinge, enuy, and Flattery, bane that bee
Of al their Holts, haue shewed their power on mee.

I blame not fortune though she did her part,
And true it is, she can do little harme,
She guideth goods, she hampreth not the hart,
A minde well bent, is safe from euery charme:
Vice, onely vice, with her stout strengthlesse arme,
Doth cause the heart from good to ill encline,
Whych I alas, do finde to true by myne.

For where by birth I came of noble race,
The Mowbreys heyre, a famoule house and olde,
Fortune I thanke, gaue me so good a grace,
That of my Prince I had what so I wolde:
Yet neyther was, to other greatly holde,
For I through flattery abusd his wanton youth,
And his fond trust augmented my vntruth.

Hee made mee first the Earle of Notingham,
And Marshall of England, in which estate
The Peeres and people ioyntly to mee came,
With sore complaint, against them that of late
Made officers, had brought the kinge in hate,
By makinge sale of Justice, right, and Lawe,
And liuinge naught: without all dreade or awe.

I gaue them ayde these euils to redresse,
And went to London with an army strong,
And caused the king, against his will oppresse
By cruell death, all such as led him wrong:
The Lord chicke Justice suffered these among,
So did the Steward of his houshold head,
The Chauncellor scapt, for he aforehand fled.

These wicked men thus from the king remoued,
Who best vs pleased succeeded in their place:
For which both Kinge, and Commons mutch vs loued,
But chiefly I with all stoode high in grace,
The Kinge ensued my rede in euery case,
Whence selfe loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pryde ay looketh alone to bee allowde.

Wherefore to th'ende I might alone enioy
The Kinges fauour, I made his lust my lawe:
And where of late I laboured to destroy,
Sutch flatteringe folke, as thereto stode in awe,
Now learned I amonge the rest to clawe:
For pride is catch, if it be kindly caught,
As stroyeth good, and stirreth vp euery naught.

Pryde

Pryde prouoketh to flatter for the pray,
To poll, and oppresse for maintenaunce of the same,
To malice such as match vnethes it may:
And to be briefe, pride doth the hart enflame,
To fyre what mischiefe any fraud may frame,
And euer at length the euils by it wrought
Confound the worker and bring him vnto nought.

Behold in me due proofe of euery part,
For pryde prickt me first my prince to flatter
So much, that who so euer pleased his hart,
Were it neuer so euil, I thought it a lawfull matter,
Which caused the Lordes afresh against him clatter:
Because of Holdes beyond the sea that he solde,
And seene his souldiers of their wages polde.

Though all these ills were done by myne assent,
Yet such was lucke that ech man deemed no:
For see the Duke of Glocestre for me sene,
With other Lordes whose hartes did bleede for woe,
To see the Realme so fast to ruine goe:
In fault whereof, they sayd the two Dukes were,
The one of Yorke, the other of Lancaster.

On whose remoue from place about the king
We all agreed, and sware a solempne oth,
And whilst the rest prouided for this thing,
I flatterer I, to wyn the prayse of troth:
Wretch that I was brake fayth and promise both:
For I bewrayed the King, their whole intent,
For which vnwares they all were tane and shent.

Thus was the warder of the Common weale,
The Duke of Gloceſter giltleſſe made away,
With other moe, more wretch I ſo to deale,
Who through vntruth their truſt did ill betraye:
Yet by this meanes obteyned I my praye,
Of king and Dukes I found for this ſuch fauour,
As made me Duke of Northfolke for my labour.

But ſee how pryde and enuye ioyntly runne,
Becauſe my Prince did more then me preferre,
Syr Henry Bolenbroke the Eldeſt ſonne
Of Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter,
Proude I that would alone be blazing ſterre,
Enuied this Duke, for nought ſaue that the ſhyne
Of his deſertes, did gliſter more then mine.

To thend therfore his light ſhould be the leſſe,
I ſlyly ſought al ſhiftes to put it out,
But as the poyze that would the palmetree preſſe.
Doth cauſe the bowes ſpreade larger round about,
So ſpite and enuye cauſeth glory ſprout,
And aye the more the toppe is ouertrode,
The deeper doth the ſound roote ſpreade abrode.

For when this Henrye Duke of Hereford ſawe,
What ſpoyle the King made of the noble blood,
And that without al Iuſtice, cauſe, or lawe:
To ſuffer him ſo, he thought not ſure nor good,
Wherefore to me twofaced in one hood,
As touching this he fully brake his mynde
As to his frend that ſhould remedye fynde.

But

But I, although I knewe my Prince did ill,
So that my heart abhorred sore the same,
Yet mischiefe so through malice led my will,
To bringe this Duke from honour vnto shame,
And toward my selfe, my Soueraygne to enflame:
That I bewrayed his Words vnto the King,
Not as a reade, but as a most haynous thing.

Thus where my duty bounde me to haue tolde
My Prince his fault, and wild him to refrayne,
Through flattery lo, I did his ill vpholde,
Which turnd at length both him and mee to payne:
Wo, wo to Kinges whose counsaylours do fayne,
Wo, wo to Realmes where such are put in trust,
As leaue the lawe, to serue the Princes lust.

And wo to him that by his flatteringe rede,
Mayntepns a Prince in any kinde of vice:
Wo worth him eke for enuy, pryde, or mede,
That misreportes any honest enterprise,
Because I beast, in all these poynctes was nice,
The plagues of all together on me light,
And due for ill: Ill doers doth acquite.

For when the Duke was charged with my plaint,
Hee flat denied that any part was true,
And claymde by Armes, to aunswere his attaint,
And I by vse, that Warlye feates well knewe,
To his desire incontinently drewe:
Wherewith the Kinge did seeme right well content,
As one that past not much with whom it went.

At time and place appoyncted wee appeard,
At all poynctes Armed to proue our Quarelles Iust,
And when our Freendes on ech part had vs cheard,
And that the Haroldes had vs do our lust:
With speare in rest we toke a course to iust.
But ere our horses had runne halfe theyr way,
A shoute was made the King commaunded staye.

And for to auoyde the sheddinge of our blood,
With shame, and death which one must needes haue had,
The Kinge through counsayle of the Lordes thought good
To banishe both, wich iudgement strait was rad:
No maruayle than though both were wroth and sad
But chiefly I, that was Exild for aye,
My Enmy straungd but for ten yeares daye.

The date expird, whan by this doubtfull dome,
I should depart to liue in banisht band,
On payne of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the Kinge seald in his hand
Myne Offices, my Honours, Good, and Land,
To paye the due as openly hee could,
Of mighty summes, which I had from him pold.

See Baldwin see, the salary of sinne,
Marke with what meede, vile vices are regarded
Through Pride, and Enuy loose both rich, and kinne,
And for my flatteringe plaint so well rewarded,
Exile, and slaunder are iust to mee awarded:
My Wyfe, and Heire lacke Landes, and lawfull Right,
And mee theyr Lord made Dame Dianais Knight.

If these

If theſe miſhaps at home bee not enough,
Adioyne to them my Sorrowes in Exile:
I went to Almayne firſt, a Land right rough,
In which I founde ſutch churliſhe Folke, and vile,
As made mee lothe my life ech otherwhile:
There lo, I learnd what it is to bee a geſt
A broade, and what to liue at home in reſt.

For they eſteeme no one man more than ech,
They vſe as well the Lackey as the Lorde,
And like their maners churliſhe in their ſpech,
Their lodging hard, they bourd to bee abhord:
Their pleityd Garments herewith well accord,
All Jagde, and Frounſt, with diuers coulours decke,
They ſweare, they curſe, and drincke till they be ſicke.

They hate all ſuch, as theſe their maners hate,
Which reaſon would, no Wiſeman ſhould allowe,
With theſe I dwelt, lamentinge myne eſtate,
Till at the length they had got knowledge, howe
I was exilde, becauſe I did auowe
A falſe complaint, againſt my truſty freende,
Which made them thinke, wee worſe then any feende.

That what for ſhame, and what for other griefe,
I parted thence, and went to Venice towne,
Whereas I found, more pleaſure and relieſe,
Which was not longe: for now the great renowne,
Of Bolenbroke whom I; would haue put downe,
Was wart ſo great in Britayne, and in Fraunce,
That Venice throughout, ech man did him Auaunce.

Thus

Loo! thus his Glory grewe great, by my dispite,
And I thereby increased in defame:
So enuy euer, her hatred doth acquite
With Trouble, Anguishe, Sorrowe, and selfe Shame,
Whereby her Foes do shine in higher Fame:
Lyke Water waues, which clense the Muddy stone,
And soples themselues by beatinge thereupon.

Or eare I had sojourned there a yeare,
Straunge tidings came, he was to England gone,
Had rane the Kinge, and that which touched him neare,
Empriſoned him with other of his Fone,
And made him yeelde him vp his Crowne, and Throne:
When I these thinges for true by search had tryed,
Griefe griped me so, I pined away and died.

Note here the ende of pryde, see Flatteries fyne,
Marke the rewarde of enuy, and false complaynt,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Least likely fault do finde the like attaynte.
Let this my lyfe, to them be a restraynt,
By others harmes who listeth take no hede:
Shall by his owne, learne other better rede.

FINIS. T. Ch.

THis tragical example was of al the company wel liked, howbeit a doubt was foūd therin, & that by meanes of the diuersity of ỳ Chroni-

cles

cles: for whereas Hall (whose Chronicle in this woorke was chiefelye followed) maketh Mowbrey appellant, and Bolenbroke defendant. Fabian reporteth the matter quite contrarye, and that by recorde of the Parliament rolle, wherein it is plain that Bolenbroke was appellant & Mowbrey defendant wherfore whatsoeuer shalbe sayde in the persō of Mowbrey (who being a most noble prince had to much wrong to be so causeles defamed after his death) imagine the same to be spoken agaynste his accuser. Which matter syth it is more harde to decide, than nedefull to our purpose, which mynde only to disswade frō vices & exalt vertue, we refer to such as may come by the Recordes of the Parliament, contented in the meane while with Mayster Halles iudgement, which maketh best for our foreshewed purpose.

This doubt thus let passe. I would sayd M. Ferrers, saye somwhat for K. Rich. the 2. after whose depriuing, his brother & diuers other made a maske mynding by K. Henries destructiō to haue restored him, which maskers matter so runneth in this, ẏ I doubt which ought to goe before, but seeing no mā is ready to say ought in their behalfe, I will geue (who so listeth) leasure to think thereon, & in ẏ meane time to further your enterprise. I will in K. Richards behalfe recount such part of his storye, as I thinke most necessary. And therfore imagin *Baldwin* ẏ you see ẏ corps of this Prince al to be māgled, wt bloudy woundes, lyinge pale and wanne, naked

vpon

vpon a Beere in Paules Church, the People standing round about him, and making his complaint in maner as foloweth.

HOWE KINGE RICHARDE the second was for his euil gouernaunce depoſed from his ſeate, in the yeare 1399, & miſerably murthered in priſon the yeare folowing.

HAppye is the Prince, that hath in wealth the grace
Vertue to folow and vyces to keepe vnder,
But woe to him whoſe wyl hath wiſdomes place:
For who ſo renteth right and law aſunder,
On him at length all the world ſhall wonder,
Boaſt of high byrth, ſword, ſcepter, ne mace.
Can warrant King or Keyſer fro the caſe,
Shame ſueth ſinne, as rayne do drops of thunder,
Let kinges therfore the Lawes of God embrace,
That vayne delightes cauſe them not to blunder

Behold my hap, ſee how the ſeely route
On me do gaze, and ech to other ſay:
See where he lyeth, but late that was ſo ſtoute,
Loe how the power, the Pride, and rich aray,
Of mighty Princes lightly fade away.
The King which earſt kept all the realme in doubt,
Dead and leaſt dread, to graue is carped out,
What mould be Kinges made of but earth and clay:
Behold the woundes his body all about,
Who liuing here, thought neuer to decay.

Wee thinke I heare the people thus deuise
Wherefore Baldwin, sith thou wilt now declare
How Princes fell, to make the liuinge wise,
My lawlesse life, in no poynct see thou spare,
But paint it out, that rulers may beware,
Good counsayle, Lawe, or vertue to dispise:
For Realmes haue rulers, and rulers haue a sise,
Which if they breake, thus mutch to say I dare,
That others griefes, the other shall agrise
Till one be lost, the other brought to care.

I was a Kinge, who ruled all by Lust
Without respect of Iustice, Right, or Lawe,
In false Flatterers reposinge all my trust,
Embracinge such as could my vices clawe:
Fro counsell sage I did alwayes withdrawe,
As pleasure prickt, so needes obay I must:
Hauinge delite to feede and serue the gust,
Of God or man I stoode no wise in awe,
Wee liked least to Torney or to Iust.
To Uenus games my Fansy did more drawe.

Which to mayntayne, I gathered heapes of golde
By Fines, Fiftenes, and loanes by way of prest,
Blanke Charters, Othes, and shiftes not knowen of olde,
For which the people, my doinges did detest.
I also sould the noble towne of Brest,
My fault wherein, because mine vncle tolde,
(For Princes actes, may no wise be controld)
His lyfe I tooke, vntried without Quest,
And all such Lordes as did his cause vphold,
Wyth long exile, or cruell death oppress.

None

None ayde I lackt, in any wicked deede,
For gaping Gulles, whom I promoted had.
Would further all in hoope of higher meede,
There can no Kinge, ymagin ought so bad,
But shall fynde some, to do the same most glad:
For sicknesse seldome doth so swiftly breede,
As humours ill, do growe the griefe to feede.
Thus Kinges estates, bee worst of all bestad.
Abusde in wealth, abandoned at neede,
And nearest harme when they be least adrad.

My lyfe and death the truth of this hath tryed:
For whyle I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Myne uncle Edward, whom I left to guide
My Realme at home, rebelliously arose,
Traytors to helpe, which plied my depose:
And calde to Fraunce, Earle Bolenbroke whom I
Exiled had, for ten yeares there to lye:
Who tyrantlike did execute all those,
That in mine ayde durst looke but once awry,
Of which sort sooneafter some their liues did lose.

For comming backe this soden stur to staye,
My Steward false to whom I trusted most:
(Whyles I in Wales at Flint my castle, laye,
Both to refresh and multiply myne Ost)
There in my Hall, mindinge to slye the Coast,
His Staffe did breake, which was my household stay
Bad ech make shift, and rode himselfe away.
See Princes, see, the strength whereof wee boast,
Whom most wee trust, at neede do vs Betray:
No better stay, then in a rotten Post.

My

My Steward falſe, thus being fled and gone,
My ſeruauntes ſlyp chaunce of on euery ſyde,
Then caught I was, and led vnto my foen,
Who for their Prince no Pallace did prouide,
But pryſon ſtrong, where Henry puſt into pryde,
Cauſde me reſigne, abandoning my throane,
And ſo forſaken and left as poſt alone,
Theſe bolow frendes, by Henrye ſone eſpyed,
Became ſuſpect, and faith was geeuen to none,
Which cauſed them from fayth agayn to ſlyde.

Conſpiring ſtreight their new Prince to put downe,
Which to performe a ſolempne othe they ſwore,
To render me my ſceptre and my crowne,
Wherof themſelues, depriued me before,
But late medcines can helpe no feſtred ſore:
When ſwelling floods haue ouerflowen the towne,
To late it is to ſaue them that ſhal drowne,
Tyl ſayles be ſpred a ſhyppe may keepe the ſhore,
No anchor hold can keepe the veſſel downe,
When winde and ſtreame hath ſet the ſeas in roare.

For though the Peeres ſet Henrye in ſuch ſtate,
Yet could they not diſplace him thence agayne:
And where with eaſe my pride they did abate.
They were to weake to ſet me vp agayne,
Things hardly mend, but may be mard amayne.
And when a man is fallen by froward fate,
Still miſchieſes light one on anothers pate:
And meanes wil ment al miſhaps to reſtraine
Were wretched moanes, whereby his hopes abate.
Due proofe wherof, in this appeared playne.

For whan the kinge did know that for my cause,
His Lordes in Maske, would murder him by night,
To dash al doubtes, he tooke no further pause:
But Piers of Exton a cruel cutthroate knight,
To Pomfret Castel sent: with great dispite,
Who reft my lyfe by force against al Lawes.
Thus lawlesse lyfe to lawlesse death ay drawes.
Wherfore bid kinges be ruled, and rule by right.
And so I end concluding with this clause:
That God though late, at last will surely smyte.

FINIS. G. F.

When Maister Ferrers had ended this so woful a Tragedye, and to all Princes a right worthy instruction: hauing passed through a miserable time full of piteous Tragedies, we pausled a while. And seeing ỹ reign of Henry the fowrth ensued, a Prince more ware and Prosperous in his doinges, although not vntroubled with warres, both of outfoorth and inward enemies: we began to search what Peers were fallen therein, whereof the nomber was not small. And yet because their examples were not much to be noted for our purpose, we passed ouer all the Maskers of whom king Richardes brother was chiefe: which were al slaine and put to Death for their trayterous attempt. And fynding Owen

Glendoure

Glendour, a great Prince in Wales, next in succession of ill Fortune with the stout Percies his confederates, I thought it not meete to ouerpasse, so great persons with silence, and therefore sayd thus to the sylent company: What my maisters is euery man at once in a browne study? hath no mã affectiõ to any of these stories? you minde so much some other belike, that these do not moue you: and to say the truth, there is no special cause why they should. Howe be it Owen Glendour, because he was one of Fortunes owne darlings, and affected to bee Monark of Wales, although to his owne mischiefe and destruction, rather then he should be forgottẽ, I wil pray Maister Phaer who of late hath placed hymselfe in that country, & haply hath met with his ghost in the forest of Kylgarran that he wil say somwhat in his person: which Owen comming out of the wylde Mountaines of Wales like the image of Death in al pointes (his harte onely excepted) as a ghost forpined with extreame famine, cold and hunger, may lamente his great misfortune in such maner as you maister Phaer are able most aptly to vtter and set forth.

HOVV OVVEN GLENdour seduced by false Prophecies, tooke vpon him to be Prince of VVales, & was by Henry Prince of England chased to the Mountaynes, where he most miserably starued for hunger. Anno. 1401.

I Pray thee Baldwin sith thou dost entend,
To shewe the fall of such as climbe to hye,
Remember mee, whose miserable ende
May teach all men Ambition to flye,
Oh false Fortune, Fortune vengeaunce on
thee I crye:
VVhich offeringe a Sop of sweete receyt,
Haste made me byte the Hooke in steede of Bayt.

A Brytton borne, and of the Troyan bloud,
But ill brought vp, wherebY full well I finde,
That neyther byrth nor Linage make vs good:
Though it be true that Cat will after kinde,
Flesh gendreth flesh, but not the Soule or Minde,
They gender not, but foulY do degender,
When men to vice, from vertue they surrender.

Eche thinge by nature, tendeth to the same
Whereof it came, and is disposed like:
Downe sincks the mould, vp mountes the fiery flame,
With Horne the Hart, with Hooke the Horse doth strike.
The Wolfe doth spoyle, the suttle Fox doth pike,
And to conclude, no fishe, flesh, foule, or plant
Of their true dame, the property doth want.

But as

But as for men, syth seuerally they haue
A minde whose maners are by learninge made,
Good bringinge vp, al onely doth them saue,
In honest actes, which with their Parentes fade,
So that true gentry standeth in the trade
Of vertues life, not in the fleshly lyne:
For blood is brute, but Gentry is deuine.

Experience, doth cause me thus to say,
And that the rather for my countrey men,
Which vaunt & boast themselues aboue the day,
If they may straine their stocke fra worthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better then?
Nay farre the worse, if so they bee not good,
For why they stayne the beuty of ther blood.

How would we mocke the burden bearinge Mule,
If hee would brag he were an horses Sonne,
To presse his pride (might nothing els him rule)
His boastes to proue, no more but bid him run:
The horse for swiftnes hath his glory wonne,
The Mule couldе neuer the more aspyer,
Though hee should proue that Pegas was his Sier.

Ech man crake of that which was his owne,
Our Parentes vertues are theirs, and no wit ours,
Who therefore wil of noble byrth be knowen,
Ought shine in vertue like his Auncestours,
Gentry consisteth not in Landes, and Towers:
Hee is a churle though all the World were his,
Yea Arthurs heyre, if that bee lyne amisse.

For vertuous lyfe a Gentleman doth make,
Of her poſſeſſour all be he poore as Job,
Yea thoughe no name of elders he can take:
For proofe take Merlin fathered by an Hob.
But who ſo lets his minde to ſpoyle and rob,
Although he come by due diſcent from Brute,
He is a churle, vngentle, vile, and brute.

Well, thus did I for want of better witte,
Becauſe my parents naughtely brought me vp:
For Gentlemen (they ſayd) was nought ſo fitte,
As to attaſt by bould attemptes the cup,
Of conqueſtes wyne, wherof I thought to ſup:
And therefore bent my ſelfe to rob and ryue,
And whome I could of Landes, and goods depriue.

For Henry the fourth did then vſurpe the Crowne,
Deſpoyled the Kinge, with Mortimer the heyre:
For which his ſubiectes ſought to put him downe,
And I while Fortune offered mee ſo fayre,
Did what I might, his honour to appayre:
And tooke on mee to bee the Prince of Wales,
Entiſte thereto by prophecies, and tales.

For which, ſutch Iole, as wayte vpon the ſpoyle,
From euery part of Wales vnto mee drew,
For loytering youth vntaught in any toyle,
Are ready aye all miſchiefe to enſue:
Through helpe of theſe ſo great my glory grewe,
That I defyed my Kynge through lofty harte,
And made ſharpe Warre on all that tooke his parte.

He

Stelacke, I took Lord Raynold Gray of Rythen,
And him enforst my Daughter to espouse,
And so vnraunsomed I held him still, and sythen,
In Wigmore lande through battayle rigorous,
I caught the right heire of the crowned house:
The Earle of March sir Edmond Mortimer,
And in a Dungeon kept him prisoner.

Than all the Marches longinge onto Wales,
By Seuerne West I did inuade and burne:
Destroyed the Townes, in Mountaynes, and in Vales,
And rich in Spoyles had homeward saulfe returne:
Was none so bold durst once against me spurne,
Thus prosperously doth Fortune forward call,
Those whom shee mindes to geue the forest fall.

When Fame had brought these tidings to the King,
(Although the Scottes than vexed him right sore)
A mighty army agaynst mee he did bring:
Whereof the French Kinge beinge warned afore,
Who mortall hate against Kinge Henry bore,
To greue our For he quickly to mee sent,
Twelue Thousand Frenchmen, Armed to Warre, and bent.

A part of them led by the Earle of Marche
Lord James of Burbon, a Valiaunt tried Knight,
Which held by Windes to Wales ward forth to march,
Tooke Land at Plimmouth priuely on a night:
And whan hee had done all that he durst or might,
After that a moyney of his men were slayne,
Hee stale to Ship, and sayled home agayne.

Owen Glendour.

Twelue thousand moe in Wilford did ariue,
And came to me then lyinge at Denbigh,
With armed Welshmen Thousandes double fyue,
With whom wee went to Worcester well nigh,
And there Encampt vs on a mount on high,
To abide the kinge who shortly after came
And pitched his field, on a hill hard by the same.

There eight dayes longe our Hoastes lay face, to face,
And neyther durst others power assayle:
But they so stopt the passages the space,
That victayles could not come to our availe,
Where through constrayned our heartes began to fayle:
So that the Frenchmen shranke away by night,
And I with mine to the Mountaynes tooke our flight:

The Kinge pursued greatly to his cost,
From hilles to Woods, from Woods to Valleis playne:
And by the way his men and stuffe wee lost.
And when wee sawe, wee gayned nought but payne,
Wee blewe retreate, and gat him home agayne:
Then with my power I boldly came abroade,
Taken in my Countrey for a very God.

Immediatly after fell a Jolly Jarre
Betweene the Kinge, and Percies worthy blouds,
Which grew at last vnto a deadly Warre:
For like as drops Engender mighty Flouds,
And litle seedes spryt forth great Leaues, and buds,
Euen so small strifes, if they bee suffered run,
Breede wrath and warre, and death or they bee don.

The

The Kinge would haue the Raunsome of such Scots,
As these the Percies tane had in the fielde:
But see how strongly lucre knits her knots,
The Kinge will haue, the Percies will not yeeld,
Desire of goods some craues, but graunteth seeld:
Oh curses goods desire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath, or can bee thought.

The Percies deemed it meeter for the King,
To haue redeemed their Cosin Mortimer,
Who in his Quarell all his power did bring,
To fight with mee, that tooke him Prysoner,
Than of their pray to rob his Souldier:
And therefore willed him see some meane were found,
To quite forth him, whom I kept bily bound.

Bycause the Kinge misliked their request,
They came themselues and did accord with mee,
Complayninge how the Kingdome was oppress
By Henries rule, wherefore wee did agree
To put him downe, and part the realme in three:
The North part theirs, Wales wholly to bee mine,
The rest, to rest to Th'earle of Marches Line.

And for to set vs hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeaunce take them al)
Affirminge Henry to bee Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a Monidwarp euer call,
Accurst of God that must bee brought in thrall
By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion strong,
Which should deuide, his Kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three such beastes,
To thinke wee were the foresayd beastes in deede.
And for that cause our Badges, and our Creastes,
Wee searched out which scarsely well agreed:
Howbeit the Haroldes redy at such a neede,
Drewe downe such Issues from olde Auncestors,
As proued these Enlignes to bee surely ours.

Yee crafty Welshemen, wherefore do yee mocke,
The noble men thus with your fayned rimes?
Yee Noble men why flye yee not the Flocke,
Of such as haue seduced so many times?
False Prophesies are Plagues for diuers crimes,
Which God doth let the deuilish sort deuise,
To trouble such as are not godly Wise.

And that appeared by vs three beastes in deede,
Through false perswasion highly borne in hand,
That in our feate wee could not chuse but speede,
To kill the Kinge, and to enioy his Land:
For which exploit wee bound our selues in band,
To stand contented ech man with his parte,
So fully, folly assured our foolish harte.

But such they say as fishe before the Net,
Shall seldome surfet of the Pray they take,
Of thinges to come the haps bee so vnset,
That none but Fooles may warrant of them make:
The full assured, successe doth oft forsake.
For Fortune findeth none so fyt to flout,
As surest by Sots, which cast no kinde of doubt.

How

How sayest thou Henry Hotspur, do I ly?
For thou right manly gauest the Kinge a Fielde,
And there wast slayne because thou wouldst not flye:
Syr Thomas Percy thine Uncle forst to yeelde,
Did cast his head a wonder seene but seelde,
From Shrewsbury towne, to the tope of London Bridge.
Lo! thus fond hope, did both their liues Abridge.

When Kinge Henry this Victory had wonne,
Destroyed the Percies, put their power to flight,
Hee did appoinct Prince Henry his eldest Sonne:
With all his power to meete mee if hee might:
But I discomfit, through my Partners sight,
Had not the heart to meete him face, to face,
But fled away, and hee pursued the Chase.

Now Baldwin marke, for I, calde Prince of Wales,
And made beleeue, I should bee bee in deede,
Was made to fly amonge the Hilles, and Dales,
Where all my men forsooke mee at my neede.
Who trusteth Leyterers seeld hath lucky speede:
And when the Captaynes Courage doth him fayle,
His Souldiers hearts a litle thinge may quayle.

And so Prince Henry chased mee, that lo!
I founde no place wherein I might abyde!
For as the Dogges pursue the sely Doe,
The Brache behinde, the Hounds on euery side,
So traste they me amonge the Mountaynes wyde:
Whereby I founde, I was the heartlesse Hare,
And not the beast Colpropher did declare.

And

And at the laſt: like as the little roche,
Muſt eyther be eat, or leap vpon the ſhore
When as the hungery pickerell doth approche,
And there finde death which it eſcapt before:
So double death aſſaulted mee ſo ſore
That eyther I muſt vnto myne Enmy yeelde,
Or ſtarue for hunger, in the barrayne feelde.

Here ſhame, and payne a while were at a ſtrife
Payne bad mee yeelde, ſhame bad mee rather laſt,
The one bad ſpare, the other bad ſpend my life,
But ſhame (ſhame haue it) ouercame at laſt,
Than hunger ſtronge, that doth the ſtonewale braſt,
Forſt mee to feede on Barke of trees, and Mood,
And laſt of all, to gnaw my fleſh and blood.

This was mine ende to horrible to beare,
Yet good enough for him that did ſo ill,
Whereby O Baldwin warne men to forbeare,
The bayne deſires, when wit doth yeld to will:
Bid Princes flye Colyrophetes lyinge ſkill,
And not preſume to climbe aboue their ſtates,
For they bee faultes that foyle men, not their fates.

FINIS. Th. Ph.

When mayster Phaer had ended the Tragedy of thys hunger starued Prynce of Wales, it was well liked of all the company that a Sarō would speake so mutch for a Bryton, then sodenly one found a doubt worth the mouinge and ẏ cōcerning this title, Thearle of March: for as it appereth, there were three men of three diuers nations together in one time entituled by that honour: first sir Edmund Mortimer, whom Owē kept in Prison, an Englishman: the second ẏ Lord George of Dunbar a valiaunt Scot, banished out of his countrey, & well esteemed of Henry the. iiij: the third Lord James of Bourbon a Frenchman, sent by the French king to helpe Owen Glendour. These three men had this title all at once, which caused him to aske how it was true that euery one of these coulde be Earle of Marche: whereto was aunswered, that euery countrey hath Marches belonging vnto them, & those so large, that they were Earldomes, & the Lords thereof intituled thereby: so ẏ lord Edmūd Mortimer was Earle of Marche in England, lorde James of Burbō of ẏ Marches of Fraunce, and Lord George of Dunbar Earle of the Marches in Scotland. For otherwise neyther could haue interest in others title. This dout thus dissolued, maister Ferrers sayd: if no mā haue affection to the Percies, let vs passe the times both of Henry the fourth, and the fift, and come to Henry ẏ sixt, in

ſirſt, in whoſe time Fortune (as ſhe doth in the my-
nority of Princes) bare a great ſtroke among ẏ no-
bles. And yet in Henry the fourths time are exam-
ples which I would wiſh Baldwin ẏ you ſhoulde
not forget, as the conſpiracy made by the Byſhop
of Yorke, and the Lord Mowbray, ſonne of him
whom you late treated of: pricked forward by the
Earle of Northumberland, father to ſir Henry Hot-
ſpur, who fled himſelfe, but his partners were ap-
prehended & put to death, with Baynton and Blin-
kinſops, which could not ſe their duty to their king
but tooke parte wyth Percy that baniſhed Rebell.
As he was proceedinge, hee was deſired to ſtay by
one which had pondered the ſtory of the Percies,
who briefly ſayde. To the ende Baldwin that you
may knowe what to ſaye of the Percies, whoſe
ſtory is not all out of memory (and it is an notable
ſtory) I wyll take vpon me the perſon of the Lord
Henry Percy Earle of Northumberland, father
of Syr Henry Hotſpur, in whoſe be-
halfe this may be ſayde as
followeth.

* *
*

How

HOVV HENRYE Percy Earle of Northumberlande,

was for his couetous, and trayterous attempt put to death at Yorke.
Anno. 1407.

MOzal Seneca, true finde I thy sayinge,
That neither kin, riches, strength or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are aye decayinge:
No worldly wealth is ought saue doubtful labour
Mans life in Earth is like vnto a Tabour,
Which now to myrth doth mildly men prouoke
And straight to Warre with a more sturdy stroke.

All this full true I Percy finde by proofe,
Which whilom was Earle of Northumberland:
And therefore Baldwin for my Piers behoofe,
To note mens falles sith thou hast tane in hande,
I would thou should my state well vnderstand:
For fewe Kinges were more than I redoubted,
Whom double Fortune lifted vp and louted

As for my kinne their noblenesse is knowen,
My valiaunt actes were folly for to prayse,
Where through ẏ Scots so oft were ouerthrowen.
That who but I was doubted in my dayes:
And that king Richard found at all assayes,
For neuer Scots rebelled in his raygne,
But through my force were eyther caught or slaine.

Abye.

Henry Percie.

A Brother I had was Earle of Worcester,
Alwayes in Office, and Fauour with the King:
And by my Wife Dame Elinor Mortimer,
A Sonne I had, which to the Scots did sting,
That being ponge, and but a very spring,
Henry Hotspur they gaue him vnto name,
And though I say it, hee did deserue the same.

We three triumphed in Kinge Richards tyme,
Till Fortune ought both him and vs a spite:
But chiefely mee, whom clearely from any crime,
My Kinge did banishe from his fauour quite,
Proclaymynge mee a traiterous Knight:
Where through false slaunder forced mee to bee,
That which before, I did most deadly flee.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For Infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:
Eke open slaunder oftentimes hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought,
To bee misdeemed, men suffer in a lort:
But none can beare the griefe of misreporte.

Because my Kinge did shame mee wrongfully
I hated him, and so became his foe:
And while hee did at Warre in Ireland lye,
I did conspire to turne his Weale to woe:
And through the Duke of Yorcke and other moe,
All Royall power from him wee quickly toke,
And gaue the same to Henry Bolenbroke.

Neyther

Neither did wee this onely for this cause,
But to say truth, force drawe vs to the same:
For hee despising God and all his lawes,
Slewe whom hee would, made sinne a very game,
And seeinge neyther age nor counsayle could him tame,
Wee thought it well done for the Kingdomes sake,
To leaue his rule, that did all rule forsake.

But when sir Henry had attayned his place,
Hee straight became in all poyntes worse than hee,
Destroyed the Piers and slewe Kinge Richardes grace,
Against his othe made to the Lordes and mee:
And seekinge Quarels howe to disagree,
Yet shamelesly required mee and my Sonne,
To yelde him Scots, which wee in Fielde had wonne.

My Nephew also Edmonde Mortimer
The very heyre apparaunt to the Crowne,
Whom Owen Glendour helde as prisoner,
Vilely bound in Dungeon deepe cast downe,
Hee would not Raunsome but did felly frowne,
Against my Brother and mee which for him spake,
And him Proclaymed Traytour for our sake.

This foule despite did cause vs to conspire,
To put him downe as wee did Richard erst,
And that wee might this matter set on fire,
From Owens Jayle, our Cosin wee remeerst,
And vnto Glendour all our griefes reherst:
Who made a bond with Mortimer, and mee,
To priue the Kinge, and part the Realme in three.

Bu,

But when king Henry heard of this deuise,
Toward Owen Glendour he sped him very quicke,
Hyding by force to stop hur enterpryse:
And as the deuil would, than fel I sicke,
Howbeit my brother and sonne more pollitike
Than prosperous, with an host from Scotland brought,
Encountred him at Shrewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kyld, the other slaine.
And shortly after was Owen put to flight:
By meanes whereof, I forced was to fayne,
That I knew nothing of the former fight.
Fraud oft auayles more than doth sturdy might:
For by my fayning I brought him in belife,
I knew not that wherein my part was chiefe.

And while the kyng thus toke me for his frend,
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the soner end,
To the bishop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to th'earle Marshall likewise did I speake.
Whose father was through Henryes cause exiled,
The bishops brother with trayterous death defiled.

These strayt assented to do what they could,
So did the Lord Hastings and Lord Faucõbridge:
Which altogether promised they would,
Set all their power, the kinges dayes to abridge,
But see the spite, before the brydes were flyoge
The Kinge had word and seasoned on the nest,
Whereby alas, my frendes were all opprest.

The blou-

The bloudye Tyraunt brought them all to end
Excepted me, which into Scotland skapt,
To George of Dunbar therle of March, my frend,
Who in my cause all that he could ey scrapt,
And when I had for greater succour gapte,
Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemynges hande,
And could get none, I tooke such as I fand.

And with the helpe of George my very frend,
I did inuade Northamberland ful bold,
Where as the folke drew to me fyl on end,
Bent to death my partie to vphold:
Through helpe of these ful many a fort and hold,
The which the king right mankully had mand,
I easely wonne and seased in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeaunce draue me on)
I entred Yorkeshire there to wast and spoyle,
But ere I had farre in the countrye gone,
The sheriffe thereof, Rafe Rokesby did assoyle,
My troubled hoast of much part of our toyle,
For he assaulting freshly tooke through power,
Me and Lord Bardolph both at Bramham moyre.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke,
Until he knew what was the kinges entent,
There loe Lord Bardolphe kynder then the Storke
Did loose his head, which was to London sent,
With whom for Frendship mine in like case went,
This was my hap my fortune or my faute,
This lyfe I led, and thus I came to naught.

Wherfore good Baldwin wil the Pieres take heede,
Of slaunder, malice, and conspiracye,
Of couetise, whence all the rest proceede:
For couetise ioynd with contumiacye,
Doth cause al mischiefe in mens hartes to breede:
And therfore this to Esperance my worde,
Who causeth Bloudshed shal not escape the Swoord.

FINIS.

BY that this was ended, I had found oute the storye of Richard Earle of Cambridge: & because it conteyned matter in it, though not very notable, yet for the better vnderstandinge of the rest, I thought it meete to touche it, and therfore sayd as foloweth: You haue sayde wel of the Percies and fauourablye, for in deede as it should appeare, the chiefe cause of their conspiracye against K. Henry, was for Edmund Mortimer their cosins sake, whom the king very maliciouslye proclaymed to haue yelded himselfe to Owen coulourably, when as in deede hee was taken forciblye against his wyl, and very cruelly ordered in Prison And seeing we are in hand with Mortimers matter, I will take vppon me the person of Rycharde Plantagenet earle of Cambridge, who for his sake lykewise dyed. And therefore I let passe Edmõd Holland Earle of Kent, whom Henry the fowerth made

made Admiral to skowze the Seas, because ỳ Britaines were abrode: which Earle (as many things happen in warre) was slayne with an arrow at ỳ Assaulte of Briack: shortly after whose death this king dyed, and his sonne Henrye the fyft of that name succeeded in his place. In the beginning of this Henry the fyftes raigne dyed this Rychard, and with him Hēry the L. Scrope & other, in whose behalfe, this maye be sayde.

HOVVE RICHARD Plãtagenet Earle of Cambridge entending the Kinges deſtruction, was put to death at Southampton. Anno. Domini. 1415.



Aſt maketh waſt, hath commonly bene ſayde,
And ſecrete miſchiefe ſeeld hath lucky ſpeede,
A murdering minde with proper poyze is wayd,
Al this moſt true I fynde it, as my creede,
And therfoze Baldwin warne al ſtates take hede
How they conſpyze any other to entrappe,
Leaſt miſchiefe ment light in the meaners lappe.

Foz I Lozd Richard heire Plantagenet,
Was Earle of Cambzioge and right foztunate,
If I had had the grace my witte to ſet,
To haue content mee with mine owne eſtate:
But O falſe honours, bzeeders of debate,
The loue of you our lewde hartes do allure,
To leeſe our ſelues by ſeeking you vnſure.

Becauſe my bzother Edmond Moztimer,
Whoſe eldeſt ſiſter was my wedded wife,
I meane that Edmund that was pziſoner,
In Wales ſo long through Owens buſie ſtryfe,
Becauſe I ſay that after Edmondes lyfe,
His rightes and tytles muſt by law be mine,
Foz he ne had, noz could encreaſe his lygne.

Becauſe

Because the right of Realme and Crowne was ours,
I searched meanes to helpe him thereunto,
And where the Henries held it by their powers,
I sought a shift their tenures to vndoe,
Which being force, sith force or sleight must doe:
I voyde of might, because their power was strong,
Set priuy sleight against their open wrong.

But sith the Death of most part of my kyn
Did dash my hope, through out the fathers dayes
I let it slip, and thought it best begyn,
When as the sonne should dred least such assayes,
For force through speede, sleight speedeth through delayes,
And seeld doth treason time so fitlye synde,
As when all daungers most bee out of mynde.

Wherefore while Henrye of that name the fift,
Prepared his army to go conquer Fraunce,
Lord Scrope and I thought to attempt a drift,
To put him downe, my brother to auaunce,
But, were it Gods will, my lucke, or his good chaunce,
The king wist wholly whereabout we went,
The night before to shipward he him bent.

Then were we streight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpose spyed, the cause thereof was hid,
And therfore loe a false cause we pretended,
Where through my brother was fro daunger ryd:
We sayd for hyre of French kings coyne, we did
Bebight to kyl the king: and thus with shame
We stayned our selues, to saue our frend fro blame.

When wee had thus confeſt ſo foule a treaſon,
That we deſerued, we ſuffered by the law,
Se Baldwin ſee, and note: as it is reaſon,
How wicked deedes to woful endes do draw,
Al force doth fayle no craft is worth a ſtraw,
To attayne thinges loſt, and therfore let them goe,
For might ruleth right, and wil though truth ſay no.

FINIS.

WHan ſtout Richarde had ſtoutly ſayde his mynde, belike ſayd one, this Rychard was but a little man, or els little fauoured of writers, for our Chronicles ſpeake very litle of him But ſeeing we be come now to king Henries voyage into Fraunce, we cannot lacke valiaunte men to ſpeake of, for among ſo many as were led & ſent by the king out of this Realme thither, it cannot be choſen but ſome, & that a great ſomme, were ſlaine among them: wherfore to ſpeake of thē al, I thinke not needeful. And therefore to let paſſe Edwarde Duke of Yorke, and the Earle of Suffolke, ſlayne both at the Battayle of Aguicourte, as were alſo many other. Let vs end the tyme of Henry the fift, and come to his ſonne Henry the ſyxte: whoſe Nonage brought Fraunce and Normandye oute of Bondage, and was the cauſe that ſo few of our noble men dyed aged.

Of

Of whom to let passe the number, I wil take vpō mee the Personne of Thomas Montague Earle of Salisburie, whose name was not so good at home (and yet he was called the good Earle) as it was dreadful abroade: who exclaminge vppon the mutability of Fortune, may instlye say in maner as folqweth.

Thomas Montague.

HOVVE THOMAS MONtague Earle of Salisburie, in the middest of his glorie, was chaunceablye slayne at Orliaunce with a peece of Ordinaunce the third of Nouember. Anno 1428.

WHat fooles be we to truſt vnto our ſtrength,
Our wyt, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it ſelfe muſt needes deuour at length,
Though froward fortune could not foyle the ſame
But ſeeing this Goddeſſe guydeth all the game,
Which ſtil to chaunge doth ſet her only luſt,
Why toyle we ſo for thinges ſo hard to truſt,

A goodly thing it is ſurely good report,
Which noble hartes, do ſeeke by courſe of kinde:
But ſeene the date ſo doubtful and ſo ſhort,
The way ſo rough whereby wee do it fynde,
I cannot chuſe but prayſe the Princely mynde
That preaſeth for it, though we fynde oppreſt,
By foule defame thoſe that deſerue it beſt.

Concerning whom marke Baldwin what I ſay
I meane the vertuous hyndred of their bryte,
Among which nomber recken wel I may,
My valiaunt father Iohn Lord Montacute,
Who loſt his lyfe I iudge through iuſt purſute:
I ſay the cauſe and not the caſuall ſpeede,
As to be wayde in euery kinde of deede.

This

This rule obserued, how many shall we synde,
For vertues sake with infamie oppress:
How many againe through helpe of Fortune blynde,
For ill attemptes atchieued with honour blest:
Successe is worst oftimes when cause is best:
Therfore say I: God send them sory haps
That iudge the causes by their afterclaps.

The end in deede is iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cause or latter point of time:
The first true verdict at the first may bring,
The last is slow, or slipper as the slyme,
Oft chaunging names of innocence and crime:
Duke Thomas death was Iustice two yeates long,
And euer since, sore tyranny and wrong.

Wherfore I pray thee Baldwin way the cause,
And praise my father as he doth deserue,
Because Earle Henry, King against al lawes,
Endeuoured king Rychard for to starue
In Iayle, whereby the regal crowne might swarue,
Out of the ligne to which it than was due,
(Whereby God knowes what euil myght ensue)

My Lord Iohn Holland Duke of Exceter,
Which was deare cosin to this wretched king,
Did moue my father and the Earle of Gloceter,
With other Lordes to ponder wel the thing:
Who seeing the mischiefe that began to spring,
Did all consent this Henry to depose,
And to restore king Richard to the rose.

And

And while they did deuise a pretie trayne,
Whereby to bring their purpose better about.
Which was in Maske this Henry to haue slayne,
The Duke of Awmerle blew their counsel out:
Yet was their purpose good there is no doubt.
What cause can bee more worthy for a knight,
Than saue his king, and helpe true heires to right?

For this with them my father was destroyed,
And buryed in the Dunghil of defame,
Thus euil chaunce their glory did auoyde,
Whereas their cause doth claime eternal fame:
When deedes therfore vnluckely do frame,
Men ought not iudge the authours to be nought,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth suffer that it should be so,
But why, my wit is feeble to decise,
Except it be to heape of wrath and woe
On wicked heades that iniuries deuise:
The cause why mischiefes many times aryse,
And light on them ẏ would mens wronges reuelle,
Is for the rancour that they beare Iegelle.

God hates rigour though it further right,
For sinne is synne, how euer it be vsed:
And therfore suffereth shame and death to light,
To punish vyce, though it be wel abused,
Who furtherath right is not thereby excused,
If through the same he do some other wrong,
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What

What preache I now I am a man of warre,
And that my body I dare say doth profesſe,
Of cured woundes beſet with manye a ſkarre,
My broken Iaw vnhealde can say no leſſe,
O Fortune, Fortune, cauſe of al diſtreſſe:
My father had great cauſe thy fraud to curſe,
But much more I, abuſed ten times worſe.

Thou neuer flattredſt him in al thy lyfe,
But me thou dandledſt like thy darling deare,
Thy giftes I found in euery corner ryfe,
Where euer I went I met thy ſmyling cheare:
Which was not for a day, or for a yeare,
But through the raigne of three right worthy kinges
I found the forward in al kinde of thinges.

The while King Henrye conquered in Fraunce,
I ſued the warres, and ſtil found victory,
In al aſſaultes ſo happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yeld or wonne did make my enemies ſorye:
Dame Prudence eke augmented ſo my glory,
That in al treaties euer I was one,
When waighty matters were agreed vpon.

But whan this king this mighty conquerour,
Through death vnrype was both his realmes bereft
His ſeelye infant did receiue his power,
Poore little babe ful young in Cradle left,
Where crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft.
Whoſe worthy Uncles had the gouernaunce,
The one at home the other abroade in Fraunce.

And

And I which was in peace and warre wel skylled,
With both these rulers greatly was esteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they wylled,
And fought in France when they it needeful deemed,
And every where so good my seruice seemed.
That English men to me great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfilled with feare.

I alwayes thought it fitly for a Prince,
And such as haue the regiment of Realmes,
His subiectes hartes with myldenesse to conuince,
With Iustice mixt, auoyding all extreames,
For like as Phœbus with his cheareful beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowers to flourish,
So rulers myldnesse subiectes loue do norish.

This found I true: for through my myld behauiour
Their hartes I had with me to lyue and dye,
And in their speach bewrayed of their fauour,
They cald me stil good Earle of Salisburie,
The Lordes confest the commons did not lye:
For vertuous lyfe, free hart, and lowly minde,
With high and low shal alwayes fauour fynde.

Which vertues chiefe become a man of warre,
Whereof in Fraunce I found experience,
For in assaultes due mildenes passeth farre
Al rygour, force, and furyous violence,
For men wil stoutly sticke to their defence,
When cruel Captaynes couet after spoyle,
And so enforce, oft gine their foes the foyle.

But

But when they know they shalbe frendly vsed,
They hazard not their heades but rather yelde,
For this my offers neuer were refused
Of any towne, or surely very field.
But force and furies fit be for the fielde,
And there in deede I vsed so the same,
My foes would flye if they but heard my name.

For whan Lord Steward & Earle Tantadore,
Had cruelly besieged Trauant towne,
Which he had wonne, and kept long time before,
Which lyeth in Awxer on the ryuer Youne:
To rayse the siege the regent sent me downe:
Whereas I vsed all rigour that I might,
I kylled all that were not saued by flight.

When therle of Bedforde then in Fraunce Lord Regent,
Knew in what sort I had remoued the siege.
In Brye and Champaigne he made me Viceregerent,
And Lieutenaunt for him and for my liege:
Which caused me to goe to Brye, and there besiege
Montaguillon with twentie weekes assaut,
Which at the last was yelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Bretaines brother Arthur,
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yorcy,
Against his oth from vs had made departure,
To Charles the Dolphin our chiefe enemie,
I with the Regent went to Normandie:
To take his towne of Yuery which of spighe,
Did to vs daily al the harme they might.

They

They at the firſt compounded by a daye
To yelo, if reſcues dio not come befoze,
And while in hope to fight we at it laye,
The Dolphin gathered men two thouſand ſtoze,
With Earles, Lozdes, and Captaynes ioly ſtoze,
Of which the Duke of Alanſon was gayde,
And ſent them downe to ſee if we would byde.

But they left vs and downe to Vernoyle went,
And made their vaunt they had our armye ſlayne,
And thzough that lye the towne from vs they hent,
Which ſhozily after turned to their payne:
Foz there both armies met vpon the playne:
And we eight thouſand whom they ſlew, not ſlew befoze,
Did kil of them ten thouſand men and moze.

When wee had taken Vernoyle thus agayne,
To dziue the Dolphin vterly out of Fraunce,
The Regent ſent me to Aniow and to Mayne,
Where I beſieged the warlike towne of Mauns
There Lozd of Toylers Baldwines valiaunce
Did wel appeare, which would not yeld the towne,
Tyl al the Towers and walles were battred downe.

But here now Baldwin take it in good part,
Though that I bzought this Baldwin there to yeld,
The Lyon fierce foz all his noble hart,
Being ouermatched, is fozſt to flye the field,
If Mars himſelfe there had bene with his ſhield,
And in my ſtoznes had ſtoutly me with ſtoed,
Ye ſhould haue yeld, oz els haue ſhed my bloud.

This

This worthy knight both hardy stout and wyse,
Wrought wel his feate, as time and place require,
When Fortune fayles, it is the best advise
To stryke the sayle least all lye in the myre.
This haue I sayde to thend thou take no ire:
For though no cause be found, so nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to such as beare their names.

But to returne, in Mayne wan I at length,
Such townes and Fortes as might eyther helpe or hurt,
I manned Mayon, and Suzans towne of strength,
Fort Barnard, Thanceaur, and S. Cales the curt,
With Lile, sues, Bolton, standing in the durt:
Eke Guerland, Suze, Loupeland, and Mountsure,
With Malicorne, these wanne I and kept ful sure.

Besides all this I tooke nere fourtie holdes,
But those I razed euen with the ground,
And for these deedes, as seely sheepe in foldes,
Do shrinke for feare at euery little sound,
So fled my foes before my face ful round:
Was none so hardy that durst abyde my fight,
So Mars and Fortune furthered me their knight.

I tel no lye so gastful grew my name,
That it alone discomfited an hoast,
The Scots and Frenchmen wel confesse the same.
Els wil the towne which they like Cowardes lost,
For when they sieged Beauron with great boast:
Being fourty thousand Pyptaynes, French and Scots,
Fiue hundred men did vanquish them like sots.

For

For while the Frenchmen freshlye assaulted still,
Our English men came boldly forth at night,
Cryinge S. George, Salisburye, kyl, kyl, kyl,
And offred freshlye with their foes to fight,
And they as frenchly tooke themselues to flight,
Supposing surely that I had beene there,
See how my name did put them al in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,
Fowre thousand slaine, their Campe tane as it stoode,
Whereby our Towne and souldiers profited,
For there were vitailes plenteous and good,
This while was I in England by the Roode,
To appease a strife that was right foule befall,
Betwene Duke Humfrey and the Cardinal.

The Duke of Exceter shortly after dyed,
Which of the King at home had gouernaunce,
Whose roume the Earle of Marwicke then supplyed,
And I tooke his and sped me into Fraunce,
And hauing zeale to conquere Orliaunce,
With much a do I gat the Regentes ayde,
And marched thyther, and siege about it layde.

But in the way I tooke the towne of Yanr,
Where murthered were for fountaelle many a man:
But Baugencey I tooke with little payne,
For which to shew them fauour I began:
This caused the townes of Mewne and Jargeman,
That stoode on Loyer: to proffer me the keyes,
Ere I came nere them, welny by two dayes.

See here how Fortune forward can allure,
What Baytes she layeth to bring men to their endes
Who having hap like this, but hopeth sure,
To bring to vale what euer hee entendes?
But sone is sower the sweete that fortune sendes:
When hope and hap, when healthy and wealth is hielt
Then woe and wracke, disease, and neede be nyelt.

For while I, suing this so good successe,
Layde siege to Orliaunce on the Riuer side,
The Bastard (Cuckold Cawnies sonne I gesse,
Tho thought the Dukes) who had the towne in guyde
Came fiercely foorth, when hee his time espyed,
To rayse the siege but was bet backe agayne,
And hard pursued both to his losse and payne.

For there we wan the Bulworke on the Bridge,
With a mighty tower standing fast thereby.
Ah cursed tower that didst my dayes abridge,
Would God thou hadst beae furder eyther I:
For in this tower a chamber standes on hye,
From which a man may view through all the towne
By certain wyndowes iron grated downe.

Where on a daye, now Baldwin note inyne ende,
I stoode in viewing where the towne was weake,
And as I busilye talked with my frend,
Shot fro the towne, which al the Grate did breake,
A pellet came and droue a mighty sleake
Against my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For payne whereof I dyed within a weeke.

See Baldwin ſee the vncertayne glorye,
How ſodaine miſchiefe daſheth all to duſt,
And warne al Princes bymy broken ſtorye,
The happieſt Fortune chiefly to miſtruſt,
Was neuer man that alway had his luſt:
Than ſure be fooles, in fancy more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

FINIS.

THis ſtraunge aduenture of the good earle drawe vs al into a dumpe, inwardly lamẽting his woful deſtenye, out of which wee were awaked after this ſort.

To what ende (ſaid one) muſe wee ſo much on the matter. This Earle is neither the fyrſte nor laſte whom fortune hath foundred in the height of their proſperity. For al through the raigne of this vnfortunate kinge Henrye, wee ſhal fynde many which haue been likewiſe ſerued, whoſe chances ſith they be martial, & therfore honorable, may the better bee omitted. And therefore we will let go the Lordes Molines, and Poyninges, ſlayne both at the ſiege of Orleaunce, ſhortly after the death of this Earle. Alſo the valiaunt Earle of Arundel deſtroied with a bowlet at the aſſault of Gerborye, whoſe ſtories neuertheleſſe are worthy the hearing. And to quickẽ vp your

vp your spirites, I will take vpon me a tragical person in deede, I meane kinge Iamy slayne by his seruauntes in his priuy Chamber; who although he be a Scot, yet seeing he was brought vp in England, where hee learned the language, his example also so notable, it were not meete it should be forgotten. And therefore marke Baldwyn what I thinke hee may say.

* *
*

HOW KING IAMES THE firſt for breaking his othes and bonds was by Gods ſufferaunce miſerably murdered of his owne Subiectes. Anno. 1437.

IF for examples ſake thou wrote thy Booke,
I charge thee Baldwin thou forget mee not,
Whom fortune alwayes frowardly forſooke,
Such was my lucke, my merite or my lot.
I am that Iames King Roberts Sonne the Scot,
That was in England Priſoner all his youth,
Through mine vncle Walters trayterous vntruth.

For whan my Father through diſeaſe, and age,
Vnwieldy was to gouerne well his Land,
Becauſe his Brother Walter ſeemed ſage,
Hee put the rule thereof into his hand.
Than had my Father, you ſhall vnderſtand,
Of lawfull Barnes, mee and one onely other,
Nempt Dauy Rothſay, who was mine elder Brother.

This Dauy was Prince of Scotland and ſo take,
Till his aduoutry cauſed men complayne:
Which that hee might by moniſhment forſake,
My Father prayed myne Uncle take the payne.
To threaten him his vices to refrayne.
But hee falſe Traytour butcherly murderinge wretch,
To get the Crowne began to fetch a fetch,

And

And fynding now a proffer to his praye,
Deuiſed meanes my brother to deuour,
And for that cauſe conuayed him day by day
From place to place, from Caſtel vnto tower,
To Faulkland fort, where like a tormentour
He ſtarued him, and put to death a wyfe,
Whom through a Reede he ſuckt to ſaue his lyfe.

O wretched death, fye cruell tyrannye,
A Prince in priſon loſt for fault of foode:
Was neuer enmie wrought ſuch villany,
A truſty brother deſtroy his brothers blood,
Wo worth ſo frendlye, fye on doubla hood.
Ah wretched father ſee thy ſoone is loſt,
Sterued by thy brother whom thou truſtedſt moſt.

Of whom when ſome began to fynde the fraud,
And yet the traytour made himſelfe ſo cleare,
That he ſhould ſeeme to haue deſerued laud,
So woful did he for his Prince appeare,
My doubtful father louing me ful deare.
To auoyde all daunger that might after chaunce,
Sent mee away but nyne yeares old to Fraunce.

But windes and weather were ſo contrary,
That we were driuen to thenglish coaſt,
Which Realme with Scotland at that time did barye,
So that they tooke me as priſoner not as hoaſt:
For which my father fearing I was loſt,
Conceiued ſhortlye ſuch an inward thought,
As to the graue immediatly him brought.

Than had myne vncle all the regiment
At home, and I in England pꝛiſoner lay.
Foꝛ to himſelfe he thought it detriment,
Foꝛ my releaſe any raunſome foꝛ to pay,
Foꝛ as hee thought he had poſſeſt his pꝛay:
And therfoꝛe wiſht I might in duraunce dure,
Til I had dyed, ſo ſhould his raigne be ſure.

But good king Henrye ſeeing I was a childe,
And heir by right vnto a realme and crowne,
Did bꝛing mee vp not (like my bꝛother) wploe,
But vertuouſlye in feates of high renowne:
In liberal artes, in inſtrumental ſowne:
By meane whereof when I was after king,
I did my realme to ciuel oꝛder bꝛing.

Foꝛ ere I had been pꝛiſoner eighteene yeare,
In which ſhoꝛt ſpace two noble Pꝛinces dyed,
Whereof the firſt in pꝛudence had no peere,
The other in warre moſt valiaunt thꝛoughlye tryed,
Whoſe roume his ſonne babe Henry eke ſupplied:
The peeres of England which did gouerne all,
Did of their goodneſſe helpe me out of thꝛall.

They maryed me to a coſin of their king,
The Duke of Somerſets daughter rich and layꝛe,
Releaſt my raunſome ſaue a trifling thing:
And after I had done homage to the heyꝛe,
And ſwoꝛne my frendſhip neuer ſhould appayꝛe,
They bꝛought me kingly furniſht to my land,
Which I receiued at myne vncles hand.

Whereof

Whereof my Lordes and commons were ful glad,
So was mine vncle chiefly as he sayed,
Who in his mouth no other matter had,
Saue punish such as had my brother trayed:
The fault whereof apparauntly he layed,
To good Duke Murdo, his elder brothers sonne,
Whose father dyed long ere this was done.

My cursed vncle slyer than the snake,
Which would by craft vnto the crowne aspire,
Because he saw this Murdo was a stake,
That stayed vp the top of his desire,
(For his elder brother was Duke Murdoes syre)
He thought it best to haue him made away,
So was he sure (I gone) to haue his praye.

And by his craftes the traytour brought to passe,
That I destroyed Duke Murdo and his kin,
Poore innocentes, my louing frendes alas.
O Kinges and Princes what plight stand we in,
A trusted traytour shal you quickly win,
To put to death your kin and frendes most iust,
Take heede therfore, take heede whose reede ye trust.

And at the last to bring me hole in hate,
With God and man at home and eke abrode,
He counsailed me for suraunce of my state:
To helpe the Frenchmen, then nigh ouertrode
By Englishmen: and more to lay on lode,
With power and force al England to inuade,
Against the oth and homage that I made.

And though at fyrſt my conſcience dyd grudge,
To breake the bounides of frendſhip knit by oth
Yet after proake(lee miſchiefe) I did iudge,
It madneſſe for a king to keepe his troth,
And ſemblably with al the world it goth:
Synnes oft aſſayed are thought to be no ſinne,
So ſopieth ſinne the ſoule it ſinketh in.

But as diſeaſes common cauſe of death,
Bring daunger moſt, when leaſt they pricke and ſmart,
Which is a ſigne they haue expulſt the breath
Of kinely heate which doth defend the hart:
Euen ſo ſuch ſinnes as felt are on no part
Haue conquered grace, and by their wicked wie,
So kild the ſoule that it can haue no cure.

And grace agate, wyce ſtil ſucceedeth wyce,
And al to haſt the vengeaunce for the furſt,
I areade therfore al people to be wiſe,
And ſtop the breache when it beginnes to burſt.
Attaſt no poyſon(vice is venim woꝛſt,
It mates the mynde) beware eke of to much,
Al kyl through muchneſſe, ſome with onely touch.

When I had learnde to ſet my oth at nought,
And through much vſe the ſence of ſinne exiled.
Againſt King Henry what I could I wrought,
My fayth my oth vniuſtly ſowle defiled,
And while fyre Foꝛtune at my doinges ſmyled,
The wrath of God which I had wel deſerued,
Fel on my necke, foꝛ thus loe was I ſerued.

Ere I

Ere I had raygned fully fiftene yeare,
While tyme I lay at Perthe at my place
With the Quene my wyfe and children me to cheare
My murdrynge vncle with the double face,
That longed for my kyngdome and my mace,
To slay me there suborned Robert Grame,
With whom his nephue, Robert Stuart came.

And when their tyme fit for their purpose found,
Into my priuy chamber they astart,
Wher with their swoordes they gaue me many a wound,
And slue al such as stuck vnto my part
There for my wife did shew her louing hart,
Who to defend me felled one or twayne.
And was sore wounded ere I could be slayne.

See Baldwin, Baldwin, the vnhappy endes,
Of such as passe not for their lawful oth
Of those that causeles leaue their fayth or frendes
And murdre kinsfolkes through their foes vntroth,
Warne, warne al princes, al like sinnes to loth,
And chiefly such as in my realme be borne
For god hates highly all that are forsworne

FINIS

FOL.

When I had learned to set nie oth at nought
And through murk use the horror of sinne
Against king Kenes what I could I wrought
My faith my oth vnrighth soule defilde
and while fly fortune at, my doing smild
the wrath of god which I had well deserude
fell on my neck for this foe was I serued

When this was sayde (quod one of the companye) let passe these Scottish matters, and returne we to our English storyes whi che minister matter enoughe of tragedy, without seking or trauaylinge to forreine countryes. Therfore returne we to the rest of ỳ Tragical troubles and broyles which hapned in this realme during the minority of king Henry the vi. the sundry falls and ouerthrowes of great princes & other noble persõs happening therby. Wel sayd (qᵗ M. Fer.) and as it happeneth, I haue here ready penned ii. notable tragedies, the one of Humfrey Duke of Glocestre, the other of the Duches Elienor his wife which as (me semeth) be two of ỳ most memorable matters fortuninge in ỳ time But whether of thẽ is fyrst to be placed in the order of our boke, I somewhat stande in doute. For albeit the sayde Dukes death happened before the deceasse of the Duches, yet was her fall first, which fynally was cause of ouerthrow to both. Why shoulde you doubte then (quod the rest of ỳ company) forseyng ỳ cause doth alwaies go before theffect and sequel of any thing: it is good reason you should begin wᵗ her first.

And therfore we pray you lette vs heare fyrst what she hath to say, for al thys whyle we haue not hard the complaint of any Lady or other woman.

How

HOVV DAME ELIANOR Cobham Ducheſſe of Gloceſter.

for practiſing of witchcraft and Sorcery, ſuffred open penance, and after was baniſhed the realme into the yle of Man.

IF a poore lady damned in exyle
Amongſt princes may bee allowed place
Then gentle Baldwin ſtay thy pen awhyle
And of pore pitty ponder wel my caſe,
How I a Duches, deſtitute of grace
Haue found by proofe, as many haue & ſhal
The prouerbe true, that pryde wil haue a fall

A noble Prince extract of royal blood
Humfrey ſometyme Protector of this land
Of Gloceſter Duke, for vertu cald (the good)
When I but baſe beneath his ſtate did ſtande
Vouchſafte with me to ioyne in wedlockes bands,
Hauing in Court no name of high degree
But Elinor Cobham as parents left to mee

And though by byrth of noble race I was,
Of Barons bloud, yet was I thought vnfitte,
So high to matche, yet ſo it came to paſſe,
Whyther by grace, good fortune, or by witte
Dame Venus lures ſo in myne eyes did ſitte,
As this great Prince with out reſpect of ſtate
Did worthy me to be his wedded mate

His wyfe I was, and he my true husband
Though for a whyle he had the company
Of lady Iaquet the Duchesse of holland
Beyng an heyre of ample patrimony
But that fel out, to be no matrimony
For after war, long sute in law and strife
She proued was the Duke of Brabants wife.

Thus of a Damsel a Duchesse I became,
My state and place aduaunced next the Queene
Wherby me thought I felt no ground, but swam
For in the Court myne equall was not seene
And so possest with pleasure of the splene
The sparkes of pryde so kyndled in my brest
As I in court, would shyne aboue the rest.

Such gyftes of nature god in me hath grafte
Of shape and stature, with other graces moo
That by the shot of Cupids fiery shafte
Which to the hart of this greate prince did goe
This mighty Duke, with loue was linked so
As he abasyng the height of his degree,
Sette his hole harte, to loue and honour mee

Grudge who so would, to him I was most deere
Aboue all Ladyes aduaunced in degree
(The Quene except) no Princesse was my peere
But gaue me place, and lords with cap and knee
Dyd all honour and reuerence vnto me
Thus hoysted high vpon the rollinge wheele
I sate so sure, me thought I could not reele.

And

And weening leaſt that fortune hath a turne,
I looke aloft, and would not looke alow,
The brondes of pryde ſo in my breaſt did burne
As the hot ſparkes, burſt forth in open ſhowe,
And more and more the fyre began to glowe,
Without quenching, and daily did encreaſe,
Til fortunes blaſtes with ſhame did make it ceaſſe.

For (as tis ſayde) Pryde paſſeth on afore,
And ſhame followes, for iuſt rewarde & meede
Wold god ladyes, both now and euermore
Of my hard hap, which ſhal the ſtory reede
Wold beare in mynde, and truſt it as their Creede:
That pryde of harte, is a moſt hateful vice,
And lowlines, a pearle of paſſing pryce.

Namely in Quenes, and Ladies of eſtate
Within whoſe myndes, al mekenes ſhould abound
Since high diſdayne, doth alwayes purchace hate.
Beyng a vyce, that moſt part doth redound
To their reproch, in whom the ſame is found.
And ſeldome gets good fauour or good fame
But is at laſt, knit vp with worldly ſhame.

The proofe wherof I founde moſt true indede,
That pryde afore, hath ſhame to wayte behynde.
Let no man doubt, in whom this vice doth brede,
But ſhame for pryde by iuſtice is aſſynde,
Which I wel founde, for truely in my mynde
Was neuer none, whom pryde did more enflame,
Nor neuer none, receiued greatter ſhame.

Dame Elianor

For not content to be a Duchesse greate,
I longed sore to beare the name of Queene
Aspyring stil vnto an higher seate,
And with that hope my selfe did ouerweene
Sins there was none, which that tyme was betweene
Henry the king, and my good Duke his Eame
Heyre to the crowne and kingdome of this Realme.

So neare to be, was cause of my vayn hope
And long awayte when this sayre hap would fal.
My studies all were tending to that scope,
Alas, the whyle to councel I did call
Such as would seme, by skill coniectural
Of art Magicke and wicked Sorcery
To deeme and dyuine the princes destenie

Among which sort of those that bare most fame
There was a Beldame called the wytch of Ey,
Old mother Madge her neyghbours did hir name
Which wrought wonders in countreys by hir esaye
Both feendes and fayries her charmyng would obay
And dead corpses from graue she could vprere
Suche an Inchauntresse, as that tyme had no peere

Two pryestes also, the one hight Bolenbroke
The other Southwell, great Clerkes in coniuration
These twoo Chapleins, were they that vndertooke
To cast and calke, the kinges constellation
And then to iudge by depe dyuination.
Of thinges to come, and who should next succede
To Englandes crowne, al this was true in deede.

And

And further sure they neuer did proceede
Though I confesse, that this attempt was ill,
But for my part, for any thing in deede
Wrought, or els thought, by any kynd of skill.
God is my iudge I neuer had the will
By any Inchauntment sorcery or charme
Or other wyse, to worke my princes harme.

Yet nethelesse, when this case came to light,
By secrete spyes to Cayphas our Cardinal
Who long in hart had borne a priuy spyght,
To my good Duke his nephew naturall
Glad of the chance, so fitly forth to fall
His long bid hate, with iustice to color
Used this case with most extream rigor.

And caused me with my complyces all,
To be cyted by processe peremptory,
Before Iudges, in place Iudiciall
Whereas Cayphas, sytting in his glory
Would not allow my answer dilatory
Ne Doctor or Proctor, to allege the lawes.
But forced me to pleade in myne owne cause.

The kynges counsel were called to the case
My husband than) shut out for the season
In whose absence I found but little grace
For Lawiers turned our offence to treason
And so with rigor, without ruth or reason
Sentence was gyuen that I for the same
Should do penance, and suffer open shame.

Nay the lyke shame had neuer wight I weene
Duchesse, Lady, ne Damsel of degree,
As I that was, a Princesse next the Quene,
Wyfe to a Prince, and none so great as hee,
A Kinges vncle, Protector of his countrey,
With Taper burning, shrouded in a sheete
Three dayes a row, to passe the open streate.

Barelegd, and bare foote, to al the worldes wonder
Ye, and as though such shame did not suffise
With more despyte, then to part a sunder,
Me and my Duke, which Traytors did deuyse
By Statute law, in most vnlawful wise,
Fyrst sending me, with shame into exile.
Then murdryng him, by trechery and gyle.

Ye and besydes, this cruel banishment
Far from al frendes, to comfort me in care
And husbandes death: there was t'y Parliment
Ordaynd for me, a messe of courser fare.
For they to bring me to beggers state most bare
By the same acte, from me did then withdraw.
Such right of dower, as widowes haue by law.

Death (as tis sayd) doth set al thinges at rest,
Which fel not so in myne vnhappy case,
For sins my death, myne enmies made a Jest
In minstrels ryme myne honour to deface.
And then to bring my name in more disgrace
A song was made in manner of a laye
Which old wyues sing of me vnto this day.

Yet

Yet with these spytes, theyr malice did not end
For shortly after, my sorrowes to rent w
My Loyal Lord, which neuer did offende
Was cald in hast, the cause he little knew
To a Parliament, without Sommons due
Whereas his death, was cruelly contryued:
And I his wyfe of earthly ioyes depryued.

For al the while my Duke had life e breath
So long I stoode, in hope of my reskore
But when I hard of his most causeles death
Then the best salue for my recureles sore
Was to dispayre of cure for euermore,
And as I could, my careful hart to cure.
With patience, most paynful to indure.

O Traitors fel, which in your hartes could fynde
Like feendes of hel, the guiltles to betraye
But ye chefely, his kinsemen most vnkynde
Which gaue consent to make him so away,
That vnto God, with al my hart I pray,
Vengeance may light on him that caused all,
Beaufort I meane, that cursed Cardinall.

Which Bastard preest of the house of Lancaster
Sonne to Duke John, surnamed John of Gaunt
Was first create, Bysshop of Winchester,
For no learning, wher of he myght wel haunt
Ne for vertue, which he did neuer haunt
But for his gold & Summes that were not small
Payd to the pope, was made a Cardinall.

Prolw

Proude Lucifer, which from the heauens on hye
Downe to the pit of Hel below was cast,
And beyng ons an Aungell bright in sky
For his high pryde, in Hel is chayned fast
In depe darknes, that euermore shall last
More hault of hart was not before his fal
Then was this proud and pompes Cardinall

Whose lyke good Baldwine paint out in his pickle,
And blase this Baal & Belligod most blinde,
An Hipocryte, all kayrbles falle and tickle,
A wicked wretch, a kinseman most vnkynde,
A Deuil incarnate, all deuilishly enclynde
And to discharge my conscience all at ones
The Deuil him gnaw both body, blood and bones.

The spytefal Proest would needes make me a Witch,
As would to god I had bene for his sake.
I would hauerlawd him where he did not itche,
I would haue played the Lady of the Lake
And as Merlin was, cloasor him in a Brake,
Ye a Meridian, to Lul him by daylight
And a night mare to ryde on him by night.

The fiery feends with feuers hot and frenzye
The Apery hegges with stench and carren sauours
The watry ghostes with rowtes, and with dropsie
The earthy Goblins, w Aches at all houres
Furyes & Faicies, with al infernal powers
I would haue sted from the darke dongeon
Of hell Centre, as depe as Demagorgon.

Or had I now the skil of dame Erichto
Whose dreadful charmes, as Lucane doth expresse
All feendes did feare, so farforth as Prince Pluto
Was at her cal for dread of more distresse
Then would I send of helhounds more and lesse,
A legion at least, at him to crye and yel.
And with that cyprine, hertie him downe to hell

Which need not, for sure I thinke that bee
Who here in earth leades Epicurus lyfe,
As farre from god as possible may be
With whom all sinne and vices are most ryfe
Using at wil both widow mayd and wyfe
But that some Deuil his body doth possesse
His life is such, as men can iudge no lesse

And god forgeue my wrath and wreakful mynde
Such is my hate to that most wicked wretch
Dye when he shal, in hast I could wel fynd
Out of the graue his corps againe to fetch
And racke his lymmes as long as they would stretch
And take delyte to listen every vape
How he could sing a masse of welawaye

The yle of Man was the appointed place
To penance mee for euer in exile
Thither in hast they poasted me apace,
And doubtinge skape, they pind me in a Pyle
Close by my selfe in care, alas the whyle,
There felt I fyrst poor prisoners hungry fare,
Much want, thinges skant, and stone walls hard and bare

The

The change was strange, from silke and cloth of Gold
To rugged kryze my carcas for to cloathe,
From princes fare, and dayntyes hot and cold,
To rotten fish, and meates that one would loathe
The dyet and dyeting were mutch a lyke both
Bedding and lodging were all alike fyne,
Such Down it was, as serued wel for swyne.

Neither do I myne owne case thus complayne
Which I confesse came partly by deserte
The onely cause which doubleth al my payne
And which most nere goeth now vnto my harte.
Is that my fault, vpo finally reuerte
To him that was least guilty of the same
Whose death it was, though I abode the shame.

Whose fatal fall, when I do call to mynde,
And how by me his mischiefe fyrst began
So oft I cry on fortune most vnkinde
And my mishap most bitterly do banne,
That euer I to such a noble man,
Who from my crime was innocent and cleare.
Shoulde be a cause to buy his loue so deare

Oh to my hart how greuous is the wounde
Calling to mynd this dismal deadly case
I would I had bene doluen vnder ground.
When he first saw, or loked on my face,
Or tooke delight in any kynd of grace
Seming in mee, that him did stirre or moue
To fancy me, or set his hart to loue.

Cobham.

Farewel Grenewych my Palace of delyght,
Where I was wont to see the Cristal streames,
Of royall Thames most pleasant to my syght
And farewel Kent, right famous in all realmes
A thousand tymes I mynd you in my dreames
And when I wake most greefe it is to me
That never more agayne I shall, see you

In the night tyme when I should take my rest
I weepe, I wayle, I weat my bed with teares
And when dead sleape my spirites hath oppresst
Troubled with dreames, I fantazy vayne feares
Myne husbands voyce then ringeth at myne eares
Crying for help, O saue me from the death
These villaynes here do seeke to stop my breath.

Ye and somtymes me thinkes his direry ghost
Appeares in sight, and shewes me in what wyse,
Those fel tyrantes, with tormentes had embost
His wynd and breath, to abuse peoples eyes
So as no doubt or question should aryse
Amonges rude folke which little vnderstande,
But that his death came onely by gods hand

I playne in vayne, where eares be none to heare
But roaring Seas, & blustring of the wynd
And of redresse am neare a whit the neere
But with wast wordes to feede my mournful mynde,
Wishing ful oft, the Parcas had vntwynde
My vital stringes, or Atropos with knife,
Had cut the lyne of my most wretched lyfe.

Oh that

Oh that Neptune, and Eolus also,
Thone God of Seas, the other of weather
Ere myne Arriual, into that ple of woe
Had suncke the ship wher in I sayled thether
(The shipmen saued, so as I togeather
With my good Duke, mought haue bene dead aloze
Foztune had wzoken her wzath on vs so loze.

Oz els that God when my fizst passage was
Into exile along Saynt Albanes towne
Had neuer let me further foz to passe,
But in the Streat with death had stricke me downe
Then had I sped of my desyzed bowne
That my poze corps mought there haue lien with his
Both in one graue, & so haue gone to blysse.

But I alas, the greatter is my greefe
Am past that hope to haue my sepulture
Nere vnto hym, which was to me most leefe
But in an ple, land country most obscure,
To pyne in payne, whilst my pooze life will dure
And beyng dead, all honozles to lye
In simple graue, as other pooze that dye.

My tale is tolde, and tyme it is to ceasse
Of troubles past, al which haue had their ende
My graue I trust, shal purchasse me good peace
In such a wozld, where no wight doth contend
Foz highest place, whereto all flesh shal wend
And so I end, vsyng on wozd foz all,
As I Began, that pzyde wil haue a fall

FINIS quod G. F.



Uerly (sayd one of the companye) thys Lady hath don much to mo ue the hearers to pitye her, & hath very wel knyt vp the ende of her tragedy according to ỳ beginning but I mervayle much where she learned al this Poetry touched in her tale, for in her dayes, learninge was not common, but a rare thinge, namely in women, yes (quod Maister Ferrers) that might she very wel learn of ỳ Duke her Husbande, who was a Prince so erellently learned, as the like of his degree was no where to be founde, And not onelye so, but was also a Patron to Poetes & oratoys muche lyke as *Mecenas* was in the tyme of *Augustus Cesar* This Duke was foundor of the Diuinite Schole in Orkoyde, whereas he caused *Aristotles* woykes to be translated out of Greeke into Latin, and caused many other things to be done for aduauncemẽt of lernig, hauig alwaies lerned mẽ near about him no mervaile therfore though ỳ Duchesse bronghte som pece away. Ye thik (quod another (she passeth bounds of a Ladies modesty, to inuey so cruelly agaynst the Cardinall Beaufort. Not a whit (quod another) hauing such cause as she had, & somewhat ye must beare with womens passions. Therefore leaue we her to eternall rest, & lette vs heare what Maister Ferrers wil say for the Duke her husband

whose

whose case was the more lamentable, in that hee
suffered without cause. And surely thoughe the
Cardinal against nature was the Dukes mortall
Foe, yet the chiefe causers of his confusyon, was ỹ
Quene, and William Delapoole Erle of Suffolke
and afterwards Duke, whose counsel was chefe-
ly followed in the contryuing of this noble mans
destruction, She through ambicion to have soue-
raynty and rule and he through flattery to pur-
chace honour and promotion, which as he in shorte
time obtayned: so in as shorte tyme he lost agayne, &
his life withal by the iust iudgement of God, recei-
uing such measure as he before mette to this good
Prince. This drift of his turned to the vtter ouer-
throw of the king himselfe, the Quene his wife,
& Edward their son a most goodly prince,
& to the subuersion of the hole house
of Lancaster, as you may see at
large in the Chronicles: but
now let vs heare what
the Duke will
saye.

HOVVE

HOVV HVMFREY PLANtagenet Duke of Gloceſter Protector of England, during the minoritie of his Nephue kinge Henrye the ſixt, (commonlye called the good Duke) by practiſe of enemies was brought to confuſion.

AS highest hilles with tempeſtes bene moſt touched
And tops of trees, moſt ſubiect vnto wynde,
And as great towers with ſtone ſtrongly rowched,
Haue heauy falles when they be vnderminde,
Euen ſo by proofe, in worldly thinges we fynde,
That ſuch a clyme the top of high degree
From perill of falling neuer can be free.

To proue this true (good Baldwin) harken hyther,
See and behold me vnhappie Humfrey,
Englands Protector and Duke of Gloceſter
Who in the time of the firſt king Henrie,
Ruled this Realme yeares mo then twentie:
Note wel the cauſe of my decay and fall,
And make a mirrour for Magiſtrates all.

In their moſt weale, to beware of vnhap,
And not to ſleepe in ſlombring ſickernelle,
Whilſt Fortune falſe doth lul them in her lap
Drowned in dreames of brittle bleſſednelle,
But then to feare her freakes and ſicklenelle,
Accompting ſtil the higher they aſcend:
Nere nigh to be to Daunger in the end.

And

And that vayne truſt in bloud or ropall race.
Louſe them not with careleſſe aſſuraunce
To truſt Fortune, but waying wel my caſe,
When ſhe moſt ſmyleth to haue in remembraunce
my ſodein fal!, who in al apparaunce:
Hauing moſt ſtayes, which man in ſtate mainteine,
Haue found the ſame vntruſtie and moſt vayne.

Better then I, none may the ſame affirme,
Who truſting all in height of high eſtate,
Led by the eares with falſe flatteries chyme,
Which neuer Prince could banyſhe from his gate,
Did little thinke on ſuch a ſodein mate,
Not heeding, leſſe dreeding, al vnaware,
By foes leaſt feared, was trapt into a ſnare.

If noble byrth or high authoritie
Nomber of Frendes, kindred, or alliaunce,
If wiſedome, learning, or worldly pollicye
Mought haue beene ſtayers to Fortunes variaunce,
None ſtoode more ſtrong, in worldly countenaunce,
For al theſe helpes had I to anayle mee,
And yet in fyne, al the ſame did fayle mee.

Of King Henry the fourth, fourth ſonne I was
Brother to Henry, the fyft of that name,
And vncle to Henry the firſt, but alas,
What cauſe had I to preſume on the ſame?
Or for vayne glorye, aduauncing my fame
My ſelfe to cal in recordes, and wrytinges,
The ſonne, brother, and vncle vnto kinges.

This

This was my boaſt, which laſtly was my bane,
Yet not this boaſt, was it that brought mee downe
The very cauſe, which made my weale to wane
So neere of Kin that I was to the Crowne,
That was the Rocke that made my Ship to drowne.
A rule there is not faylinge, but moſt ſure
Kingdome, no kyn doth know, ne can indure.

For after my Brother the fyft Henry
Wan by Conqueſt the Royall Realme of Fraunce,
And of two Kingdomes made one Monarchy
Before his death, for better obeyſaunce.
To his younge Sonne, not ripe to gouernaunce
Protector of England I was by Teſtament,
And Jhon my Brother, in Fraunce made Regent.

To whom if God had lent a longer life,
Our houſe to haue kept from ſtormes of inward ſtrife
Or it had beene the Lorde Almighties will
Plantagenettes name in State had ſtanden ſtill
But deadly diſcord which Kingdomes great doth ſpill
Bred by deſire of high Domination,
Brought our whole houſe to playne deſolation.

It is for trowth in an Hiſtory Founde
That Henry Plantagenet fyft of our name
Who called was, Kinge Henry the ſeconde
Sonne of Dame Mawde, the Empreſſe of High Fame
Would oft report, that his Auncient Grandame
Though ſeeminge in Shape, a Woman naturall,
Was a Feende of the Kinde that (Succubæ) ſome call.

Whych

Which olde fable, ſo longe time tolde before
When this Kinges ſonnes againſt him did rebell:
Hee cald to minde, and beinge greeued ſore.
Loe! now (quoth hee) I ſee and proue full well
The Storye true, which folke of old did tell
That from the deuill deſcended all our race,
And now my children, do bereft the caſe.

Whereof to leaue a longe memoriall,
In minde of man euermore to reſt
A Picture hee made and hong it in his Hall,
Of a Pellicane ſittinge on his Neſt,
With foure ponge Byrdes, three peckinge at his breſt
With bloudy Beakes, and further did deuiſe
The pongeſt Byrde, to pecke the fathers eyes.

Meaninge hereby, his rebell children three
Henry, and Richard who bet him on the breſt:
Ieffrey only, from that offence was free)
Henry died of Englandes, Crowne poſſeſt:
Richard liued his father to moleſt,
Iohn the pongeſt peckt ſtill his fathers eye
Whoſe deedes vnkinde, the ſooner made hym dye.

This kinge (ſome wryte) in his ſickneſſe laſt
Sayde, as it were by way of Prophecy
How that the Deuill, a Darnell grayne had caſt
Amonge his Kin to encreaſe enmity,
Which ſhould remayne in their Poſterity,
Till miſchiefe, and murder had ſpent them all.
Not leauinge one to piſſe agaynſt the wall.

And yet

And yet from him in order did ſuccede
In England here, of crowned kinges fourtene
Of that ſurname, and of that lyne and ſeede,
With Dukes and Earles, and many a noble Queene,
The number ſuch as al the world would weene
So many pmpes could neuer ſo be ſpent,
But ſome heire Male, ſhould be of that diſcent.

Which to be true if any ſtand in doubt,
Becauſe I meane not further to digreſſe,
Let him peruſe the ſtories throughout
Of Engliſh kinges, whom practiſe did oppreſſe,
And he ſhal fynde the cauſe of their diſtreſſe
From firſt to laſt, vnkindly to beginne,
Alwayes by thoſe that next were of the kynne.

Was not Richard, of whom I ſpake before,
A rebel playne vntil his father dyed,
And John likewiſe an Enmie euermore
To Richard againe, and for a rebel tryed?
After whoſe death, it cannot be denyed,
Againſt all right this John moſt cruelly
His brothers children cauſed for to dye.

Arthur and Iſabell (I meane) that were
Geffreyes children, then Duke of Britaine
Henries third ſonne, by one degree more neere,
Then was this John, as ſtories ſhew moſt playne,
Which two children were famiſht or els ſlayne.
By John their Eame cald Saunz terre by name,
Of whoſe fowle act, al countries ſpeake great ſhame.

Edward

Edward, and Richard, second both by name
Kinges of this land, fel downe by fatall fate
What was the cause, that princes of such fame,
Did leese at last their honour, life, and state?
Nothing at all, but discord and debate,
Which when it baps in kindred or in bloud,
Erynnis rage was neuer halfe so wood.

Be sure therfore ye kinges and princes all
That conceyde in kingdomes is chiefe assurance,
And that your families do neuer fall,
But where discord doth leade the doubtful daunce
With busie brawles and turnes of variaunce,
Where mallice is Minstrel, the pype ill repeyr,
The Maske mischiefe, and so endes the speyr.

But now to come to my purpose againe,
Whilst I in my charge applied in England,
My brother in Fraunce long time did remaine,
Cardinal Beauford tooke proudly in hand,
In causes publique against me to stand,
Who of great mallice so much as he might
Sought in al thinges to do mee dispight.

Which proude prelate to me was bastard Eame,
Sonne to Duke John of Gaunt as they did fayne,
Who beeing made bigh Chauncellour of the Realme,
Not like a Preest, but like a prince did reigne,
Nothing wanting which might his pride mainteine,
Bishop besides of Winchester he was,
And Cardinall of Rome which Angels brought to passe.

Not

Not Gods Aungels, but Angels of old Gold,
Lyft him aloft in whom no cause there was
By iust desert, so high to be extold,
(Ryches except) where by this Golden alle,
At home and abroade al matters brought to palle,
Namely at Rome, hauing no meane but that
To purchase there his crimzin Cardinal hat.

Which thing the king my father him forbad
Playnly saying, that he could not abide,
Within his realme a subiect to be had
His Princes peere, yet such was this mans pryde,
That he forthwith after my father dyed,
(The King then young) obteyned of the Pope,
That honour high, which erst he could not hope.

Whose proude attemptes because that I withstoode,
My bounden dutie the better to acquite,
This holy father waxed welnere wood,
Of meere malice deuising day and night,
To worke to me dishonour and dispite,
Whereby there fel betweene vs such a Farre,
As in this land was like a ciuil warre.

My brother Iohn which lay this while in Fraunce,
Hearde of this hurle, and past the seas in hast,
By whose traueil this troublesome distaunce,
Ceassed a while, but nethelesse in wast:
For rooted hate wil hardly be displast
Out of byghe hartes, and namely where debate,
Happeneth amongst great persons of estate.

G ij For

For like as a match doth lye and smolder,
Long time before it commeth to the trayne.
But yet when fyre hath caught in the poulder,
No arte is able, the flames to restrayne:
Euen so the sparkes of enuye and disdayne,
Out of the smoke burst sooth in such a flame,
That Fraunce and Englande yet may rue the same.

So when of two realmes the regiment royal,
Betwene brothers was parted equallye,
One placed in Fraunce for affayres Martiall,
And I at home for ciuil policie:
To serue the state, we both did so applie,
As honour and fame to both did encrease,
To him for the warre, to me for the peace.

Whence enuye sprang, and specially because
This proude prelate could not abyde a Peere,
Within the land to rule the state by lawes,
Wherfore lifting my lyfe and actes most neere,
He neuer ceast, vntil as you shal heare,
By practise louie of him and his allies,
My death was wrought by most vnworthy wise.

And fyrst he sought my doinges to defame,
By rumours false, which hee and his did sowe
Letters and lyes to my reproch and shame
He did deuise, and al about bestow,
Whereby my truth in doubt should daylye grow,
In England fyrst and afterward in Fraunce,
Vsing al meanes to bring me to mischaunce.

One

One quarel was, that where by common law
Murder and theft beene puniſht all alike,
So as manſlears, which bloudy blades do drawe,
Suffer no more, then he that doth but pike,
We thought the ſame no order politike,
In ſetting paynes to make no difference,
Betweene the leſſer and greater offence.

I being ſeene ſomwhat in ciuil law,
The rules thereof reputed muche better,
Wherfore to keepe, offenders more in awe,
Like as the fault was ſmaller or greater,
So ſet I paynes more eaſier or bitter,
Waying the qualitie of euerye offence,
And ſo according pronounced ſentence.

Amongſt my other Delicta Iuuentutis,
Whilſt rage of youth my reaſon did ſubdue,
I muſt confeſſe as the very truth is,
Driuen by deſire, fond fancies to enſue,
A thing I did, whereof great trouble grew,
Abuſing one to my no ſmall rebuke,
Which wife was than to Iohn of Brabant Duke.

Called ſhe was Lady Jaquet the fayre,
Delightful in loue like Helene of Troye:
To the Duke of Bauier ſole daughter and heire,
Her did I marrye to my great annoy
Yet for a tyme, this dame I did enioye,
With her whole landes, withholding them by force,
Til Martin the Pope, betwene vs made diuorce.

Yet all these blastes not hable were to moue
The anchor strong, whereby my ship did stay,
Some other shift to seeke him did behoue,
Whereto ere long il fortune made the way,
Which fynally was cause of my decay
And cruel death, contriued by my foes,
Which fel out thus, as now I shal disclose.

Elianor my wife, my Duches only deare,
I know not how but as the nature is
Of women al, ape curious to enquere
Of thinges to come (though I confesse in this
Her fault not small) and that shee did assaile,
By wytches skill, which sorcery some call,
Would know of thinges which after should befall.

And for that cause made her selfe acquainted
With mother Madge, called the wytch of Eye,
And with a Clerke that after was attainted,
Bolenbroke he hight, that learned was that way,
With other moe, which famous were that daye,
Aswel in Science, called Mathematicall,
As also in magicke and skil supernatural

These cunning folkes she set on worke to know,
The time how long the king should liue and raigne,
Some by the Starres, and some by deuils below,
Some by witchcraft sought knowledge to attayne,
With like fancies, friuolous fond and vayne,
Whereof though I knew least of any man,
Yet by that meane my mischiefe first began.

Yet

Yet beſides this there was a greater thing,
How ſhe in waxe by counſel of the witch,
An Image made, crowned like a king,
With ſword in hand, in ſhape and likeneſſe ſyche
As was the kinge, which dayly they did pytch
Againſt a fyre, that as the waxe did melt,
So ſhould his lyfe conſume away vnfelt.

My Dutcheſſe thus, accuſed of this cryme,
As ſhe that ſhould ſuch practiſe firſt beginne,
My part was then to yeld vnto the time,
Geeuing her leaue, to deale alone therein
And ſince the cauſe concerned deadly ſynne,
Which to the clergie onely doth perteine,
To deale therein I plainly did refrayne.

And ſuffered them her perſon to aſcite
Into their Courtes, to aunſwere and appeare,
Which to my hart was ſure the greateſt ſpighe,
That could be wrought, and touched me moſt neare,
To ſee my wife, and lady leeſe and deare,
To my reproche, and plaine before my face,
Entreated ſo, as one of ſorte moſt baſe.

The clergie then examining her cauſe,
Conuinced her, as guiltie in the ſame,
And ſentence gaue according to their lawes,
That ſhe and they whom I before did name
Should ſuffer death, or els ſome open ſhame:
Of which penaunce my wife by ſentence had
To ſuffer ſhame of both the two, more bad.

And kyſt ſhe muſt by dayes together three,
Through London ſtreetes paſſe a, along in ſight
Bare legde and barefoote, that al the world might ſee,
Bearing in hand a burning taper bright,
And not content, with this extreeme deſpight,
To worke mee wo, in al they may or can,
Exilde ſhe was into the Ile of Man.

This haynous crime and open worldly ſhame,
With ſuch rigour ſhewed vnto my wife,
Was a kyne fetch further thinges to frame,
And nothing els, but a preparatiue
Firſt from office, and kynally from lyfe,
Me to depriue, and ſo paſſing further,
What law could not, to execute by murther.

Which by ſlye drifte, and wyndlaces alooke,
They brought about, perſwading firſt the Queene,
That in effect it was the kinges reproofe,
And hers alſo, to be exempted cleane,
From princely rule, or that it ſhould be ſeene
A king of yeares, ſtil gouerned to bee
Lyke a Pupil, that nothing could foreſee.

The daunger more conſidering the king
Was without childe, I being his next heire,
To rule the realme, as Prince in euery thing
Without reſtraint, and al the ſway to beare
With Peoples loue, whereby it was to feare
That my hault hart, vnbrideled in deſire,
Time would preuent, and to the crowne aſpire.

These with such like, were put into her head,
Who of her selfe, was thereto sone enclinde,
Other there were, that this ill humour fed,
To neither part, which had good wil or minde,
The Duke of Yorke, our cousin most vnkinde,
Who keeping close a tytle to the crowne,
Lancasters house did labour to pul downe.

The stay whereof he tooke to stand in mee,
Seeing the king of courage nothing stout,
Neither of wit great peril to foresee,
So for purpose, if he could bring about
Mee to displace, then did he little doubt
To gayne the Goale, for which he droue the ball,
The crowne I meane to catch ere it should fall

This hope made him against me to conspyre
With those which foes were to eche other late,
The Queene did weene, to win her whole desire
Which was to rule, the king and al the state
If I were ryd, whom therfore shee did hate:
Forecasting not, when that was brought to passe,
How weake of frendes, the King her husband was.

The Dukes two, of Excester, and Buckingham,
With the Marquise Dorset therein did agree,
But namely the Marquise of Suffolke William,
Contriuer chiefe of this conspiracie,
With other mo, that sate stil and did see,
Their mortal foes on me to whet their knifues,
Which turnde at last to losse of all their lyues.

But

But bayne deſire of ſouerainтie and rule,
Which otherwiſe (Ambition) hath to name,
So ſtirde the Queene that wilful as a Mule,
Headlong ſhe runnes, from ſmoke into the flame,
Driuing a dike, which after did ſo frame,
As ſhee, the King, with all their lyne and race,
Depriued were of honour, lyfe, and place.

So for purpoſe ſhe thought it very good,
With former foes, in friendſhip to confeder,
The Duke of Yorke, and other of his bloud,
With Neuils all, knyt were then together,
And Delapoole, frend afore to neither:
The Cardinal alſo, came within this liſt,
As Herode and Pylate, to iudge Ieſu Chriſt.

This curſed league, to late diſcouered was
By Bayardes blinde, that lincked in the line,
The Queene and Cardinal brought it ſo to paſſe,
With Marquiſe Suffolke maiſter of this myne,
Whoſe il aduiſe, was counted very fyne,
With other moe which kynely could diſguiſe,
With falſe diſours my miſchiefe to deuiſe.

Concluding thus they point without delay
Parliament to hold, in ſome vnhaunted place,
Far from London, out of the common way,
Where fe wot none ſhould vnderſtand the caſe,
But whom the Queene and Cardinal did embrace,
And ſo for place they choſe Saint Edmondeſburye
Syнce when (ſome ſay) England was neuer merye.

Somons

Somens was ſent, this companie to call,
Which made me muſe, that in ſo great a caſe,
I ſhould no whyt of counſel be at all,
Who yet had rule, and next the king in place,
We thought nothing, my ſtate could more diſgrace,
Then to beare name, and in effect to bee,
A Cypher in Algrim, as al men mought ſee.

And though iuſt cauſe I had for to ſuſpect,
The tyme and place appointed by my foes,
And that my frendes moſt plainlye did detect,
The ſubtil traine, and practiſe of al thoſe,
Which againſt mee, great treaſons did ſuppoſe,
Yet truſt of truth with a conſcience cleare,
Gaue me good hart, in that place to appeare.

Upon which truſt with more haſt then good ſpeede,
Forward I went to that vnluckye place,
Dutie to ſhow, and no whit was in dreade
Of any trayne, but bold to ſhew my face,
As a true man yet ſo fel out the caſe,
That after trauayle, ſeeking for repoſe,
An armed band, my lodging did encloſe.

The Vicount Beaumount, who for the time ſupplied,
The office of high Conſtable of the Land
Was with the Queene and Cardinall allied,
By whoſe ſupport, be ſtoutlye tooke in hand,
My lodginge to enter with an armed band
And for high treaſon, my perſon did areſt,
And layed me that night, where him ſeemed beſt.

Then

Then shaking and quaking, for dread of a Dreame,
Halfe waked al naked in bed as I lay,
What tyme strake the chime of mine bower extreame,
Oppresst was my rest with mortal affray,
My foes did vnclose, I know not which way
My chamber dores, and boldly they in brake,
And had me fast before I could awake.

Thou lookest now, that of my secret murther,
I should at large the maner how declare,
I pray thee Baldwin, aske of me no further,
For speaking playne, it came so at vnware,
As I my selfe, which caught was in the snare,
Scarcely am able the circumstaunce to shew,
Which was kept close, and knowen but vnto few.

But be thou sure by violence it was,
And no whit bred by sickenesse or disease,
That felt it well before my life did passe,
For when these wolues, my bodie once did cease,
Ased I was, but smally tompne ease:
With tormentes strong, which went so nere the quicke,
As made me dye before that I was sicke.

A Palsey (they sayd) my vital spirites oppresst,
Bred by excesse of melancholie blacke,
This for excuse to lay, them seemed best,
Least my true frendes the cause might further racke,
And so perhaps discouer the whoole packe,
Of the conspyrers, whom they might wel suspect,
For causes great, which after tooke effect.

Dead

Dead was I found, by ſuch as beſt did know,
The maner how the ſame was brought to paſſe.
And than my corps, was ſet out for a ſhow,
By view whereof, nothing perceiued was:
Wherebp the world may ſee as in a glaſſe,
The vnſure ſtate, of them that ſtand moſt hye,
Which than dread leaſt, when daunger is moſt nye.

And alſo ſee, what daunger they lyue in,
Which next their king are to ſucceede in place:
Since kinges moſt parte, be Ielous of their kynne,
Whom I aduiſe, fore warned by my caſe,
To beare low ſayle, and not to much embrace,
The peoples loue: for as Senec ſayth truelye:
O q̄ funeſtus eſt fauor populi.

FINIS. G.F.

THe good Duke hauing ended his wofull tragedye, after much talke had concerning diſcention among thoſe that be magiſtrates, good Lord (quoth one) what miſchiefe and deſtruction doth priuye grudge and malice, rayſe among all ſortes of people, both hye and low: but eſpeciallye among Magiſtrates being ỳ head and guyde of the Common wealth: for what miſchiefe did the diſcention betweene theſe two perſons

sons (being both of high estate) bring afterward to both the realmes: yea and the bitter ruine of most part of them that were the chiefe workers of this Dukes death, you saye troth (quoth I) and now for that, if I may craue your pacience awhile, you shal heare what I haue noted in ỳ Duke of Suffolkes doinges, one of the chiefe procurours of Duke Humfreyes destruction, who by the prouidence of God came shortly after in such hatred of ỳ people, that the king himselfe could not saue him frõ a straunge and notable death. For beeing banisht the realme for the terme of fyue yeares, to appease the continual rumours and inward grudges, that not onely the commons, but most part of the nobilitie of England, bare towardes him for the death of the sayde Duke, he saylinge towardes Fraunce was met with a shippe of Deuonshire, and beheaded forthwith the fyrst day of Maye, Anno 1450. And the dead corps throwen vp at Douer vpon the sandes, which may lament his death after this maner.

How

HOWE VVILLIAM DELAPOOLE Duke of Suffolke was worthelye banished for abusing his kinge, and procuringe the death of Duke Humfrey of Glocester, protector of England. Anno. 1450.



Eaupe is the hap whereto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no estate may flye:
But to be banisht, beheaded and than drounde,
In sincke of shame from top of honours hye,
Was neuer man, so serud I thinke but I,
Wherfore good Baldwin amongst the rest by right,
I clayme of thee my woful case to wryte.

My onely ipse in all pointes may suffice,
To shew how base al baytes of Fortune be,
Which thawe ipke Isse, through beate of enuies eyes:
Or vicious deedes which much possessed mee:
Good hap with vice, long tyme cannot agree,
Which bring best Fortunes to the basest fall,
And happiest hap, to enuy to be thrall.

Called I was William Delapoole,
Of Suffolke Duke in Queene Margarets dayes.
That found the meane Duke Humfreyes bloud to coole,
Whose worthy acts deserue eternal prayse,
Whereby I note that Fortune cannot rayse
Any one aloft, without some others wracke,
Flods drowne no fieldes, before they synde a bracke.

But as the waters which do breake the walles
Do loſe their courſe, they had within the ſhore,
And daylye rotting ſtincke within their ſtalles,
For fault of mouing which they found before:
Euen ſo the ſtate that ouer high is bore,
Doth looſe the lyke of Peoples loue it had,
And rotts it ſelfe vntil it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, ech man was glad,
To ſaye and do the beſt by me they might:
And Fortune euer ſince I was a lad,
Did ſmyle vpon me with a cherefull ſight,
For whan my king had dubbed me a knight,
And ſent me foorth to ſerue at warre in Fraunce,
My luckye ſpeede myne honour did enhaunce.

Where, to omit the many feates I wrought
Under others guyde, I doe remember one,
Which with my ſouldiers valiauntly was fought,
None other Capitayne ſaue my ſelfe alone,
I meane not now the apprinze of Pucel Ione
In which attempt my trauayle was not ſmall,
Though the Duke of Bourbon had the prayſe of al.

But the ſiege of Awmarle is the feate I prayſe,
A ſtrõg built town, with caſtles, walles, & vaultes,
With men and weapon armde at all aſſayes:
To which I gaue nigh fyue times fiue aſſaultes,
Til at the laſt they yelded it for naughts,
Yet Lord Ramburs like a valiaunt knight,
Defended it as long as ere he might.

But

But what preuayled it these Townes to win,
Which shortly after must be lost agayne?
Whereby I see there is more glory in
The keepinge thinges than is in their attayne:
To get and keepe not, is but losse of payne.
Therefore ought men prouide to saue their winninges
In all attemptes, els lose they their beginninges.

Because we could not keepe the Townes wee won,
For they were more than we might easely wyeld
One yeare vndid what wee in ten had don:
For enuy at home, and treason abroade, did pelde
Kinge Charles his realme of Fraunce, made barrain field:
For bloudy warres had wasted all encrease,
Which causde the Pope helpe pouerty sue for peace.

So that in Tourayn, at the towne of Toures
Duke Charles, and other for their Prince appered,
So did Lord Rosse, and I than Earle, for oures:
And whan we shewed wherein ech other dered,
We sought out meanes al Quarels to haue clered,
Wherein the Lordes of Germany, of Spayne,
Of Hungary, and Denmarke, tooke exceedinge payne.

But sith wee coulde no finall peace induce,
For neyther would the others couenantes here,
For Eighteene monethes wee did conclude a truce:
And while as frendes wee lay together there,
Because my Warrant did mee therein beare,
To make a perfite peace, and through accord,
I sought a mariage for my Souerayne Lord.

And for the Frenche Kinges Daughters were to small,
I fancied most Dame Margaret his Niece,
A lovely Lady, Bewtifull, and Tall,
Faire spoken, pleasaunt, a very Princely piece,
In Wit, and learninge, matchlesse hence to Grèece,
Duke Rayners Daughter of Anjow, Kinge by stile
Of Naples, Jerusalem, and of Scycill Ile.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne:
All that our Kinge had of her fathers landes,
As Maunes the City, the county whole of Mayne,
And most of Anjow Dukeyn our handes,
I did release him by assured bandes.
And as for Dowry with her none I sought,
I thought no peace could be to dereply bought.

But whan this mariage throughly was agreed
Although my kinge were glad of sutch a make
His Uncle Humfrey abhorred it in deede,
Because thereby his precontract he brake,
Made with the heyre of the Earle of Armynacke,
A noble Mayde with store of goods endowed,
VVhich more than this with losse, the Duke allowed.

But love, and bewty in the kinge so wrought,
That neither profit, or promise hee regarded,
But set his uncles counsayle still at nought:
And for my paynes, I highly was awarded.
Thus vertue starves, but lustfoode must bee larded,
For I made Marquise, went to Fraunce agayne,
And brought this Bryde unto my Soverayne.

A;

At whom because Duke Humfrey ay repined.
Calling their mariage aduouterie (as it was)
The Queene did moue me, erst thereto enclyned,
To helpe to bring him to his Requiem masse,
Which sith it could for no crime come to passe:
His lyfe and doinges were so right and cleare,
Through priuy murder we brought him to his Beere.

Thus righteousnesse brought Humfrey to rebuke.
Because he should no wickednesse allow,
But for my doinges I was made a Duke.
So Fortune can both bend and smoth her brow
On whom she list, not passing why or how.
O Lord how high, how soone she did me rayse,
How fast she filde me both with prayes and prayse.

The Lordes and Commons both of like assent,
Besought my soueraigne kneeling on their knees,
To recorde my doinges in the Parliament,
As deedes deseruing euerlasting fees,
In which attempt they did no labour leese,
For they set not my prayse so fast in flame,
As hee was redy to reward the same.

But note the end, my deedes so worthy deemed
Of King, of Lordes, and Commons altogether,
Were shortlye after treasons false esteemed,
And all men curst Queene Margets comming hyther,
For Charles the French king in his feates not lither,
When we had rendered Rayner, Vaunts, and Mayne,
Found meanes to wynne al Normandy againe.

This made the People curse the mariage,
Esteeming it the cause of every losse:
Wherfore at mee with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me to haue brought the realme to mosse
When King and Queene saw things thus go a crosse
To quiet al a Parliament they called,
And caused mee in Prison to be thralled.

And shortlye after brought me foorth abroade,
Which made the commons more than double woode
And some with weapons would haue layd on loade,
If their graund Captaine Blewberd in his moode,
Had not in time with wisedome bene withstode:
But though that he and more were executed,
The people stil their worst against me bruted.

And so applied the Parliament with Bylles,
Of haynous wronges and open trayterous crimes,
The king and Queene were forst against their willes
Fro place to place to adiourne it diuers times.
For Princes power is like the sandy slymes,
Which must perforce geeue place vnto the waue,
Or sue the windye sourges when they raue.

Their lyfe was not more deare to them than I,
Which made them search al shiftes to saue me stil,
But aye my foes such faultes did on me trye,
That to preserue me from a worser ill,
The king was layne ful sore against his wyl:
For fyue peares space to send me in exile,
In hope to haue restorde me in a while.

But

But marke howe vengeaunce wayteth vpon vice,
To shun this ioyne, in saylinge towardes Fraunce,
A Pirates Barke, that was of little price,
Encountred mee vppon the Seas by chaunce,
Whose Captayne there tooke mee as in a traunce,
Let pass my shippes, with all their frait, and loade,
And leo mee backe agayne to Douer roade.

Were, vnto me recountinge all my faultes,
As murdringe of Duke Humfrey in his Bed,
And how I had brought all the Realme to naughtes,
Causing the Kinge vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace, but I must loose my head,
Wherefore he made me to shrive me in his boate,
And on the brinke, my Necke in twayne smoate.

This was myne ende: which was by reason due
To me, and such as others deathes procure.
Therefore be bold to write, for it is true,
That who so doth such practise put in vre,
Of due reward at last shalbe most sure,
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed longe,
Doth light at last, with payne more sharpe and stronge.

FINIS. VV. B.

When this was sayd: euery man reioced to heare of a wicked person so righteously punished: for though fortune in many points be iniurious to Princes, yet in this & such lyke shee is most righteous: and only deserueth the name of

a goddesse, whan she prouideth meanes to punish & destroy tyrantes. And when we had a while considered the dukes of the Kinge & Queene to haue saued this duke: & yet they could not: It is worthy labour (sayd one) to way the workes, & iudgemēts of God: which seinge they are knowen most euidently by comparing contraries, I will touch the story of Iacke Cade in order next following.

Whom Kinge Henry with all his puissaunce was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was he hys rebellious enemy) thā he was to preserue the Duke of Suffolke his dereſt frend: by which two examples doth appeare how notably God disposeth all thinges, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this Cade beinge an Irishman, but of meane parentage, of no ability, & lesse power, accompanied with a fewe naked kentish mē, caused the king with his army at al points appointed, to leaue the fielde, and suffer him to doe whatsoeuer he lusted for a tyme, but in the ende he was slaine at Hothfield in Suſſer, and caried thēce to London in a Cart, & there quartered. In whose behalfe, seeinge hee is one of Fortunes whelpes, I will trouble you a while to heare the processe of his enterprise, which hee may declare in maner followinge.

How

HOW IACKE CADE NAminge himselfe Mortimer, traytorously rebellinge agaynst his Kinge in Iune, Anno. 1450. was for his treasons, and cruell doinges worthely punished.



Shall I call it Fortune or my frowardfolly,
That lifte mee vp, and layd mee downe belowe?
Or was it Courage, that made me so Joly,
Or strēgth of stars, w̄ make men high to growe?
What euer it were this one poynct suer I know,
Which shalbe meete for euery man to marke:
Our lust and willes, our euils chiefly warke.

It may be well that planets do encline,
And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,
But such is reason, that they bringe to fine
No worke vnayded of our lust, and will:
For Heauen, and Earth are subiect both to skill.
The skyll of God ruleth all it is so stronge,
Man may by skill guyde thinges that to him longe.

Though lust be sturdy, and will enclinde to nought,
This forst by mixture that by Heauens course,
Yet through the skill, God hath in reason wrought
And geuen man, no lust nor will to course,
But may be stayed, or swaged of the sourse,
So that it shall in nothing force the mynde:
To worke our woe, or leaue the proper kynde.

But though this skill bee geuen to euery man
To rule the will, and kepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace full fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skill is not weake, but will strong, flesh is soft
And yelds it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And yales the mynde to that it most reproueth.

Now if this hap whereby we yelde our mynde
To lust, and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Than is she iustly called false, and blinde,
And no reproch can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,
For euer this hap if it be rightly knowen,
Commeth of our selues, and so the blame our own.

For who so liueth in the Schole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affaires,
Forsaketh Pompes, and honours, that do spill
The minds recourse to Graces quiet stayres,
His state no Fortune by no meane appayres:
For Fortune is the folly, and plague of those
Which to the World their wretched willes dispose.

Amonge which Fooles (marke Baldwyn) I am one,
That would not stay my selfe in mine estate.
I thought to rule, but would obay to none,
Wherefore I thought to be my Princes mate,
And by some meane his power to abate,
And for that ende, Mortimer would be sham'de,
Heyre apparant, of England once proclaym'de.

This

This shift I vsed the people to perswade
To leaue their Prince, and on my syde to sticke.
Whereas in deede, my fathers name was Cade,
Whose noble stocke was neuer worth a sticke.
But touching wit I was both rype and quicke.
Had strength of Lims, large stature, comely face,
Which made men wene my liguage were not base.

And seeing stoutnesse stucke by men in Kent,
Whose valiaunt hartes refuse none enterprise,
With false perswasions straite to them I went,
And saye they suffred too great iniuries:
By meane whereof I caused them to ryse,
And Battaile wise to come to Blackheath playne,
And thence their grickes vnto the king complayne.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that eare
For we desired release of subsedies,
Refused roughly our requestes to heare,
And came against vs as our enemies:
But we to tary sought out subtilties,
Remoued our campe, and backe to Senocke went,
After whom the Staffordes with their power was bent:

See here how Fortune setting vs aflote,
Brought to our nets a Portion of our pray.
For why the Staffordes with their armie hote,
Assailed vs at Senocke where we laye:
From whence alyue they parted not awaye,
Which when the kinges retinue vnderstoode,
They all affirmde my quarel to be goode.

Which

Which caused the King and Queene whom all did hate,
To raise their Campe, and sodenly depart:
And that they might the Peoples grudge abate,
To imprison some ful sore against their hart.
Lord Saye was one, whom I made after smart,
For after Staffordes and their hoast was slayne,
To Blackheath field I marched backe agayne.

And where the King would nothing heare before,
Now was he glad to send to know my minde:
And I thereby enflamed much the more,
Refused his grauntes so folly made me blynde.
For this he flew, and left Lord Scales behinde,
To helpe the towne and strengthen London tower,
Towardes which I marched forward with my power.

And found there al thinges at myne owne desire.
I entred London did there what I list,
The Treasorer, Lord Saye, I did conspyre
To haue condempned: whereof when I mist,
(For bee by law my malice did resist)
By force I tooke him in Guildhal fro the heape,
And headed him before the Crosse in Cheape.

His Sonne in lawe James Cromer shriue of Kent
I caught at Mile end, whereas then he laye:
Beheaded him and on a poale I sent,
His head to London where his fathers laye.
With these two heades I made a pretty play,
For pight on poales I bore them through the streete,
And for my sport made sech kille other sweete.

Than

Than brake I Prisons let forth whom I would,
And vsed the city as it had bin wyne:
Tooke from the Marchauntes, money, ware, and gold,
From some by force, from other some by fyne,
This at the length did cause them to repyne,
So that Lord Scales consentinge with the Mayre,
Forbad vs to their City to repayre.

For all this while mine hoast in Southwarke lay,
Who whan they knew our passage was denied,
Came boldely to the bridge and made a fray,
For in wee would, the townes men vs defied:
But whan with strokes wee had the matter tried,
Wee wan the Bridge and set match part on fier,
This done to Southwarke back we did retier.

The morow after came the Chauncellour,
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the rest within an houre,
Shranke all away eche man to shift for one,
And whan I sawe they left mee post alone,
I did disguise me like a knight of the post,
And into Sussex rode away in poste.

And there I lurked till that cursed coyne,
That restlesse Begle sought, and found mee out,
For straight the Kinge by promise did enioyne,
A thousand marke to whosoeuer mought
Apprehend my corse, which made them seeke about:
Amonge the which one Alexander Iden,
Found out the Hole wherein the Fox was hidden.

But

But ere hee tooke me, I put him to his Trumps,
For yeeld I would not while my hawnes would holde,
But hope of money made him kut his stumps,
And to assault mee valiauntly, and bolde.
For two longe Howres, our Combat was not colde
Till at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That down I fell, and neuer after spoke.

Than was my Carkasse caried like a Hog.
To Soutywarke Borough where it lay a night,
The next day drawen to Newgate like a Dog,
All men reioysinge at the rufull sight:
Than were on Poales my perboyls Quarters pight,
And set a loft for Uermin to deuour,
Meete graue for Rebels that resist the power.

Full litle knowe wee Wretches what wee do,
When wee presume our Princes to resist.
Wee Warre with God, against his glory to,
That placeth in his office whom hee list:
Therefore was neuer Traytour yet, but mist
The Marke hee shot, and came to shamefull ende,
Nor neuer shall tyll God bee forst to bende.

God hath ordaynde the power, all Princes bee
Hys Lieutenauntes, or deputies in realmes,
Agaynst their Foes therefore fighteth hee,
And his Enemies driues them to extreames,
Their wyse deuises, proue but Doltish dreames.
No Subiect ought for any kinde of cause,
To force the Prince. but yelde him to the lawes.

Wherfore Baldwin warne men to folow reason.
Subdue their wylles and be not Fortunes slaues,
A shameful end doth euer follow treason,
There is no trust in Rebels, rascall knaues.
In Fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:
From whose assaultes who listeth to stand free,
Must know his state, and so contented bee.

FINIS.

BY saint Mary (said one) if Iacke were as wel learned, as you haue made hys oration, whatsoeuer hee was by byrth, I warrante him a Gentilman by his learning. How notablye & philosopher like hath he described fortune, & the causes of worldlye cumbraunce? how lyke a diuine hath he determined the office both of Magistrates and subiects For in deede Magistrates be Gods deputies, and it is Gods office which they beare: and it is hee whiche ordeyneth thereto such as himselfe listeth, good whan he fauoureth the People, and euil when hee wyl punish them. And therfore whosoeuer rebelleth against any ruler, eyther good or bad, rebelleth agaynst God, and shal neuer see good end of hys attempt: for God cannot but mainteyn his deputie. Yet this I note by the way concernyng rebelles & rebellions. Although the deuil rayse them, yet God alwayes vseth them to his glorye, as a part of hys iustice. For whan kinges & chiefe rulers, suffer their vnder

vnder officers to misuse their subiects, and wil not heare nor remedy their peoples wrongs (whã they complayne) then suffereth God the Rebell to rage, and to execute that parte of his Iustice, which the partial prince would not.

For the Lord Saye a very corrupt officer, and one whome notwithstanding the kinge always mayntayned. was destroyed by this Iacke, as was also the Bishop of Salisburye (a proud and couetous Prelate) by other of the Rebelles. And therefore whatsoeuer prince desireth to lyue quietly without rebellion must doe his subiectes right in al thinges and punish suche Officers as oppresse his People: thus shal they be sure from all Rebellion. And for ỳ cleerer opening hereof, it were wel done to set forth this Lord Sayes tragedye. What neede that (said another) seeing ỳ like example is seene in the Duke of Suffolke, whose doings are declared sufficientlye alreadye. Nay let vs goe forward for we haue a great many behinde that may not be omitted, & the tyme as you see passeth away. As for this lord Saye, whome Cade so cruellye killed, and spitefullye vsed after his Death (I dare saye) shalbee knowen thereby what he was to all that reade or heare this storye. For God would neuer haue suffered hym to haue beene so vsed, except he had first deserued it.

There-

Therefore let him go and wyth him the Bishop, and all other slayne in that rebellion which was rayſed by ſome ſly drift of the Duke of Yorke, who ſhortly after by opē war, manifeſted his title to ẏ crowne, and therefore gathered an army in Wales, & marched towardes London: And preuentinge ẏ kinge, goinge northward to prepare an army, in the waye at Sayncte Albanes: Who for want of a ſufficient power to take the field, was forced with ſuch ſmal power as he had about him, to defend the Lanes, & backſydes of the towne, and to ſend out the Duke of Buckingham for a treaty, which the Duke of Yorke beinge head of the contrary faction, woulde not allow without fyrſt hauinge the Duke of Somerſet and other at his will, duringe which treaty Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike, the ſtout maintayner of yorckes title entred the Towne by force, fought a Battayle in the high ſtreat, where of the kinges part were ſlayne the ſayd Duke of Somerſet called Edmond Beaufort, Henry Percy the ſecond of that ſurname, Earle of Northumberlande, Humfrey, Earle of Staffort, Sonne and heyre to Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, Jhon Lord Clifford, Babthorp the kinges attorney, and his Son and heyre, beſides a great number of Knightes, Eſquiers, Gentlemen, & yeomen of ẏ kinges houſhold & of other Lordes ſeruauntes, on whō al the ſlaughter,

K

ter, and bochery fell, beinge all for the more part vn-
armed. But because the Duke of Somerset
was the chiefe of the Kinges parte pas-
singe ouer the rest, let vs on-
ly heare him speake
for all.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDmond Duke of Somerſet, ſlayne in the firſt battayle at Saynct Albanes, the. 23. day of May, in the. 32. yeare of Henry the ſixt. Anno. 1454.

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*

SOme I ſuppoſe are borne vnfortunate,
Els good endeuours coulde not ſo ill ſucceede,
What ſhall I call it? ill fortune or fate,
That ſome attempts haue neuer happy ſpeede,
But trauayle thankleſſe, al bootleſſe their heede:
Where other vnlike in working, or in skill,
Wynne what they will, and wield the world at will.

Of the firſt ſorte, myſelfe I count for one,
To all miſhap, I weene predeſtinate,
Beleeue mee Baldwin, there bee few or none,
To whom Fortune was euer more ingrate.
Make thou therefore my life a Caueat,
That who ſo with force wyll worke againſt kinde,
Sayleth (as who ſayth) againſt the ſtreame, and winde.

For I of Somerſet which Duke Edmond highte,
Extract by diſcent from Lancaſter lyne,
Were it by folly, or Fortunes deſpighte,
Or by ill aſpect of ſome croked ſigne,
Of myne attempts could neuer ſee good fine:
What ſo I began did ſeldome well ende:
God from ſuch Fortune, all good men defende.

Where I sought to saue, most part I did spill.
For good hap with mee was alway at Warre.
The Linage of Yorke whom I bare so ill,
By my spight became bright, and shone like a Starre,
Thus somewhiles men make, when fayne they would marre.
The more yee lop Trees, the greater they grow.
The more yee stop Streames, the higher they flow.

Maugre my spighte, his glory grew the more,
And mine, as the Moone in the wane, wart lesse
For hauinge the place which he had before,
Gouernour of Fraunce, needes I must confesse,
That lost was Normandy yet nethelesse,
Alwayes I wrought that wit might well contriue,
But what bootes it, against the Streame to striue?

Borne was I neyther to Warre ne to peace,
Mars was maligne, and enemy to my trade:
My Birth I beleue was in Ioues decrease,
When Cancer in course, beinge retrograde,
Swarued from Sol, vnto Saturnus shade,
Where aspectes were good, opposites did marre,
So grew mine vnhap both in peace, and warre.

A straunge Nativity in calculation,
As my liues course, did after well declare,
Wherof in briefe to make relation,
That other by mee may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cause of my care.
And want of foresight in geuinge assent,
Humfrey to damme that Duke most innocent.

Humfrey

Humfrey meane I that was the protectour,
Duke of Glocester of the ropall bloud,
So long as he was Englandes directour,
Kinge Henries title to the Crowne was good,
Tois worthy Prince, as a Piller longe stood:
Or like a strong prop set under a vyne,
In state to vpholde all Lancasters lyne.

O headlesse trust, vnware of harme to come,
O mad malice where wit obeyeth will,
Was there euer any, whom folly did so nome:
Of all forecast, rigth, reason, wit, and skill,
As mee blinde Bayard consentinge to spill
My Coosyns bloud, my refuge, and my stay,
To my destruction, makinge open way?

So long as he in England bare the sway,
So long Rebelles no Quarelles durst begin,
But when the poste, was pulled once away,
Which stoode to vpholde the kinge, and his kin,
The Duke of Yorke, than stoutly bee stept in,
And chalenged the Crowne, by color of right,
Beginninge with Lawe, and endinge with might.

And spyed great vntes in England vp and downe,
That he of England was the heire true,
And how Henry had vsurped the Crowne,
Against all right, by practise most untrue:
The people than, embrasinge titles newe,
Irkesome of present, and longing for chaunge,
Assented soone, because they loue to raunge.

True is the text which wee in Scripture reade,
Væ terræ illi cuius rex est puer.
Wo to that land whereof a child is head,
Whether childe, or childishe, the case is one sure,
Where Kinges be younge, we daily see in vre,
The people awlesse, by weakenesse of their head,
Leade their liues lawlesse, hauinge none to dread.

And no lesse true is this text agayne,
Beata terra cuius rex est nobilis.
Blest is the Land, where a stout Kinge doth rayne.
Wherein good peace eche man possesseth his,
For dread of whom, no man dare do amis,
Whose Prince is prest alwayes, and Sword in hand,
At home and abroade, all enemies to withstand.

In case the sonne had proued such a one,
Hardy and stoute as his fathers afore,
Sure had he sitten in the Royall throne,
Dreadlesse, and careles of common vproar.
But Henries weakenesse appeered more, and more,
Which boldnesse gane, to the contrary band,
To spoyle him at last both of life, and land.

His humble heart was nothinge vnknowen,
To the gaye gallants, of Yorkes retinue,
Any lowe ground, is highly ouerflowen,
And shored houses cannot long continue,
Joyntes cannot knit whereas is no Synewe.
And so a Prince, not dread as well as loued,
By bold Traytours may bee soone remoued.

Well

Well mought I ſee, bad I not wanted brayne,
The worke begon to vndermine the ſtate,
When the chiefe ſtink was looſed fro the thayne,
And that ſome durſt vpon blond ropall grate,
How tickle hold I had of myne eſtate?
When the chiefe poſt lay flat vppon the floze,
Mought not I thinke my ſtaffe then next the doze?

So mought alſo, dame Margaret the Queene,
By whoſe malice this miſchife firſt began,
Did ſhe (trow yee) her ſelfe not ouerwene
Death to pzocure to that moſt wozthy man?
Which ſhe and hers after ward mought well ban,
On whom did hange, as I beloze haue ſayde,
Her Huſbandes life, his honour and his ayde.

Foz whilſt he liued which was our ſtable ſtay,
Yozke and his Impes were kept vs vnder Yoke,
But when the Pillar remoued was away.
Then burſt out ſtarke, that late beloze was Smoke,
The cloſe Traytoure, then caſt of his Cloake,
And from the dark came forth in open light,
With tieles blinde which he fer forth for right.

But this to achieue, firſt it him behoued,
The Kinge and his kin a ſunder foz to ſet:
Who once perforce, oz practice ill remoued,
Then had they auoyded the principall let,
Which kept the fought pray ſo longe from the Net:
The next poynct after, was themſelues to place
Next to the Prince, and other to abaſe.

I was the firſt whom they put out of place,
No cauſe pretendinge, but the commun weale,
The crowne of England was the very caſe,
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale,
My faultes were Cloakes their practiſe to conceale,
In counſayle hearinge conſider the entent,
For by pretexte of truth, treaſon of late ment.

So their pretence was onely to remoue,
Counſayle corrupt from place about the Kinge,
But O yee Princes, you it doth behoue,
This caſe to conſtrue, as no fayned thinge,
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his kinge,
But for his platzere he would further wade,
Againſt his freendes, the Quarel firſt hee made.

And if by hap he could ſo bringe about,
Them to ſubdue, and haue them at his will,
Then would he waxe ſo arrogant, and ſtout,
That no reaſon, his outrage might fulfill,
But to proceede vppon his purpoſe ſtill,
Till Kinge, and Counſayle brought were in one caſe:
Such is their folly, to rebels that geue place.

So for the fiſhe, when caſt forth was the Net,
The next poynct was inquiringe out the plac,
Commons to cauſe, in rage to fume, and fret,
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiringe redreſſe of this, and of that:
Who if they ſpedde the matter as receite,
Graſp will the Pray, for which he doth awayte.

Then

Then by ſurmiſe of ſome thinge pretended,
Sutch to diſplace as they may well ſuſpect,
Like to withſtand their miſchiefe entended,
And in their roumes their banders to elect,
The aduerſe party proudly to reiect,
And then with reportes the ſimple to abuſe,
And when theſe helpes fayle, open force to vſe.

So this Dukes traynes were couert, and not ſeene.
Who little ment, that which hee moſt pretended,
Like to a Serpent lurkinge vnder greene,
To the weale publike ſeemed wholly bended:
Zelous he was, and would haue all thinges mended,
But by that mendment nothinge els he ment,
But to be Kinge, to that marke was his bent.

For had he bin playne, as hee ment in deede,
Henry to depoſe from the royall place,
His haſt had bin waſte, and much worſe his ſpeede,
The Kinge then ſtandinge in his peoples grace,
This Duke therefore ſetforth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarrel for the Crowne,
Sutch as bare rule, he onely would put downe.

But all for nought, ſo longe as I bare ſtroke,
Serued theſe dyftes, and proued all but vayne,
The beſt helpe then, was people to prouoke,
To make Commotion, and Uprores a mayne:
Which to appeaſe, the Kinge himſelfe was fayne,
From blacke Heath in Kent, to ſend me to the Tower,
Sutch was the force of Rebelles in that Power.

The tempest yet therewith was not ceassed,
For Yorke was bent his purpose to pursue,
Who seeinge how soone I was releassed,
And ill successe of sufferaunce to ensue:
Then like Judas, vnto his Lord vntrue,
Thynkinge time lost any longer to defarre,
By Warwickes ayde proclaymed open warre.

S. Albanes towne, where both our Hoastes did meete,
To trye a fielde was not an equall place,
For we were forst to fight within a streete,
With fewe agaynst many, such was the case,
There I and Warwicke fronted face to face,
At an Inne dooze, the Castell was the signe,
Where with a Swozde was cut my fatall lyne.

Oft was I warned to come in Castle none,
But little thought of any Common signe,
I did Imagine a Castell built with stone,
For of no Inne, I could the same deuine,
In Prophetes skill my wits were neuer fine,
A foole is hee that such vayne dreames doth dred,
But moze Foole hee, that will by them beled.

My life I lost in that vnlucky place,
With many Lozdes that leaned to my part,
The Earle Percy had no better grace,
Couragious Clifford could not eschewe the dart,
Buckinghams Heyze was at this mortall mart,
Babthorp the Attorney for all his skill in Lawe,
In this poynct of pleadinge appeared very rawe.

So thus

So thus poore Prince diſarmed of his handes,
His frendes all ſlayne, wantinge good aſſiſtence,
Was made a Pray vnto his enemies handes,
Priued of power and Princely reuerence,
And as a Pupill voyde of all experience,
Innocent playne, and ſimple witted,
Was as a Lambe vnto the Wolfe committed.

A Parliament than was called with ſpeede,
A Parliament, nay a playne conſpiracy,
When againſt right it was decreed,
That after the death of the firſt Henry,
The Duke of Yorke ſhould haue the regally,
And in his life, the charge, and protection,
Of Kinge and Realme at the Dukes direction.

And thus was Yorke declared Protectour,
Protectour ſayd I, nay Proditor playne.
A rancke Rebell the Princes directour,
A vaſſall to leaue his Lord, and Soueraine,
What honeſt hart would not conceiue diſdayne,
To ſee the foote ſurmount aboue the head,
A Monſter is in ſpight of nature bred.

Some haply heere, will moue a farther doute,
And for Yorkes part alledge an elder right,
O braynleſſe head, that ſo runne in and out,
When length of time a ſtate hath firmely pight,
And good accord hath put all ſtrife to flight,
Were it not better ſuch titles ſtil to ſleepe,
Than all a Realme, about the tryall weepe?

From

From the female, came Yorke, and all his leeue,
And wee Lancastrians, from the Heyre Male,
Of whom thre Kinges in order did succeede,
By iust discent: this is no fayned tale.
Who would haue thought that any storme or gale
Our ship could shake hauinge such Anker hold,
None I thincke sure, vnlesse that God so would.

After this furie the Kinge was fayne to flee,
Northward in post, for succour, and releefe,
O blessed God how straunge it was to see!
A rightfull Prince pursued as a Theefe!
To thee O England, what can be more reproofe?
Then to pursue thy Prince with armed hand,
What greater shame, may bee to any Land?

Traytours did triumph, true men lay in the dust,
Reuinge, and Robbinge, roysted euery where,
Will, stoode for skill, and Law obeyed lust,
Might, trode downe right, of Kinge there was no feare,
The title was tryed onely by Shield, and Speare:
All which vnhaps, that they were not foreseene,
Suffolke was in fault, who ruled Kinge, and Queene.

Some here perhaps, do looke I should excuse
My selfe of sleight, or subtilty vniust,
Wherein I should my Princes Eares abuse
Against the Duke, to bringe him in mystrust,
Some part whereof, though needes confesse I must,
My fault onely, consisted in consent
To my Foes drifte, which I could not preuent.

If I at first when Brandes began to smoke,
The Sparkes to quench by any way had sought,
Neuer had Englands feirce this mortall stroke,
Which now to late lamentinge helpeth nought
Two poynctes of Wit to dearely haue I bought,
The first that better is timely to foresee,
Then after ouer late, a Counseylour to bee.

The second is, not easely to assent,
To any aduice, against thy faythfull frend,
But of the Speaker ponder the intent,
The meaninge ful, the poinct, and finall ende:
A Sainct in showe, in proofe is found a Fende,
The subtile man, the simple to abuse,
Vnder pleasaunt Speach, and Eloquence doth vse.

And so was I, and other mo abused
By Suffolkes sleights, who sought to please the Queene,
Forecast we lacke, which cannot be excused
Of thinges to come, as soone was after seene:
Which glosinge tongue, be made vs fooles to weene,
That Humfrey did to Englandes crowne aspyre,
Which to preuent his death they did conspyre.

What should I more of mine vnhaps declare,
Whereof my death at last hath made an ende?
Not I alone was cause of all this care,
Some beside mee there were that did offende.
None I accuse, nor yet my selfe defend,
Faultes I confesse, as no man liues without,
My chiefe fault, was folly, out of dout.

Folly

Folly was chiefe, the noughty tyme was next,
Which made my Fortune subiect to the chiefe:
If England then with strife had not bin vext,
Glory might haue growen whereas ensues griefe,
Yet one thinge is, my comfort, and reliefe,
Constant I was in my Princes Quarell,
To dye or lyue, and spared for no parel.

What though Fortune enuious was my foe,
A noble hart ought not the soner yeild,
Nor shrincke a backe for any weale or woe,
But for his Prince ly bleeding in the field:
If pray spight at any time mee belde,
The price is payde: and great ynough is my guerdon,
As for the rest God (I trust) will pardon.

FINIS. G. F.

After this Tragedy ended, one sayd seeinge this Duke hath so vehemently exclaymed agaynst the Duke of Yorkes practises, it were well done to heare what hee can say for himselfe. For after ỳ first battayle at S. Albanes when he toke K Henry prisoner, he was made protector, which so mutch greeued Queene Margaret, & her complices, ỳ priuy grutches, & open dissembling neuer ceased til ỳ Duke & his allyes were fayne to fly both field, & Realme, he into Ireland, & they to Calaies. Whence they came agayne with an Army, whereof Richard Neuill Earle of Salisbury was leader, & marched towarde Couentry (where the

Kynge

kynge was, and had gathered an army to subdue them, & encountred them at Northampton on ỳ. 10. day of July in ỳ yeare of grace. 1460. fought with them, lost the field, and was taken himself, and many of his freendes slayne, as Humfrey Stafforde Duke of Buckingham, Jhon Talbot the second of that name Earle of Shrewesbury, Jhon Vicounte Beaumont, Thomas Lord Egremont, Syr William Lucy, and diuers other. But ouerpassinge all these and many mo because they were honourably slayne in the field, let vs come to him who was the chiefe cause thereof, that is to say, Richard Plantagenet Duke of Yorke slayne in the battel at Wakefield on Christmas euē, and Edmond Earle of Rutlande his yong sonne, who was there murthered by the Lorde Cliffor de as he woulde haue fled into the towne to haue saued himselfe.

Therefore imagine that you see a tall mans body full of fresh woundes but lacking a head, holdinge by the hande a goodly childe, whose breast was so wounded that his heart might bee seene, hys louely face and eyes disfigured with droppinge teares, his Hayre through horror standinge vpright, his mercy crauinge handes, al to be mangled, and all his body embrued with his owne blould, out of the weasand pipe of which headles body came a shreking voyce sayinge as followeth.

How

HOW RICHARD PLANTAGENET Duke of Yorke was ſlayne through his ouer raſh boldneſſe, and his Sonne Earle of Rutland an Infant cruelly murdered Anno. 1460.

THruſt Fortune (quoth he) in whom was neuer truſt,
O Beaſtes moſt brute, that haue no better grace,
All reſt, renowne, and deedes lye in the duſt,
Of all the ſort that ſue her ſlipper trace,
How now? Why doſt thou Baldwin hide thy face?
Thou needeſt not feare, although I miſſe my head,
See this poore Boy, whom by the hand I lead.

The cauſe why I thus lead him in my hand,
With bloud, and teares haluing his body ſtayned,
Is that thou mayeſt the better vnderſtand,
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordayned
In whom her loue and hate be whole containded.
Richard I am Plantagenet by name,
Whilom of Yorke the Duke of worthy fame.

For Richard Earle of Cambridge, eldeſt ſonne
Of Duke Edmond, third ſonne of King Edward,
Engendred me whereof the courſe did runne,
Of Mortimers to be the Iſſue gard:
For when Edmond her brother oped Marde,
She was ſole heyre by due diſcent of line,
Whereby her Rightes, and Titles all were mine.

But

But marke me now I pray the Baldwin marke,
And see how force oft ouerbeareth right,
Way how vsurpers tyrannously marke,
To keepe by murther that they get by might,
And note what troubles and daungers do alight,
On such as seeke to repossesse their owne,
And how by might, oft right is ouerthrowne.

Duke Henry of Herefordе called Bolenbrooke,
Of whom Duke Mowbray told the now of late,
When traytour like he had king Richard tooke:
Kild him in prison, vsurped his estate,
Without al right, or title, sauing hate
Of others rule, or loue to rule alone,
These two excepted tytle had bee none.

The Crowne by right came to Edmond Mortimer
Whose Father Roger was king Richardes heire,
Which caused Henry, and them of Lancaster,
To seeke all shiftes our houses to appayre,
For sure he was to sit beside the chayre,
Were wee of power to clayme our lawful right,
And therfore thought good, to extirpe vs quight.

His cursed sonne ensued the fathers trade,
And kept my cosin guiltlesse in sure hold,
For whom my father ful often did perswade,
With his allies and cousins that they would,
Their Kinsmans right maintayn and vphold,
And to depose by pollicy or power,
The heyre of him that was an vsurper.

Whereof when Henry of that name the fifte,
Had heard, and knew of this conspiracye,
He from sir Edmond al the blame to shifte,
Sayd that my Father was the French kings aly,
And hyred by him to worke this trecherye,
For which at Hampton as it came to passe,
His lyfe he lost, and there beheaded was.

Thus was the name of Mortimer extinct,
Whose right and title descended vnto me,
Being forst to lyue within a precinct
For feare I would to other countries flee
And so beeing at myne owne libertee,
Might haplye moue sedicion or strife,
For guilty hartes, can leade no quiet lyfe.

Yet at the last in Henries dayes the fyft,
I was restored to my fathers landes,
Made duke of Yorke: where through my mind I fixt,
To get the Crowne and kingdome in my handes,
For ayde wherein I knit assured bandes
With Neuils stocke, whose daughter was my make
Whereby great frendes I had my part to take.

O Lord what hap had I by mariage,
Fowre fayre Sonnes my yong wife to me bore,
Valiaunt men and prudent for their age,
Such brothers she had and nephewes still in store
As none of the kin had any time before:
The Earle of Salisburie, & his sonne of Warwicke,
Were knights peereles, frō Barbary to Barwick.

Through

Through helpe of whom, & Fortunes frendly grace,
I first began to claime my lawful right,
And my chiefe foes with stoutnesse to deface.
I rayled power at al pointes prest to fight:
Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me spight,
Was Somerset the Duke, whom to annoy
Al my hole force, I dayly did employ.

And maugre him so choyse lo was my chaunce,
Yea though the Queene was wholy on hys syde,
I twise bare rule in Normandy and Fraunce,
And last lieutenant in Ireland I did byde,
Ful often driuen of force my head to hyde,
Yet through the loue, my doinges there did breede,
I had their helpe at al times in my neede.

This doutye Duke most deare to King and Queene,
With armed hoaste, I chiefe met in the field,
The first vnfought through treaty made betweene,
The second ioynde wherein the King did yelde,
The Duke was slayne, the Queene her partie helde
Farre in the North, where ouermatcht with power
My life I lost, in an vnlucky howre.

Before this last were other battailes three,
The first the Earle of Salisburie alone,
Fought on Blorebeath, and got the victorie,
I at the next was present in persone
With my chiefe kin, whereas by one and one,
Our souldiers false, withdrew away by night,
Unto our foes and wee put all to flight.

This Boy and I in Ireland did vs saue,
Mine eldest sonne with Warwicke and his father,
To Calais got, whence by the read I gaue
They came againe to London, and did gather,
Another hoast, whereof I spake no rather:
And met our foes slew many a Lord and knight,
And tooke the King and draue the Queene to flight.

This done I came to England all in haste,
New claime to make vnto the realme and crowne,
And in the house while Parliament did last,
In the Kinges seate, I boldly sate me downe,
Clayming the place, whereat the Lordes did frown,
But what for that, I did so wel proceede,
That al at last to my demaund agreed.

But sith Henry had raigned than so long,
They would he should continue til he oped,
And to thend to make my title strong,
Apparant heire of England they me cryed,
But sith the Queene and others this denied,
I sped me straight Northward whereas she lay,
Meaning by force to cause her to obay.

She thereof warned, prepared a strong power.
And ere my men were altogether redye
To Sandale came, where in a dismal houre
I like a Beast, so rash was, and so heedy
To trie Fortune, which alwaies is vnsteedy
With thousands fiue, of souldiers to assayle
The double number, in campe to their auayle.

And so was slayne at first: and whyle my poze infant
Scarse twelue yers olde, sought way himselfe to saue,
That cruel Cliffoꝛd that fel bloudy tyrant,
While the poze chyld with teares did mercy craue,
With dagger sharp his hart a sunder claue.
This don he came to the campe where I lay dead,
Dispoyld my corps, and cut away my head.

And set a crowne of paper theruppon
Which foza spoꝛt he sent vnto the Quene
And she foꝛ spyte commaunded it anon.
To be had to Yoꝛke and set vp to be sene.
In some such place as theuis & Traitoꝛs bene,
This mocke I had of foꝛtune foꝛ reward,
After long hope that she wold me regard

Wherfoꝛe Baldwin see that thou set her foꝛth
With her slipper pyanks ſs as they may be known,
And warne all pyinces wel to way the woꝛth
Of thinges, foꝛ which the sede of war be sowen
The gaine no surer but as of dice throwen
No woꝛldly good can counterpeyze the pyyse
Of halfe the paynes that may therof aryse.

Better it were to lose a peece of right,
Then limmes and life in wꝛestling foꝛ the same,
It is not foꝛce, of frendship noꝛ of might,
But god aboue that kingdomes set in frame
Not wit, but chance doth weild the winners game,
Wherfoꝛe if we our follies would refrayne,
Tyme would reꝛeſſe all wꝛonges we boyde of payne.

Wherfore warne Lordes no wise to wade in warre
For any cause, saue their countries defence,
Their troublous titles are vnworthy farre
The bloud, the life, the spoile of innocence,
Offendes, of foes, behold my long expence,
And neuer the neare: best than to tary time,
Low by the ground, than ouer high to clyme.

FINIS.

WIth that maister Ferrers shoke me by the sleeue saying: why how now man do you forget your selfe? belike you mynde oure matters very much. So I do in deede (said I) for I dreame of them. And whan I had rehearsed my dreame, we had long talke, concerning the natures of dreames, which to stint, and to bringe vs to oure matter agayne, thus sayde one of them: I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of Duke Richarde for it had bene pitty to haue ouerpassed him.
And as concerning this Lorde Cliffords which so cruelly killed his sonne, I purpose to geeue you notes: who (as he wel deserued) came shortlye after to a sodaine death, and yet too good for a cruell tyraunt. For on Palmesonday next folowing, being the 29. Daye of March, in the yeare of Christe, a Thousand foure hundreth threescore and one, this Lord Clifford with Henry Percy the thirde Earle of Northumberlande, the Earle of Westmerlande, the

the Lorde Dacres, the Lorde Welles & other were slayne at Towton in Yorkeshyre. Wherfore as you thought you sawe & heard the headlesse Duke speake thorowe his necke, so nowe suppose you see this Lord Clifford al armed saue his head, with his Breast plate all gore bloud running from his throate, wherein an headlesse Arrowe sticketh, through which wound, he ratleth out this Rhime.

Howe the Lorde Clifforde for his extreame crueltie, came to a cruel, straunge, & sodaine death. Anno. 1461.

OPen confession asketh open Penaunce,
Yet wisdome would a man his fault should hide:
But sith pardon commeth by repentaunce,
Playnesse is best when truth is plainly tryde,
Open or hid, al faultes at length be spyed.
For couer kyer neuer so close within,
Yet out it will. and so will secret synne.

As for my selfe, my faultes be out so playne,
Byuted and knowne abroade in euery place,
That though I would I cannot them reteyne,
Al care is booteless in a cureless case,
To learne by others some haue had the grace,
Wherfore Baldwin, wite thou my wretched fall,
The brief wherof I briefly breter shal.

Iam

Clifford I am that slue Duke Richards childe,
The louely babe that craued lyfe with teares:
Wherby my fame, most foulp I defiled
Poze sely Lambes the Lyon neuer teares,
The feble mouse may by among great beares
But wzath of man his rancoure to requyt,
Forgets al reason, ruth and mercy quyte.

I meane such wzath as wozks parental wzeke
Surnamd a vertu (as these reuengers say)
But little know those people what they speak
Which kyndle vs, our ennemis kin to slay,
To punishe sinne is good, it is no nay.
They wzeke not sinne, but merit wzeke for sinne,
The fathers faultes that wzeake vpon the kinne.

Because my father Lozd John Clifforde died
Slayne at S. Albanes, in his pzinces ayde,
Against the Duke my hart for malice fried,
So that I could from wzeke no way be stayde
But to auenge my fathers death assayd
Al meanes I might the Duke of Yozke annoy:
And all his kyn and frendes to kil and stroy.

This caused me with bloudy dagger woūd
His giltles sonne that neuer agaynst me stozd:
The fathers cozps dead lying on the ground,
The necke I cut asunder with my swozd
The bleding head I pight by way of bozde,
Upon a speare, with a white paper crowne
And in great scozne I sent it to Yozke towne.

But cruel deedes can neuer scape the scourge
Of open shame, or of some bloudy death,
Repentance selfe that other sinnes may pourge,
Doth flie from this, so sore the soule it slayeth,
Despayre dissolues the tyrants blustring breath:
For vengeance due doth sodaynly alight,
On cruel deedes the mischiefe to requite.

This find I true, for as I lay in stale
Against Edward Duke Richards eldest sonne
My death I caught not far from Dintingale
For as I would my gorget haue vndone
To vent out heate trauelling in the sonne
An headles arrowe percyd my throte boule
Which parted straight my body from the soule.

Was this a chance? no sure Gods iust award
Wherin his iustice playnly doth appeare:
An headles arrow payd me my reward,
For headding Richard lying on his bere,
And as I would his child in no wyse heare,
So sodayne death bereft my tongue the power
To aske mercy at my last dying houre.

Wherfore Baldwin perswade the bloudy sort.
To leaue their wrath, and rigour to refrayne:
Tel cruel iudges horror is the port
To which they saple to suffer endles payne
Hel haleth tyrants down to death amayne.
Was neuer yet nor shalbe cruel dede
Unquyted left but had as cruel meede.

FINIS

VVHan this tragedy was ended, O Lord ſaid another, how horrible a thing is diuiſion in a Realme, to how manye miſchieues is it the mother, what vice is not thereby kindled, what vertue left vnquenched?

For what was the cauſe of the Duke of Yorkes death, and of the cruelty ſhewed to his young ſonne by this mercileſſe man, ſaue the variaunce betwene King Henry and the houſe of Yorke: which at length beſides millions of the Commons, brought to deſtruction moſt part of the nobility. For Edward the Dukes eldeſt ſonne immediatly after Richarde his father was ſlayne, through helpe of the Neuils gaue the kinge a battaile at Towton in Yorkeſhire, whereat beſydes this Clifford, were ſlayne ỹ Earles of Northumberlande, and Weſtmerland, with the Lordes Dacres and Welles, beſydes mo then 3000. men, the winning of which fyeld brought Edward to the Crowne, and the loſſe draue K. Henry and his wyfe into Scotland. But as fewe raignes beginne without bloud, ſo king Edwarde to keepe the cõmon courſe, cauſed Thomas Courtney earle of Deuonſhyre, and John Veer Earle of Orenford, and Awbrey Veer eldeſt ſonne to ỹ ſaid Earle, with diuers other of king Henries parte, to bee attainted and put to death. And ſhortly after did execution vppon the Duke of Somerſet, and the Lordes Hungerford, & Roſſe, whom hee tooke priſoners at Exham fyelde. For thyther came

came thoſe Lordes with king Henry out of Scotland, with an armye of Scots, and fought a Battayle, which they loſt, wherein moſt part of theym were ſlaine. And becauſe theſe are al noble men I wil leaue them to Baldwins diſcrecion.

But ſeeinge the Earle of Worceſter was the chiefe inſtrument, whom king Edward vſed aſwel in theſe mens matters, as in like bloudye affayres, becauſe he ſhould not be forgotten, ye ſhal heare what may bee noted by his ende.

THE INFAMOVS ENDE of the Lord Tiptoft, Earle of VVorceſtre, for executing his princes crueltie.

Anno. 1470.

THe glorious man, is not ſo loath to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which maketh me Baldwin diſalow thy wurke,
Where Princes faultes ſo openly be blowen,
I ſpeake not this alonelye for mine owne
Which were my Princes (if that they were anye)
But for my Peeres, in number very many.

Or might report vprightly vſe her tongue,
It would leſſe greeue vs to augment the matter.
But ſure I am thou ſhalt be forſt among,
To frayne the truth, the liuing for to flatter:
And other whiles in pointes vnknowen to ſmatter.
For time neuer was, nor neuer I thinke ſhalbe
That truth vnſhent, ſhould ſpeake in al things free.

This

This doth appere (I dare ſay) by my ſtoꝛye,
Which diuers wꝛyters diuerſly declare,
But ſtoꝛy wꝛyters ought foꝛ neither gloꝛy,
Feare, noꝛ fauor, truth of things to ſpare,
But ſtil it fares as alwayes it did fare,
Affections, feare, oꝛ doubtes that dayly brue,
Do cauſe that ſtoꝛies alwayes be not true.

Unfruiteful Fabian followed the fare
Of time and deedes, but let the cauſes ſlip,
Which Hall hath added ſome with better grace,
Foꝛ feare I thinke leſt trouble might him trip:
Foꝛ this oꝛ that (ſayth he) he felt the whip.
This ſtoꝛy wꝛyters leaue the cauſes out,
Oꝛ ſhew them ſo as they were in ſome dout.

But ſeyng cauſes are the cheſeſt thinges
That ſhould be noted of the ſtoꝛy wꝛyters,
That men may learne what endes al cauſes bꝛinges,
They be vnwoꝛthy the name of Chꝛoniclers
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Oꝛ doubtfully repoꝛt them foꝛ the fruite
Of reading ſtoꝛyes ſtandeth in the ſuite.

Wherfoꝛe Baldwin either ſpeake thou bꝛyght
Of our affaiers, oꝛ touch them not at all
As foꝛ my ſelfe I way al thinges ſo lyght,
That naught I paſſe, how men repoꝛt my fall
The truth wherof yet playnly ſhewe I ſhal
That thou mayſt wꝛyte and other therby reede,
What thinges I did wherof they ſhould take heede.

Thou

Thou haſt heard of Tiptoftes Earles of Worcek-
I am that Lorde that lyued in Edwardes dayes
The fowerth, and was his frend and counſailour,
And Butcher too, as common rumor ſayes.
But Peoples voyce is neither ſhame nor prayſe,
For whom they would aliue deuour to daye,
To morow dead they wil worſhip what they may.

But though the peoples verdite go by chaunce,
Yet was their cauſe to call mee as they did,
For I enforſt by meane of Gouernaunce,
Did execute what exe-my king did bid,
From blame therein my ſelfe I cannot ryd:
But eye vpon the wretched ſtate that muſt,
Defame it ſelfe to ſerue the Princes luſt.

The chiefeſt crymne wherewith men name charge,
Is death of the Earle of Deſmundes noble ſonnes.
Of which the kinges charge doth me cleare diſcharge
By ſtrait commaundement and iniunctions:
Theffect whereof ſo rigourouſlye runnes
That either I muſt procure to ſee them dead,
Or for contempt as traytour looſe my head.

What would mine enemies doe in ſuch a caſe,
Obey the king or proper death procure?
They may wel ſay their fancy for a face,
But life is ſweete and loue hard to recure,
They would haue done as I did I am ſure:
For ſeldom wil a wealthy man at eaſe,
For others cauſe his Prince in ought diſpleaſe.

Hoin

This doth appere (I dare ſay) by my ſtorye,
Which diuers wryters diuerſly declare,
But ſtory wryters ought for neither glory,
Feare, nor fauor, truth of things to ſpare,
But ſtil it fares as alwayes it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubtes that dayly brue,
Do cauſe that ſtories alwayes be not true.

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Or ſhew them ſo as they were in ſome dout.

But ſeyng cauſes are the cheefeſt thinges
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory wryters,
That men may learne what endes al cauſes bringes,
They be vnworthy the name of Chronicklers
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Or doubtfully repoꝛt them for the fruite
Of reading ſtoryes ſtandeth in the ſuite.

Wherfore Baldwin either ſpeake thou vpryght
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As for my ſelfe I way al thinges ſo lyght,
That naught I paſſe, how men repoꝛt my fall
The truth wherof yet playnly ſhewe I ſhal
That thou mayſt wyſe and other therby reede,
What thinges I did wherof they ſhould take heede.

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But life is ſweete and loue hard to recure,
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For ſeeldom wil a wealthy man at eaſe,
For others cauſe his Prince in ought diſpleaſe.

Vola

How much leſſe I which was lieutenaunt than
In the Iriſh Ile, preferred by the king:
But who for loue or dread of any man
Conſentes to accompliſh any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault thereof from other ſpring,
Shal not eſcape Gods vengeaunce for his deede:
Who ſcuſeth none that dare do ill for dreede.

This in my king and mee may wel appeare,
Which for our faultes did not eſcape the ſcourge:
For whan we thought our ſtate moſt ſure and cleare,
The wynde of Warwicke blew vp ſuch a ſourge,
As from the realme and crowne, the king did driue,
And me alſo from office, frendes and wife,
From good report, from honeſt death and life.

The Earle of Warwicke, through malice and grudge,
Which to King Edward couſeleſſe he did beare,
Out of his Realme by force did make him truage,
And ſet King Henrie againe vpon his chaire,
And than al ſuch as Edwardes louers were
As traytours tane, were greuouſly oppreſt,
But chiefelye I, becauſe I loued him beſt.

And ſith my goods, and liuinges were not ſmal,
Some greedy gulles did beare the world in hand
For ten yeares ſpace, that I was cauſe of all
Murder, and miſchiefe, done within the land,
For this did ſuch as did not vnderſtand
Mine enmies drift, thinke all reportes were true:
And ſo to hate me worſe then any Iewe.

For

For seelde me thal a ruler loose his lyfe,
Before false rumours openly be spred,
Whereby this prouerbe is as true as ryfe.
That rulers rumors hunt about a head,
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled,
For present shew doth make the mainy blinde,
And such as see dare not disclose their myndes.

Through this was I king Edwards butcher named
And bare the shame of all his cruel deedes:
I cleare me not I worthely was blamed,
Though forte was such I must obaye him needes,
With hiest rulers seldome wet it spreades.
For they be euer neerest to the nyp.
And fault who shal, for al feele they the whyp.

For whan I was by Parliament attainted,
King Edwardes evils al were counted mine.
No truth anayled so lies were fast and painted,
Which made the People at my life repine,
Crying Crucifige kil that Butchers lyne,
That whan I should haue gone to Blockham feast
I could not passe, so sore they on me prest.

And had not bene the officers so strong,
I thinke they would haue swalowed me alyue,
Howbeit hardly haled from the throng,
I was in the Fleete fast shrowded by the Shrine,
Thus one dayes lyfe their malice did me giue:
Which when they knew, for spite the next day after.
They kept them calme, so suffred I the slaughter

Now

Now tel me Baldwin what fault wost thou fynde
In me, that iustly should such wrath deserue?
None sure, except desire of honour blinde,
Which made me seeke in offices to serue:
What minde so good that honours make not swerue?
So mayst thou see it onely was my fate
That caused my Death and brought me so in hate.

Warne therfore al men wisely to beware,
What offices they enterprise to beare:
The highest alway most maligned are,
Of Peoples grudge, and Princes hate in feare.
For Princes faultes his faultors al must feare.
Which to auoyde, let none such office take,
Saue he that can for right his Prince forsake.

FINIS.

THis Typtoftes Tragedye was not so sone finished, but one of the company had prouided for another, of a notable person Lorde Tiptoftes chiefe Enemie, concerning whom hee said: Lord God what trust is there in worldly chances? what stay in any prosperity? for see the Earle of Warwicke which called the earle of Worcester to be apprehended, attainted, and put to death, triumphing with his old imprisoned & new vnprisonned Prince K. Hēry, was by & by after & his brother with him, slayne at Barnet field by king Edward whom he had before time damaged diuers wayes.

As first by his frendes at Banbury fielde, where to reuēge the death of his cosin Henry Neuil sir John Coniers, and John Clappā his seruaūtes slew 5. thousande welshmē and beheaded their captaynes, the Earle of Pembroke, & sir Richarde Harbert his brother after they were yelded prisoners, of whom sir Richard Harbert was the tallest gentlemā both of his person & hands that euer I read or heard of. At which time also, Robin of Ridsdale, a rebell of therle of Warwicks raysing, toke the earle Riuers k. Edwards wiues father, and his sonne John, at his mannour of Grafton, & caryed them to Northhampton, and there without cause or proces beheaded them: Whiche spites to requite, king Edwarde caused the Lorde Stafford of Southwike, one of Warwickes chiefe frendes, to be taken at Brente march, and headed at Bridgewater.

This caused ỳ Earle shortlye to rayse his power, to encounter the kinge which came against him with an armye, beside Warwicke at Wolney, where he wan the field, toke the king prisoner, and kept him a while in Yorkeshyre in Middleham castel: whence (as som say) he released him again, but other think he corrupted his kepers & so escaped. Then throughe the Lords ỳ matter was taken vp betweene them & they broughte to talke together, but because they could not agre, ỳ earle araised a new army, whereof he made Captaine the Lord Welles sonne, whyche broile king Edward minding to appeale by pollicy

fouly distained his honour committing periury for he sente for the Lorde Welles and his brother Syr Thomas Dymocke, vndersafe conduite promising them vpon his fayth to keepe them harmeleſſe: But after, because ỳ Lord Welles sonne would not dissolue his army, beheaded theim both & went wᵭ hys power into Lincolnshyre & there fought with Sir Robert Welles, and slew ten thousand of his souldiers (yet ran they away so fast, that casting of their clothes for ỳ more speede, caused it to be called Lose coate fielde (and toke sir Robert and other, and put them to death in the same place.

This misfortune forced the Earle of Warwicke to sayle into Fraunce where he was entertayned of ỳ kinge a while, and at last with such pore helpe as he procured there of Duke Rainer, and other, he came into England agayne, and encreased sutth a power in kinge Henries name, that as the Lorde Tiptofte sayd in his tragedy, kinge Edward vnable to abide him, was fayne to flie ouer the washes in Lincolnshyre to get a ship to sayle out of his kingdom to his brother in lawe the Duke of Burgoine: So was king Henry restored againe to ỳ kingdome. All these despites, and troubles the Earle wroughte agaynst kinge Edward. But Hēry was so infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was erpyred, kinge Edward came backe agayne, and empriſoned him, & gaue ỳ Earle a fielde, wherein he slewe both him, and his brother. I haue recounted thus much before hand for ỳ better o-

ter o-

ter opening of the story, which if it should haue bin spoken in his Tragedy would rather haue made a volume than a Pamphlete. For I entend onely to say in ỳ Tragedy, what I haue noted in the Earle of Warwickes person, wishinge that these other noble men, whō I haue by the way touched, should not be forgotten.

And therefore imagin that you see this Earle lyinge wᵗ his brother in Poules Church in his Coate armure, with such a Face, and Countenaunce as hee beareth in Portrayture ouer ỳ dore in Poules at the goinge downe to Jesus Chapple from the South end of the Quier stayres, and sayinge as followeth.

* *
*

M 2. How

Earle of VVarwicke.

HOW SIR RICHARD Neuill Earle of Warwicke, and his Brother Ihon, Lord Marquise Montacute, through their to mutch boldnesse were slayne at Barnet, the 14. of Aprill. Anno. 1471.

* *
*

AMonge the beauy heape of happy Knights
UUhom Fortune stald vpon her stapleslle stage,
Oft hoyst on high, oft pight in wretched plights,
Behold me Baldwin, A per se of my age,
Lord Richard Neuill, Earle by mariage
Of Warwicke Duchy, of Sarum by discent,
UUhich erst my father through his mariage hent.

UUouldste thou beholde false Fortune in her kinde
Note well my selfe so shalt thou see her naked:
Full fayre before, but twtw foule behinde,
Most drowsie still whan most she seemes awaked:
My fame, and shame her shift full oft hath shaked,
By enterchaunge alowe, and by aloft,
The Lyard like that chaungeth hew full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remayn'de
Mine vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpose I attayn'de,
Though Kinge, and Queene, and most Lordes of the Land
UUith all their power did often me withstand:
For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour
Did from their Prince steale me the peoples fauour.

So

So that through me in strives right manly fought:
By force myne vncle tooke king Henry twyse,
As for my cosin Edwarde I so wrought.
When both our syers wer slain through rash aduice
That he atchieude his fathers enterpryse:
For into Scotland king and Quene we chased,
By meane wherof the kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had enioyed in quyet peace,
(For shortly after was king Henry take,
And put in prison his power to encrease,
I went to Fraunce and match him with a make
The French kings daughter, whom he did forsake:
For while with payne I brought this sute to passe,
He to a widow rashly wedded was.

This made the French king shrewdly to mistrust,
That all my treaties had but ill pretence,
And when I saw my king so bent to lust,
That with his fayth he past not to dispence,
Which is a Princes honours chiefe defence:
I could not rest til I had found a meane,
To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane.

Wherfore I me allied with his brother George,
Encensing him his brother to maligne
Through many a tale I did against him forge:
So that through power that we from Calais bringe
And found at home we frayd so the kynge,
That he did flye to Freseland warde amayn,
Wherby king Henry had the crown agayne.

Than put we therle of Worcester to death
King Edwardes frend a man to fowle defamed
And in the whyle came Edward into wreath.
For with the Duke of Burgoyne so he framed
That with the power that he to him had named,
Unloked for he came to England streight
And got to Yorke and tooke the towne by sleight.

And after through the sufferance of my brother,
Which like a beast occasion foulyl lost,
He came to London safe with many other
And tooke the towne to good king Henryes cost:
Who was through him from post to pillar tost,
Til Therle of Oxford, I and other more,
Assembled power his freedome to restore.

Uther of king Edward warned came with spede,
And camped with his hoast in Barnet towne
Where we right fearce encountered him in deede
On Easter day right early on the downe:
There many a man was slayne and striken downe
One either side and neyther part did gayne
Til that I and my brother both were slayne.

For we to hart our overmatched men,
Forsoke our steedes, and in the thickest throng,
Ran preacing forth on foote, and fought so then
That downe we draue them wer they never so strõg
But ere this lucke had lasted very long:
With number and force we were so foulyl cloyed,
And rescue fayld, that quite we were distroyed.

Now

Now tell me Baldwin hast thou hard or read
Of any man that did as I haue done?
That in his tyme so many armyes led,
And victory at every voyage won?
Hast thou euer hard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaast and baast his soueraine so oft,
By enterchaunge now low and then aloft:

Perchaunce thou thinkst my doinges were not such
As I and other do affirme they were.
And in thy mynd I se thou musest much
What meanes I vsde, that should me so preferre:
Wherin because I wil thou shalt not erre
The truth of al I wil at large recite,
The short is this: I was no hypocrite.

I neuer did nor sayd saue what I ment,
The common weale was stil my chefest care
To priuate gayn or glory was I neuer bent,
I neuer past vpon delicious fare.
Of needful foode my bord was neuer bare,
No creditour did curse me day by day
I vsed playneneſſe, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poore souldiers and poore workmen whyne
Because their duryes were not truely payd.
Agayne I saw how people did repyne
At those through whom their paymentes wer delayde
And proue did oft assure (as scripture sayd)
That god doth wreke the wretched peoples greues.
I saw the polles cut of from polling theues.

This made mee alway iustly for to deale,
Which when the people plainely vnderstoode,
Because they saw me minde the common weale.
They still endeuoured how to do me good,
Ready to spend their substaunce, life, and blood,
In any cause whereto I did them moue:
For sure they were it was for their behoue.

And so it was. For when the Realme decayed
By such as good Kinge Henry sore abused,
To mend the state I gaue his Enemies ayd:
But when Kinge Edward sinfull prankes still vsed,
And would not mend, I likewise him refused:
And holpe vp Henry, better of the twayne,
And in his Quarrell (iust I thinke) was slayne.

And therefore Baldwin teach by proofe of mee,
That such as couet peoples loue to get,
Must see their workes, and wordes in all agree:
Lyue liberally, and keepe them out of det,
On common weale let all their care be set:
For vpright dealinge, debts payd, poore sustayned,
Is meane whereby all harts are throughly gayned.

FINIS.

AS soone as ỳ Earle had ended this admonition, sure (said one) I thinke the Earle of Warwick although hee were a glorious man hath sayde no more of himselfe than what is true. For if hee had not had notable good

vertues

vertues, or vertuous qualities, and vsed lawdable meanes in his trade of life, the people would neuer haue loued him, as they did: But God be w̄ him, & send his soule rest, for sure his body neuer had any. And although he dyed, yet ciuill warres ceased not. For immediatly after his deth came Queene Margaret with a power out of Fraunce, bringing with her, her yonge sone Prince Edward: & with such frendes as she founde here, gaue kinge Edward a battell at Thewkesbury, where both shee, and her sonne were taken prysoners, with Edmond Duke of Somerset her chiefe captayne: whose sonne Lord Jhon, and the Earle of Deuonshire were slayne in fight, and the Duke himselfe with diuers other immediatly beheaded. Whose infortunes are worthy to be remembred, chiefly Prince Edwards, whom the king for speaking truth, cruelly stroke with his Gauntlet, & his Brethren cruelly murthered. But seeinge ỳ time so farre spent, I will passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbridge that holy Rouer beheaded at Southampton: whose commotiō made in Kent, was cause of sely Henries destruction. And seing king Henry himselfe was cause of the destruction of many noble princes, beinge of all other most vnfortunate hymselfe, I will declare what I haue noted in hys vnlucky lyfe: Who wounded in Prison with a Dagger, may lament his wretchednesse in manner following.

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HOW KINGE HENRY the sixt a vertuous Prince, was after many other miseries, cruelly murthered in the Tower of London the. 22. of May. Anno. 1471.

* *
*

IF ever wofull wight had cause to rue his state,
Or by his rufull plight to mooue men moane his fate.
My pitious plaint may preasse, my mishap to rehearce,
Whereof ỳ leaſt most lightly hard, ỳ hardest hart may pearce.

What heart so hard can heare of Innocence oppress,
By fraude in worldly goods, but mealteth in the brest?
When guiltlesse men be spoild, imprisonned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched case to whō ỳ case is knowē.

The Lyon licks the sores of selv wounded Sheepe,
The dead mans Corse cause the Crocodile to weepe,
The Waues that waste the Rocks refresh the rotten Rēdes.
Such ruth ỳ wrack of Innocence in cruel creatures breedes.

What heart is then so hard but wil for pity bleede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succeede?
To see a selv Soule with wo, and sorrow sonst,
A Kinge deprīu'de, in Prison pent, to death w daggers donst.

Would God the day of Birth had brought mee to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the chaunge of Fortunes cheere,
Would God the Graue had gript me in her greedy Woūbe,
Myā crown in cradel made me kig w Oyle of holy Thoūbe.

Would

Would God the rufull Toumbe had bene my royall Trone,
So should no kingly charge haue made me make my moane:
O that my Soule had flowen to Heauen with the Ioye,
When one ioyt cried, God saue ỹ king another, Viue le Roy.

So had I not bene washt in Waues of worldly wo,
My minde to quiet bent, had not bene tossed so:
My Frendes had bene a liue, my Subiectes not opprest,
But Death, or cruell Destenie, denied mee this rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of Wretches cares,
The Starres do stirre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Our humours sayth the Leach, the double true deuines
Toth'will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Suteh doltish heades as dreame that al things driue by haps.
Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps,
Attributinge to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusinge vs, & robbinge him through their most wicked theft.

But God doth guide the World, and euery hap by skill,
Our Wit, and willinge power are payzed by his will:
What wit most wisely wardes, and will most deadly vrkes,
Though all our power would presse it downe, doth dashe our
(warest wurkes.

Than Destenie, our sinne, Gods will or els his wreake
Do worke our wretched woes, for humours be to weake:
Except we take them so, as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed al vicious deedes begin.

So

So sinne and they be one, both working like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect.
Thus wrath and wreake deuine, mans sins and humors ill
Concurre in one, though in a sort, ech doth a course fulfyll.

If likewyse such as say the welkin Fortune warks,
Take Fortune for our fate and sterres therof the markes,
Then desteny with fate and Goddes will all be one:
But if they meane it otherwyse, skath causers skies be none

Thus of our beauy haps chiefe causes be but twayn,
Whereon the rest depend, and vnder put remayne.
The chiefe, the will deuine, cald destenye fate, (hate
The other sin through humors holp, which God doth highlye

The first appoynteth payne for good mens exercise,
The second doth deserue due punishment for vice:
Tois witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God
The good for loue, ỹ bad for sinne, God beateth with his rod.

Although my sundry synnes do place me with the worst,
Wy haps yet cause me hope to be among the first:
Thy eye that searcheth al and seeth euery thought,
Is iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue sought.

The solace of my soule my chiefest pleasure was,
Of worldly pomp, of game, or game, I did not passe:
Wy kingdomes nor my crowne I prysed not a crum,
In heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to com.

Yet

Yet were my ſorrowes ſuch as neuer man had like,
So diuers ſorowes at once, ſo often did mee ſtrike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this
To ſhewe by patterne of a Prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our ſtate deuoyde of ſaye,
Our riches ready ſnares, to haſten our decaye:
Our pleaſures, priuy pricks, our vices to prouoke, (ſmoke.
Our pōpe, a pumpe, our fame, a flame, our powre, a ſmouldring

I ſpeake not but by proofe, and that may many rue,
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Whereof I will in briefe, rehearſe the heauy hap,
That Baldwin in his woful warp, my wretchednes may wrap

In Windſore borne I was: and bare my fathers name,
Who won by warre all Fraunce to his eternall fame:
And left to me the crowne, to be receiu'de in peace (decеaſe.
Through mariage made w Charles his heyre vpon his liſes

Which ſhortly did enſue, yet dyed my father furſt,
And both the Realmes were mine ere I a yeare were nurſt:
Which as they fell to ſoone, ſo faded they as faſt (paſt.
For Charles, and Edward got them both or forty yeres were

This Charles was eldeſt ſonne of Charles my father in law,
To whom as heire of Fraūce, the Frenchmen did them draw:
But Edward was the heyre of Richard Duke of Yorke,
The heyre of Roger Mortimer: ſlaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before

Before I came to age Charles had recouered Fraunce,
And killd my men of Marre, so lucky was his chaunce:
And through a mad cõtract I made with Raynerds daughter
I gaue and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First o' mine vncle Humfrey, abhorringe fore this act,
Because I thereby brake a better precontract:
Than of the flattering Duke that first the mariage made,
The iust rewarde of such as dare their Princes ill perswade.

And I poore seely wretch above the brunt of all,
My mariage lust so sweete, was mixt with bitter Gall.
My Wyfe was wise and good, had she bin rightly sought,
But our vnlawful getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherefore warne men beware, how they iust promise breake
Least prowfe of payuful plagues do cause them waile ꝑ wreake
Aduise well ere they graunt, but what they graũt performe,
For God wil plague al doublenes although we fele no worm.

I falsly borne in hande, beleeued I did well,
But all thinges be not true that learned men do tell:
My clergy sayd a Prince was to no promise bound,
Whose words to be no Gospell tho I to my griefe haue found

For after mariage ioynd Queene Margaret and me,
For one mishap afore, I daply met with three,
Of Normandy, and Fraũce, Charles got away my Crowne,
The duke of Yorke esther sought at home to put me downe.

Bellona

Bellona rang the bel at home and al abrode,
With whose mishaps amayne fell Fortune did me lode:
In Fraunce I lost my forces, at home the slaughter fielde,
My kynred slayne, my frendes oppresst, my selfe enforst to yeld

Duke Richard tooke me twise, and forst me to resine
My crowne and titles due vnto my fathers line:
And kept me as a warde did al thinges as him list,
Til ỳ my wife through bloudy sword had tane me frõ his fist.

But though we slewe the Duke my sorrowes did not slake,
But like to Hyders heade still more and more awake:
For Edward through the ayde of Warwicke & his brother
From one field draue me to the Scots, & toke me in another

Then went my frends to wracke, for Edward ware ỳ crown
For which for nine yeares space his prison held me down:
Yet thence through Warwickes worke I was again releast,
And Edward driuen fro ỳ realme to seke his frends by| East.

But what preuaileth payne or prouidence of man,
To helpe him to good hap, whom desteny doth ban?
Who mopleth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall mier himselfe and hardly scape the swelling of the flud

This al my frendes haue found, and I haue felt it so
Dradaynde to be the touch of wretchednes and woe,
For ere I had a yeare possest my seat agayne,
I lost both it and liberty, my helpers al were slaine.

For

For Edward first by stealth, and sith by gathered strength,
Arriude and got to Yorke, and London at the length:
Tooke me and tyed me vp, yet warwicke was so stout,
He came with power to Barnet field, in hope to helpe me out

And there alas was slayne, with many a worthy knight.
O Lord that euer such lucke should hap in helping right:
Last came my wife and sonne, that long lay in exile,
Defied the king, and fought a field, I may bewaile the while.

For there myne onely sonne, not thirtene peare of age
Was tane, and murdred streight by Edward in his rage:
And thertpe I my selfe to stint al further strife,
Stabde with his brothers bloudy blade in prison lost my life

Lo here the beauy haps, which hapned me by heape,
See here the pleasaunt fruictes, that many Princes reape,
The paynfull plagues of those þ breake their lawful bandes.
Their meede which may & wil not saue their frends fro bloudy
(bandes.

God graunt my woful haps, too grieuous to rehearse,
May teach al states to know how diepely daungers pearce:
How fraple al honours are, how brittle worldly blisse,
That warned through my fearful fate they feare to do amisse

FINIS.

THis tragedy ended, another sayd: either you or Kinge Henry are a good Philosopher so narrowly to argue ỳ causes of misfortunes? but there is nothinge to experience which taught, or might teach the kinge this lesson.

But to proceede in our matter: I fynde mention here shortly after ỳ death of this king, of a Duke of Excester founde deade in the sea betwene Douer & Calais, but what hee was, or by what aduenture he died, maister Fabian hath not shewed, and maister Hall hath ouerskipped him: so that excepte we be frendlier vnto him, he is like to be double drowned, both in sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes. About this matter was much talke, but because one tooke vpon him to seeke out that story, that charge was committed to him.

And to be occupied in ỳ meane while I haue founde the story of one drowned likewise, and that so notable, though priuily, that all the world knew of it wherefore I sayd: because night approcheth, and ỳ we will loose no time, yee shall heare what I haue noted concerning the Duke of Clarence, king Edwards brother, who al to be washed in Wyne, may bewayle his infortune after this maner.

* * *

N How

HOW GEORGE PLANtagenet thirde Sonne of the Duke of Yorke, was by his Brother. K. Edward wrongfully impryſoned, and by hys Brother Richarde miſerably murdered the. 11. of Ianuary. Anno. 1448.

The Foule is fowle men ſay, that files the Neſt,
Which makes me loth to ſpeake, now might I chuſe,
But ſeeinge time vnburdend hath her breſt,
And Fame blowne vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
My ſilence rather might my life accuſe
Than ſhrowde our ſhame, though fayne I would it ſo:
For truth will out, although the world ſay no.

Wherefore Baldwin with teares I the beſeech
To pauſe a while vpon my heavy plaint,
And though vneth I vtter ſpeedy ſpeach,
No fault of wit nor folly makes mee faint:
No heady drincks have geuen my tongue attaynt
Through Quaffinge crakt, yet Wine my Wits confound
Not which I drancke, but wherein I was drownd.

What Prince I am although I neede not ſhew,
Becauſe my wyne bewrayes mee by the ſmell,
For neuer creature was louſt in Bacchus dew
To death, but I through Fortunes rigour fell:
Yet that thou mayſt my ſtory better tell,
I will declare as briefely as I may,
My wealth, my wo, and cauſers of decay.

The

The famous house surnam'de Plantagenet,
Whereat Dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
While Bolenbroke vnluckily sought to set:
His Lord King Richard quite beside the Crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God so prefer'd by prouidence, and grace,
That lawfull Heires did neuer faple the Race.

For Lionell Kinge Edwards second child,
Both Dame, and Heyre to Richard illustelle,
Begot a Daughter Philip, whom vnder fylde
The Earle of March espous'de, and God did bleſſe
With fruit assin'de the Kingdome to possesse:
I meane Sir Roger Mortimer, whose Heyre
The Earle of Cambridge maried Anne the Fayre.

This Earle of Cambridge Richard clepte by name,
Was sonne to Edmond Langley Duke of Yorke:
Which Edmond was fift brother to the same,
Duke Lionell that al this Line doth Korke:
Of which two houses ioyned in a Forke,
My Father Richard Prince Plantagenet
True Duke of Yorke, was lawfull Heyre beget.

Who tooke to Wyfe as yee shall vnderstand
A Mayden of a Noble house, and olde,
Raulfe Neuils Daughter, Earle of Westmerland:
Whose Sonne Earle Richard was a Baron bolde,
And had the right of Salisbury in hold,
Through mariage made with good Earle Thomas Hayre,
Whose earned prayles neuer shall appayre.

The Duke my father had by this his wyfe
Fower sonnes, of whom the eldest Edward hight,
The second Edmond who in youth did lose his life,
At Wakefield slayne by Clyfford cruell Knight,
I George am third of Clarence Duke by right,
The fowerth borne to the mischiefe of vs all,
Was Duke of Glocester whom men did Richard call.

When as our Syre in sute of right was slayne,
(Whose life, and death himselfe declared earst)
My brother Edward, the Quarell tyrs agayne,
And wan the Crowne as Warwicke hath rehearst:
The pryde whereat so deepe his stomacke pearst
That litle passinge on them that brought him in,
Forgat his frendes, and set at naught his kin.

Which made the Eearle of Warwicke to maligne,
His dealinge ingrate, and to attempt away,
From pryson to enlarge Henry the sely Kinge,
Him to restore to Kingdome if he may,
And knowinge me, to be the chiefest stay
My Brother had, he did me vndermine
To his ill practise the sooner to encline.

Whereto I was prepared longe before,
Because the king to me was so vnkinde:
No canker sure, sore flesh doth fret so sore,
As vnkinde dealinge doth a louinge mynde.
Loues strongest bandes vnkindnes doth vnbynde,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe frendes to foes, and brethren to debate.

And

And though the Earle of Warwicke subtile sire,
Perci u'de I bare a grudge against my brother,
Yet towarde his feate to set me more on fire,
He kindled vp one firebrand with another:
For knowinge Fancy was the forcinge rother
Which stirreth youth to any kinde of strife,
Hee offred me his daughter to my Wife.

Where through, and with his crafty filed tongue,
He stale my heart that earst vnsteady was:
For I was witlesse, wanton, fond, and pongue,
Whole bent to pleasure, brittle as the glasse:
I cannot lye, In vino veritas.
I did esteeme the bewty of my Bride
Aboue my selfe, and all the world beside.

These fond affections foynd with lacke of skill,
(Which trap the heart, and blinde the eyes of youth,
And prickt the minde to practise any ill)
So tickled me that voyde of kindely truth:
(Which if it want all wretchednesse ensueth)
I stinted not to persecute my brother,
Till time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kind:,
Tyll lust were lost through fancy fully fed:
But whan at length I came vnto my minde
I saw how lewdly lightnesse had me led,
To seeke with payne the perill of my hed:
For had King Henry once bene setled, sure,
I was assuer'd my dayes could not endure.

And therfor, though I bound my selfe with'oth
To help king Henry all that euer I might,
Yet at the treaty of my Brethren both,
Which reason graunted to require but right,
I left his part whereby he perisht quite:
And reconcil'de me to my Brethren twayne,
And so came Edward to the Crowne agayne.

This made my Father in law to kreat, and fume,
To stamp, and stare, and cal'de me false forsworne,
And at the length with all his power presume,
To help Kinge Henry vtterly forlorne.
Our frendly Prolers still he tooke in scorne,
Refused peace, and came to Barnet field,
And there was kil'de because he would not yeeld.

Hys Brother also there with him was slayne,
Whereby decay'de the Keyes of Chiualry.
For neuer liued the matches of them twayne,
In Manhood, Power, and Martiall pollicy,
In vertous thewes, and frendly constancy,
That would to God if it had bene his will
They might haue tourn'de to vs, and liued still.

But what shalbe, shalbe: there is no choyse,
Thinges needes must driue as destiny decreeth,
For which ought in all our haps reioyse,
Because the eye eterne, all thing foreseeth
Which to no ill at any tyme agreeth,
For ils, to ill to vs, bee good to it,
So farre his skils exceede our reach of Wit.

The

The wounded man which muſt abide the ſmart,
Of ſticchinge by, or fearinge of his ſore,
As thinge to bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which notwithſtandinge doth his health reſtore,
The childe likewiſe to Science plied ſore,
Counтes knowledge ill, his Teacher to be woode:
Yet Surgery, and Sciences be good.

But as the Pacients griefe, and Scholers payne,
Cauſe them deeme bad ſutch thinges as ſure be beſt,
So want of Wiſedome cauſeth vs complayne,
Of euery hap, whereby wee ſeeme oppreſt:
The poore do pine for Pelfe, the rich for reſt,
And whan as loſſe or ſickneſſe vs aſſayle,
We curſe our Fate, our Fortune wee bewayle.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thinge:
For through the death of theſe two noble Peeres
My Brother liued, and raygned a quiet Kinge,
Who had they liued perchaunce in courſe of Yeares
Would haue deliuered Henry fro the Biteres,
Or holp his Sonne t'enioy the carefull crowne,
Whereby our Ligne ſhould haue bene quite put downe,

A carefull Crowne it may be iuſtly named,
Not for the cares which thereto bene annext,
To ſee the Subiect well and duely framed,
With which good care few Kinges are greatly vext
But for the dread wherewith they are perplext,
Of looſinge Lordſhip, Liberty, or Lyfe:
Which wofull wracks in Kingdoms happen rife.

The which to shun while some to soze haue sought.
They haue not sparde all persons to suspect:
And to destroy such as they guilty thought,
Though no apparaunce proued them infect,
Take me soz one of this wzonge punisht sect,
Impzisoned first, accused without cause,
And done to death no pzocesse had by lawes.

Wherein I note how vengeaunce doth acquite
Like ill, soz ill, how vices vertue quell:
Soz as my mariage loue did mee excite
Agaynst the Kinge my Bzother to rebell,
So loue to haue his childzen pzosper well,
Pzouoked him against both lawe, and right,
To murther me, his Bzother, and his Knight.

Soz by his Queene two Pzincelike Sonnes he had,
Bozne to bee punisht soz their Parentes sinne:
Whose Foztunes talked made the father sad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therein:
Which to auouch, wzit in a rotten Skin,
A pzophesy was found, which sayd a G.
Of Edwards childzen should destruction be.

Mee to bee G. because my name was Geozge,
My bzother thought, and therefoze did me hate.
But wo bee to that wicked heades that forge
Such doubtfull dzeames to bzeede vnkynde debate:
Soz God, a Gleue, a Gibbet, Grate, oz Gate,
A Gray, a Grifeth, oz a Gregozy,
As well as Geozge are wzitten with a G.

Such

Such doubtfull riddles are no prophecies.
For prophecies, in writinge though obscure,
Are playne in sence, the darke be very lies:
What God foreshewth is evident, and pure,
Truth is no Harold, nor no Sophist sure:
Shee noteth not mens Names, their Shieldes, nor Creasts,
Though she compare them vnto Byrds, and Beasts.

But whom she doth foreshewe shall rayne by force,
She tearms a Wolfe, a Dragon, or a Beare:
A wilfull Prince a raynlesse raging horse.
A Boze, a Lyon: a Coward mutch in feare
A Hare, or Hart: a crafty, pricked Eare:
A Letcherous, a Bull, a Goate, a Foale:
An vndermyner, a Moldwarpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beasts thus truth doth playne declare
What men they be of whom she speakes before.
And who so can mens properties compare
And marke what beast they do resemble more,
Shall soone discerne who is the grielly boze.
For God by beasts expresseth mens condicions,
And not their Badges, Harroldes, Superstitions.

And learned Merlyne, whom God gaue the spirite,
To know, and vtter Princes Actes to come,
Like to the Jewishe Prophets, did recite
In shape of Beasts their doinges all, and some,
Expressinge playne by maners of the dome,
That Kinges, and Lords such properties should haue
As haue the beasts, whose name hee to them gaue.

Which while the Foolysh did not well consider,
And seeinge Princes gaue for difference
And knowledge of their Issues mixt together,
All maner beasts, for Badges of Pretence,
There took those Badges to expresse the Sence
Of Merlynes minde, and those that gaue the same,
To bee the Princes noted by their name.

And hereof Sprange the false named prophecies,
That go by Letters, Syphers, Armes, or Sygnes:
Which all be foolish, false, and crafty Lies
Deuis'de by gesse, or guiles, vntrue deuines:
For whan they saw that many of many Lygnes.
Gaue armes alyke, they wist not which was hee,
Whom Merlyne meant the noted beast to be.

For all the Broode of Warwickes gaue the Beare,
The Buckinghams do likewise geue the Swan.
But which Beare bearer, should the Lion teare
They were as wyse as Goose the ferryman:
Yet in their skill they ceased not to scan,
And to be deemed of the people wyse,
Set forth their g'oses on prophecies,

And whom they doubted openly to name
They darkely tearmed, or by some letter ment,
For so they thought howeuer the world did frame,
Preserue themselues from shame, or beinge shent.
For howe soeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaninge otherwyse,
As haps in thinges should newly still arise.

And thus there grew of a mistaken truth,
And Art so fain, as made the true suspect:
Whereof hath come much mischiefe, more the ruth
That Errours should our mynds so much infect.
True Prophets haue sowlybene reiect:
The false which breade both murder, warre, & strife,
Beleeued to the losse of many a good mans life.

And therefore Baldwin teach men to discerne,
Which prophecies be false, and which be true:
And for a ground this lesson let them learne,
That all be false which are deuised new
The age of thinges is iudged by the hue.
All riddels made by letters, names, or Armes,
Are vongue and false, far worse than Witches Charmes.

I know thou musest at this lore of myne,
How I no student, should haue learned it:
And dost impute it to the fume of Wyne
That stirs the Tongue, and sharpneth vp the Wit.
But harke, a frende did teach mee euery whit.
A man of myne in all good knowledge rife,
For which he guiltelesse lost his learned life.

This man aboue my Seruant many a day,
And still in study set his whole delight:
Which taught me more then I could beare away
Of euery Arte: and by his searchinge sight
Of thinges to come he would foreshew as right,
As I rehearse the Pageants that were past:
Such perfectnes God gaue him at the last.

He

Hee knew my Brother Richard was the Boze,
Whose Tuskes should teare my Brothers Boyes, and Me,
And gaue mee warninge thereof longe before.
But Wit, nor warninge can in no degree
Let thinges to hap, which are ordayn'de to bee.
Whitnesse the paynted Lyonesse, which slue
A Prince imprisoned, Lions to eschew.

Hee told me eke my yoke fellow should dye,
(Wherein would God hee had bin no deuine)
And after her death I should wooe earnestly
A Spouse, whereat my Brother would repine:
And find the meanes she should be none of mine.
For which such malice should amonge vs rise,
As saue my death no treaty should decise.

And as hee sayd so all thinges came to passe:
For whan K. Henry and his Sonne were slayne,
And euery broyle so throughly quenched was,
That the Kinge my Brother quietly did raygne,
I, reconsiled to his loue agayne,
In prosperous health did leade a quiet life,
For fiue yeares space with honours laden rife.

And to augment the fulnesse of my blisse,
Two louely children by my Wyfe I had:
But froward hap, whose manner euer is,
In chiefest ioy, to make the happy sad,
Vemixt my sweete with bitternes so bad:
For while I swim in ioyes on euery side,
My louinge Wyfe, my chiefest Iewell dyed.

Whose

Whose lacke whan sol. I had bewayled a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoyns wife dame Margaret
My lovinge sister willinge me to cheare,
To mary agayne did kindly me intreate:
And wisht me matched with a mayden neate,
A step daughter of hers, Duke Charles Heyre,
A noble damsell, ponge, discreate, and Fayre.

To whose desire because I did encline,
The Kinge my brother doubtinge my degree
Through Prophecies, agaynst vs did repine:
And at no hand would to our wils agree.
For which such rancour pearst both him, and mee,
That face to face we fell at flat defiaunce,
But were appeased by frendes of our aliaunce.

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was dasht:
Wherein because my seruaunt sayd his minde,
A meane was sought whereby he mought be lasht.
And for they could no crime against him finde,
They forg'de a fault, the peoples eyes to blinde,
And tolde he should by sorcerye pretend,
To bringe the Kinge vnto a speedy end.

Of all which poynctes, he was as innocent,
As is the babe that lacketh kindly breath:
And yet condemned by the Kinges assent,
Most cruelly put to a shamefull death.
This pierd my heart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame, and cry,
Agaynst so great, and open Iniury.

For

For this I was commaunded to the Tower,
The Kinge my Brother was so cruel harted:
And whan my Brother Richard saw the hower
Was come, for which his heart so sore had smarted,
Hee thought it best take the time before it parted.
For he endeuoured to attayne the Crowne,
From which my life must needes haue held him downe.

For though the Kinge within a while had dyed,
As needes hee must, hee Surkapted so oft,
I must haue had his Children in my guide
So Richard should beside the Crowne haue coft:
This made him ply, the while the Maze was soft,
To finde a meane to bringe mee to an ende,
For Realms Rape spareth neyther Kin, nor freende.

And whan hee saw how reason can asswage
Through length of time my Brother Edwards yre,
Which forged Tales hee set him new in rage,
Till at the last they did my death conspire,
And though my truth sore troubled their desire,
For all the worlde did know mine Innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And couertly, within the Tower they cal'de
A Queft, to geue such verdite as they should:
Who what with feare, and what with fauour thral'de,
Durst not pronounce, but as my Brethren would.
And though my false accusers neuer could
Prove ought they sayd, I guiltlesse was condemned:
Such verdites passe where Justice is contemned.

This

This feate atchieued yet could they not for shame
Bereue my lyfe by any common way,
But like a Wolfe the Tiraunt Richard came,
(My Brother, nay Butcher I may rightly say)
Unto the Tower, commaundinge all away,
Saue such as were prouided for the Feate,
Who, in this wise did straungely mee entreate.

His purpose was with a prepared stringe
To strangle mee: but I destird mee so,
That by no force they could mee thereto bringe,
Which caused him that purpose to forgo.
Howbeit they bound whether I would or no.
And in a But of Malmesy standinge by,
Mew christened me because I should not cry.

Thus drownd I was yet for no due desert,
Except the zeale of Iustice be a crime:
False Prophecies Bewitcht Kinge Edwards hart.
My Brother Richard to the Crowne would clime.
Note these three causes in thy rufull rime:
And boldly say they did procure my fall,
And Death of Deaths most straunge, and hard of all.

And warne Princes Prophecies to eschue,
That are to darke, and doubtfull to be knowen
What God hath sayd, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the World would haue it ouerthrowen.
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To fly their fate, they further on the the same,
Like Blasts of Winde, which oft reuiue the flame.

Will

Will Princes therefore not to thincke by murther,
They may auoyde what Prophecies behight,
But by their meanes their mischieles they may further,
And cause Gods vengeaunce heauier to alight:
Wo worth the wretch that striues with Gods foresight.
They are not wise, but wickedly do arre,
Which thinke ill deedes, due destenies may barre.

For if we thincke that Prophecies be true,
Wee must beleeue it cannot but betide,
Which God in them foresheweth shall ensue:
For his decrees vnchaunged do abide,
Which to be true my brethren both haue tried.
Whose wicked warks, warne Princes to detest,
That others harmes may kepe them better blest.

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By that this tragedye was ended, nighte was so nere come that we could not conueniētly tary together any longer, & therfore sayd mayster Ferrers: It is best my maisters to stay here. For we be now come to ẏ end of Edward the fourths raygne. For the last whō we fynde vnfortunate therin, was ẏ Duke of Clarence: in whose behalfe I commende mutche that which hath bene noted.

Let vs therfore for this tyme leaue with him, and some other day when your leasure will best serue let vs mete here altogether agayne. And you shall see that in the meane season I wil not onlye deuyse vppon this my selfe, but cause diuers other of my acquaintaunce whiche can do verye well to helpe vs forwarde with the rest. To this euery manne gladly agreed, how beit (sayd another) seyng wee shal end at Edwardes the fourth end, let him selfe make an end of our days labour with the same oration which maister Skelton made in his name, the true copy wherof as hee wrote the same I haue here readye to be red

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HOVV KINGE EDVVARDE the fourth throughe his surfeting and vntēperate life sodainly dyed in the midst of his prosperity, the ninth of April Anno. 1485

MIseremini mei ye that be my frends,
This world hath formed me down to fall:
How may I endure when that euery thing ends?
What creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for me all.
Thus say I Edward that late was your king,
And yeres xxii. bare Scepter rpall,
Some vnto pleasure and some to no lyking:
Mercy I aske of my misdoing,
What auayleth it frendes to be my foe?
Sith I cannot resist, nor amend your complayning,
Et ecce nuncin puluere dormio.

I slepe now in mould as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
What ordayned God in the world vniuersall,
Without recourse to the earth by nature,
Who to liue euer may himselfe assure?
What is it to trust to mutability,
Sith that in this world nothing may endure?
For now am I gone that was late in prosperity.
To presume therupon it is but vanity,
Not certayn but as a cherp fayre ful of wo,
Rayned not I of late in great felicity,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio

Where

Where was in my lyfe such a one as I,
While Lady Fortune with me had continuance:
Graunted not she me to haue victory,
In England to raygn and to contribute Fraunce,
She toke me by the hand and led me a daunce,
And with her sugred lips on me she smyled,
But what for dissembled countenaunce,
I could not beware til I was beguiled.
Now from this world she hath me exiled,
When I was lothest hense for to go,
And am in age who sayth but a child.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had enough I held me not content,
Without remembraunce that I should dye:
And moreouer to encroch ready was I bent,
I knew not how long I should it occupy,
I made the tower strong I wist not why,
I knew not to whom I purchased Caterfall.
I mended Douer on the mountayne hye.
And London I prouoked to fortify the wall,
I made Notingham a place full royall.
Windsore, Eltam, and many other mo,
Yet at the last I went from them all.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conquest and victory?
Where is my riches and royal aray?
Wher be my coursers and my horses hye?
Wher is my mirth, my solace, and my play?
As vanity to nought els is withred away:
O Lady Bes long for me may you call,

For I am departed until domes day:
But loue you that Lord that is souerayn of all.
Where be my Castels and buildings royal?
But Wyndsore alone now haue I no moe,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why should a man be proude or presume hye,
Saynt Barnarde therof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a sacke of stercory,
And shal return into wormes meate:
Why what became of Alexander the great?
Or els of strong Sampson, who can tell,
Were not wormes ordayned their flesh to freate?
And of Salamon that was of wit the wel,
Absolon prosered his beere for to sel,
Yet for his bewty wormes eate him also
And I but late in honours did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue playd my pageant, now am I past,
Ye wote wel all I was of no greate elde.
Thus al thinges concluded shal be at the last
When death approcheth then lost is the felde:
Then seyng this world me no longer vphelde,
For naught would conserue me here in this place,
In manus tuas domine my spirit vp I yelde,
Humbly beseching thee O God of thy grace
O you curteous commons your hartes embrace
Beningly now to pray for me also.
For right wel ye know your king I was.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio

FINIS.

When this was red euery man for the time tooke his leaue of other, and departed (for then it ware dacke) appoyntinge a newe day of metig which being com we met altogether agayn. And when we hadde saluted one an other, then one toke the booke and began to reade the story of kyng Edward the fyft (for there we left) and when he came to the apprehending of the Lord Riuers: stay there I pray you (sayd I) for here is his complaynt. For the better vnderstanding wherof you must ymagine that he was accõpanied with the Lord Richard Gray, Hawt, and Clapham, whose infortunes he bewaileth after this maner.

HOVV SIR ANTHONY WODvile Lord Riuers and Scales, gouernour of Prince Edvvard was with his nephu Lord Richard Gray, and other causeless imprisoned and cruelly murdered. An. 1483

As sely suters letted by delayes
To shew their prince the meaning of the mynd
That long haue bought their brokers peas & naies
And neuer the nyer: do dayly wayt to fynde
The princes grace from wayghty affayrs vntwynde;
Which tyme attayned, by attending al the yeare,
The wearied prince will then no suters heare:

My cause was such not many dayes a goe,
For after brute had blazed al abroade
That one Baldwin by help of other moe,
Of lame or shame fallen princes would vnloade,
But from our graues we stert without aboue,
And preased forth among the rusti roue
That sought to haue their doings boulted out.

But when I had long tended for my turne
To tel my tale as diuers other did:
In hope I should no lenger while soiourne
But from my mates haue speedy bene rid,
Which course and place both orderly had his
We shew my mynd, & I prepard to say
The hearers pauzed arose and went their way.

These doubtful doings driue me to my dumps,
Uncertayne what should mone them so to do:
I feared lest affections lothly lumps,
Or inward grudge, had moued them therto,
Whose wicked stinges al stoppes truth vndo.
Oft causing good to be reported ill,
Or drownd in suds of lasches muddy swill.

For hitherto sly wyters inkly wits
Which haue engrossed princes chiefe affayrs,
Haue bene like horses snaffled with the bittes
Of fancy, feare, or doubtful dyre dispayres,
Whose reins enchayned to the theefest chayrs,
Haue so bene strayned of those that bare the stroke
That truth was fayn to chew or els to choke.

This

This caused such as lothed lowd to lye,
To passe with silence sundry princes liues,
Lesse fault it is to leaue then lend a wrye:
And better vnsound then euer bound in gyues,
For fatal fraud this world so fondly dyues.
That what soeuer writers braynes may brue
Be it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by helpe of lying pens,
How witten lies may lewdly be maintaynde,
The lothly rytes, the deuilish idoll dens:
With gilties blood of heynous men vnstaynde,
Is such a profe as all good hartes haue playnde.
The ialy grounds of storyes throughly tryes,
The death of Martirs vengeance on it cryes.

Far better therfore not to write at all,
Then staine the truth for any sinner cause,
For this they meane to set my story fall:
(Thought I and ere my tyme my volume clause,
But after I knew it onely was a pause
Made purposely, most for the readers ease
Assure thee Baldwin, highly it did me please.

For freshest wits I know will sone be weary,
In reading long what euer booke it be,
Except it be vayn matter straunge or mery.
Wel faust with lyes and glared al with glee
With which because no graue truth may agree,
The closest stile for storyes is the meetest,
In rufull moods the shortest sourme is sweetest,

And sith the playntes already by thee pende,
Are briefe enough, the number also small,
The tediousnes I thinke doth none offend,
Saue such as haue no lust to learn at all,
Regard none such: no matter what they brall.
VVarne thou the wary lest they hap to stumble,
As for the careleslle, care not what they mumble.

My lyke is such as (if thou note it wel)
May cause the wise, and welchy to beware.
For their sakes therfore playnly wil I tel,
How false and combrous worldy honours are,
How cancred foes, bring carles folke to care
How tyrantes suffered and not queld in tyme
Do cut their throtes that suffer them to clyme.

Neither wil I hyde the cheefest poynt of all
Which wisest rulers least of all regarde.
That was and wil be cause of many a fall,
This cannot be to earnestly declarde
Because it is so seeld and slackly heard.
The abuse and scorning of Gods ordinaunces,
Is cheefest cause of care and woful chaunces.

Gods holy orders highly are abused,
When men do chaunge their ends for straunge respectes:
They scorned are, when they be clean refused
For that they cannot serue our fond affectes,
The one our shame the other our sinne detectes.
It is a shame for Christians to abuse them,
But deadly sinne for scorners to refuse them

I meane

I meane not this al onely of degrees,
Ordayned by God for peoples preseruation,
But of his law, good orders, and decrees,
Prouyded his creatures conseruation
And specially the state of procreation
Wherin we, here the number of them encrease
Which shal in heauen enioy eternal peace.

The onely end why God ordained this,
Was for the encreasing of that blessed number
For whom he hath prepard eternal blisse,
They that refuse it for the care or cumber
Being apt therto are in a sinful slumber:
No fonde respect, no vayne deuysed vowes
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone
Sayd God: and therfore made he him a make:
Sole life sayd Christ is graunted few or none,
All seede sheders are bounde like wife to take:
Yet not for lust, for landes or riches sake,
But to beget and foster so their fruite
That heauen and earth be stored with the suite.

But as this state is damnable refused
Of many apt and able thereunto,
So is it likewyse wickedly abused
Of al that vse it as they should not doe:
Wherin are guilty al the gredye who,
For gayne, for frendship, land, or honours wey,
And these pollute the vndefyled bed.

And

And therfore God through Iustice cannot cease
To plague these faultes with sundry sorts of whips:
As disagrement, healths or wealths decrease.
Or lothing sore the neuer liked lips.
Disdayne also with rigour sometyme nyps
Presuming mates vnequally that match:
Some bitter leauen sowers the musty batch.

We worldly folke accompt him very wyse
That hath the wit most welthily to wed.
By al means therfore alwayse we deuyse
To see our issue rich in spousals sped.
We buy and sell rich orphanes: babes scant bred
Must mary ere they know what mariage meanes,
Dopes marry old trots, old fooles wed yong queans

We call this wedding which in any wyse
Can be no mariage but pollution playne.
A new found trade of humain marchandise,
The deuils net a filthy fleshly gayne:
Of kynd and nature an vnnatural stayne:
A foule abuse of gods most holy order
And yet allowd almost in euery border.

Would god I wer the last þ shal haue cause
Agaynst this creping cankar to complayne,
That mē wold so regard their makers lawes
That al wold leaue þ lewdnes of their brain
That holy orders holy might remayne.
That our respects in wedding shuld not choke
The end & fruit of gods most holy yoke.

The

The sage king Solon after that he saw,
What mischifs folow willought mariages,
To barre al baits, established this law.
No frend nor father shal geue heritages,
Coyne, cattel, stuffe, or other cariages,
With any mayd for dowry or wedding sale
By any meane on pain of banning bale.

Had this good lawe in Englād bene in force,
My father had not so cruelly bene slayne.
My brother had not causeles lost his corps.
Our mariage had not bred vs such disdain.
My self had lackt great part of grieuous pain.
We wedded wyues for dignity and lands
And left our liues in enmies bloody handes.

My father highte Sir Richard. Woodvile he
Espouse the Duches of Bedforde, & by her
Had issue males my brother John, and mee
Called Anthony kinge Edward did preferre
Vs farre aboue the state wherin we were.
For he espoused our sister Elizabeth
Whom Sir John Gray made widow by his death.

How glad were we think you of this aliance
So nerely coupled with so noble a king,
Who durst with any of vs bene at defiance.
Thus made of might the mightiest to wring
But fie what cares no highest honors bring,
What careles nes our selues of frends to know
What spyte and enuy both of high & lowe.

Because

Because the kinge had mayde our sister Quene
It was his honoure to preferre hir kin.
And sith the readiest way, as wysest weene,
Was first by wedding welthy heirs to win,
It pleased the prince in like meane to begyn
To me he gaue the rych lord Scales his heire,
A vertuous mayd in myne eye very fayre.

He ioyned to my brother Iohn, the olde
Duches of Norfolke notable of fame:
My nephue Thomas (who had in his holde
The honor and right of Marquis Dorcets name)
Espoused Cicelie a right welthy dame
Lord Bonuiles heyre: by whom he was possest
In all the rytes wher through that house was blest

The honours that my father atteind were diuers
First Chamberlayne, then constable he was,
I wo omit the gayndfullest Earle Riuers,
Thus glistred we in glory cleare as glasse
Such miracles can princes bring to passe
Amonge their lieges whom they mynd to beaue
To honors kalle, who al their gestes deceiue

Honors are like that cruel king of Thrace,
With new com gestes that fed his hungry horses
Or lyke the tyrant Busiris whose grace
Offred his gods al strayngers strangled corses.
To forreiners so hard kalse bonms force is
That all her bourdens, strayngers either greastes.
She spoyles to feede her Gods and gredy beastes

Hee

Yer Gods be those whom God by law or lot,
Or kynd by byrth, not by place in highest rowmes
Yer beastes be such as gredely haue got
Office or charge to guyde the sely gromes.
These officers in law or charge are bromes,
That swepe away the swete from symple wretches,
And spoyle the enryched by their crafty se'ches.

These plucke downe those whom princes set aloft,
By wrestyng lawes, and false conspiracies
Yey kynges themselues by these are spoyled oft,
When wilful princes carlesly despyse
To heare thoppressed peoples heauy cryes.
Nor wil correct their pollinge theues then god,
Doth make those reues the reckles princes rod.

The second Richard is a prose of this
Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes deposed.
An other patern good king Henry is
Whose right by them haue diuersly bene glosed,
Good whyle he grew, bad when he was vnrosed,
And as the foadred these and diuers other
With like deceit they vsed the kyng my brother.

While he preuayled they sayd he owed the crown,
Al lawes and rightes agreed with the same
But when by vryes he semed to be downe.
Al lawes and right extremely did him blame
Nought saue vsurpinge traytour was his name.
So constantly the Iudges construe lawes,
That all agre stil with the stronger cause.

These

These as I sayd, and other like in charge
Are honors hoyses whom she feedes with gests,
For al whom princes frankly do inlarge
VVith dignityes these barke at in their breastes:
Their spight, their might, their falshode neuer rests,
Till they deuour them: sparing neither blood,
Ne limme, ne life, and al to get their good.

The Earle of warwicke was a prauncing courser
The hauty hart of his could beare no mate:
Our welth through him wart many a tyme & woyser
So cankardly he had our kin in hate.
He troubled oft the kings vnsteady state
And that because he would not be his warde
To wed and woyke as he should list a ward.

He spyted vs because we were preferd
By mariage to dignities so great,
But craftely his mallice he deferd
Till traiterously he found meanes to entreat
Our brother of Clarence to assist his feate:
VVhom when he had by mariage to him bounde,
Then wrought he straight our linage to confound.

Through slaunderous bytes he brued many a broyle
Throughout the realme, against the king my brother
And trayled traiterours rebels thirsting spoyle
To murder men: of whom among all other
One Robin of Ridesdale many a soule did smother
His rascall rable at my father wroth
Tooke sier and sonne, and quicke beheaded both.

This

This haynous act although the king detested,
Yet was he faine to pardon for the route
Of rebelles all the realme so sore infected,
That euery way assayld he stode in doubt:
And though he were of courage bigbe and stout,
Yet he assayd by sayre meane to asswage
His enemyes ire, reuyld by rebels rage.

But Warwicke was not pacifyed thus,
His constant rancoure causeles was extreme
No meane could serue my quarel to discus,
Til he had driuen the king out of the realme,
Neither would he then be awaked from his dreame.
For when my brother was come and placed agayne,
He stinted not til he was stoutly slayne.

Than grew the king and Realme to quiet rest,
Our stocke and frends stil sprying higher and higher,
The Quene with children fruitefully was blest
I gouernd them, it was the kinges desire.
This set their vncles furiously on fyer,
That we the Quenes bloud wer assignde to gouerne
The prince, not they, ỳ kings own bloud & brethern.

This caused the Duke of Clarence so to chafe
That with the king bee braynles fel at bate:
The counsayle warely for to kepe him safe
From raysing tumultes as he did of late,
Imprisoned him: wher through his brothers hate
He was condemnde, and murdred in such sort
As he himselfe hath truely made report,

Was

Was none abhorred these mischiefs more then I
Yet could I not be therwith discontented,
Considering that his rancour touched me ny,
Els would my conscience neuer haue consented.
To wish him harme, could he haue bene contented.
But feare of hurt, for sauegard of our state
Doth cause more mischiefe then desert or hate.

Such is the state that many wish to beare,
That either we must with others bloud be stayned
Or leade our lyues continually in feare,
You mounting mynds behold here what is gayned
By couetous honour painfully attayned:
A damned soule for murdring them that hate you,
Or doubtful lyfe in daunger lest they mate you.

The cause (I thinke) why some of high degree
Do deadly hate all seekers to assend,
Is this: The clogne contented cannot be
With any state til tyme he apprehend
The highest top: for therto clymers tende.
Which seldome is attayned without the wracke
Of those betwene, that stay and bare him backe.

To saue themselues they therfore are compeld
To hate such clymers, and with wit and power
To compas meanes where through they may be queld
Ere they assend their honours to deuour.
This cause the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre
At me and other, whom the king promoted
To dignityes: wherin he madly doted.

For see

For seeinge we were his dere allied freendes,
Our furderaunce should rather haue made him glad
Than Comp like to wyshe our wofull endes.
Wee were the neareſt Kinſfolke that he had.
Wee ioyed with him his sorrow made vs sad:
But he esteemed so mutch his paynted sheath
That he disdayn'de the loue of all beneath.

But see how sharply God reuengeth sinne:
As hee maligned mee, and many other
His faythfull Frendes, and kindeſt of his kin,
So Richard Duke of Glocester, his very Brother,
Maligned him, and beastly did him Smouther.
A Deuilish deede, a moſt vnkindly part,
Yet iuſt reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although this Brother Queller, Tyrant fell
Enuied our State, as mutch, and more than he:
Yet did his cloakinge Flattery so excell
To all our Frendes ward, chiefly vnto me,
That he appeard, our truſty stay to bee:
For outwardly he wrought, our State to furder,
Where inwardly he minded nought saue murder.

Thus in appearaunce who but I was bleſt?
The chiefeſt honours heaped on my head:
Beloued of all, enioying quiet reſt,
The froward Prince by me alone was led,
A Noble Impe, to all good vertues bred:
The Kinge my Liege without my counsayle knowne,
Agreed nought: though wiſeſt were his owne.

But quiet blisse in no state lasteth longe
Assayled still by mischiefe many wayes:
Whose spoylinge battry glowinge hote, and stronge,
No flowinge wealth, no force nor Wisedome staies
Her smoakelesse Poulder beaten Souldiers slaies.
By open force, foule mischiefe oft prevayls,
By secret sleight, she seeld her purpose fayls.

The Kinge was bent to mutch to foolish pleasure,
In banquetinge he had so great delight:
This made him grow in grosnesse out of measure,
Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the liuelynesse of the spirite.
Whereof ensue sutch Sicknesse, and diseases
As none can cure saue death that all displeases.

Through this fault furdered by his Brothers fraud
(Now God forgeue mee if I Judge amisse)
Or through that beast his ribald or his Baud
That larded still these sinfull lusts of his,
He sodaynly forsooke all worldly blisse.
That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
Through Spasmous humours stopped up his breath.

That tyme lay I at Ludloe, Wales his border,
For with the Prince the Kinge had sent me thyther
To stay the Robberies, Spoyle, and foule disorder,
Of diuers Outlawes gathered there together:
Whose bandinge tendrd no man will well whither
Vrban these by wisedome safly were suppressed,
Came woful newes, our Soueraigne was deceassed.

The griefe

The grieke whereof when reason was allwaged,
Because the Prince remayned in my guide,
For his defence great store of men I waged,
Doubtinge the stormes which at such tyme betide.
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commaundement came to send them home agayne
And bringe the Kinge thence with his houshold trayne.

This charge sent from the Counsayle, and the Queene,
Though much agaynst my minde I beast obayed:
The deuill himselfe wrought all the drift I weene,
Because he would haue Innocentes betrayed:
For ere the Kinge were halfe his way conueyed,
A sort of Traytours falsely him betrapt
I caught afore, and close in Prison clapt.

The Duke of Glocester that incarnate deuill
Confederd with the Duke of Buckingham,
With eke Lord Hastings, hasty both to euill
To meete the Kinge in mourninge habite came,
(A cruell Wolfe though clothed like a Lambe)
And at Northampton, where as than I bayted
They tooke their lune as they one mee had wayted.

The Kinge that night at Stonystratford lay,
A towne to small to harbour all his Trayne:
This was the cause why he was gone away
While I with other did behinde remayne.
But will you see how falsely frends can fayne?
Not Sinon sly, whose fraude best Fame rebukes,
Was halfe so subtle as these double Dukes.

First to myne Inne, commeth in my brother false
Embraceth mee: well met good Brother Scales,
And weepes withall: the other me enhalse
With welcome Coolin, now welcome out of Wales
O happy day, for now all stormy gales
Of strife, and Rancour vtterly are swaged,
And wee our own re liue, or dye vnwaged.

This proferd seruice, Sauft with Salutacions
Immoderate, might cause mee to suspect:
For commonly in all Dissimulations
Th'excess of glauetinge doth the guile detect:
Reason refuseth falsehoode to dyrect,
The will therefore for feare of beinge spyde,
Exceedeth meane, because it wanteth guyde.

This is the cause why such as fayne to weepe
Do howle outright, or waylinge cry ah.
Teringe them selues, & strayninge Sighes most deepe.
Why such Dissemblers as would seeme to laugh
Breath not thhee, but bray out, hah, hah, hah.
Why Beggers faynynge Brauery are the proud'st?
Why Cowards braggynge boldnesse wrangle loud'st?

For commonly all that do counterfayte
In any thinge, exceede the naturall meane,
And that for feare of faylinge in their feate.
But these Conspirers couched all so cleane,
Through close demeanour, that their wiles did weane
My heart from doubtes, so many a false deuice
They forged fresh, to hyde their enterprise.

They

They Supt with me propounding freendly talke
Of our Affairs, still geuinge mee the prayse.
And euer amonge the Cups to mee ward walke:
I drincke to you good Cuz, ech Traytour sayes,
Our banquet done when they should go their wayes
They tooke their leaue, oft wishinge mee good Night
As haertely as any Creature might.

A noble heart they say is Lyon lyke,
It cannot couche, dissemble, crouch, nor fayne,
How Villanous were these, and how vnlike?
Of noble Stocke the most Ignoble stayne.
Their Wolvish hearts, their Trayterous Forky brayne
Eyther proue them base, of rascall race engendred
Or from hault Lynage Bastardlike degendred.

Sutch polling heads as prayse for prudent pollicy
False Practises. I wishe were pact on Poales.
I meane the Bastard law broode, which can molify
All kinde of causes in their crafty nolles.
These vndermine all vertue, blynde as molles,
They bolster wronge, they racke, and straine the right
And prayse for Law, both Malice, Fraud, and Might.

These quench the worthy Flames of noble kinde,
Prouokinge best borne to the basest vices,
Through crafts they make the boldest Courage blinde,
Dislikinge highly valiant enterprises:
And praysinge vily, villanous deuices.
These make the Boare a Hog, the Bullan Ore,
The Swan a Goose, the Lyon a Wolfe, or Fore.

The Lawyer Catesby and his crafty feers
A rout that neuer did good in any Realme,
Are they that had transformed these noble Peers:
They turn'de their blood to melancholicke fleume.
Their courage bault to cowardise extreame
Their Force, and Manhoode, into Fraud, and Malice,
Their Wit to wiles: stout Hector into Paris.

These Glauerers gone, my selfe to rest I layde,
And doubtinge nothinge, soundly fell a sleepe:
But sodainly my seruants sore afraide
A waked me: and drawinge sighes full deepe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betraide.
How so (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies,
They haue barred the Gates, and borne away the Keyes.

While he thus spake, there came into my mynde
This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was:
I sawe a Riuer stopt with stormes of winde
Where through a Swan, a Bull, & Bore did passe.
Fraunchinge the fish, and fry, with teath of brasse,
The Riuer dried vp saue a litle streame
Which at the last did water all the Realme.

We thought this streame did drowne the cruell Bore,
In little space, it grew so deepe, and brode:
But he had kil'de the Bull, and Swan before.
Besides all this I sawe an oughly Tode
Crall toward me, on which me thought I trode:
But what became of her, or what of me
My sodayne wakinge would not let me see.

These vreames considered with this sodayne newes
So diuers from their doings auer night,
Did cause me nat a litle for to muse,
I blest me, and ryse in all the hast I might,
By this, Aurora spyed abroade the light.
Which fro the endes of Phœbus beams she tooke
Who than the Bulls chiefe Gallery forsooke.

When I had opened the window to looke out
There might I see the streates ech where beset,
My Inne on ech side compassed about
With armed watchmen, all escapes to let
Thus had these Neroes caught me in their Net.
But to what ende, I could not throughly gesse,
Such was my playnnesse, such their doublenesse.

My Conscience was so clere I could not doubt
Their deadly drift, which lesse apparant lay,
Because they caus'de their men retourne the rout
That pode toward Stonistratford as they say,
Because the Dukes will first be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in iest,
For guiltlesse mindes do easely deeme the best.

By this the Dukes were come into mine Inne
For they were lodged in an other by,
I got me to them thinking it a sinne
Within my Chamber cowardly to lye.
And merely I asked my brother why
He vsed me so? he sterne in euill sadnesse
Cried out: I arrest the Traytour for thy badnesse,

How so (quoth I) whence riseth your suspition?
Thou art a Traitour (quoth he) I the arrest
Arrest (quoth I) why? where is your Commission?
He drew his Weapon, so did all the rest
Cryinge: yelde thee Traytour. I so sore distrest
Made no resistaunce: but was sent to warde:
None saue their seruauntes assigned to my garde.

This done they sped them to the Kinge in poste,
And after their humble reuerence to him done,
They traiterously began to rule the roste,
They pitked a quarel to my sisters sonne
Lord Richard Gray: the Kinge would not be wonne
To agree to them, yet they agaynst all reason,
Arrested him they sayd for haynous Treason.

Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Haule
Two worthy Knightes were likewise apprehended,
These all were guilty in one kinde of fault,
They would not like the practise then pretended:
And seeinge the Kinge was herewith sore offended,
Backe to Northampton they brought him agayne
And thence discharged most part of his Trayne.

There lo! Duke Richard made himselfe Protector
Of Kinge, and Realme by open Proclamation,
Though neyther Kinge nor Queene were his Electors,
Thus he presumed by lawlesse vsurpation.
But will you see his deepe dissimulation?
Hee sent me a dish of Deinties from his Boorde
That day, and with it this false frendly worde.

Commend

Commend mee to him all things shalbe well,
I am his frend, bid him be of good cheare:
These newes I prayed the Messenger go tell
My Nephue Richard, whom I loued full deare.
But what he ment by well, now shall you heare:
He thought it well to haue vs quickly murdered,
Which not longe after thorowly he furdered.

For strait from thence we closely were conuayed
From Jayle to Jayle Northward we wist not whither:
Where after we had a while in sunder strayed,
At last we met at Pomfret all together.
Syr Richard Ratcliffe bad vs welcome thyther,
Who openly, all law, and right contemned
Beheaded vs before we were condemned.

My Coosin Richard could not be content
To leaue his life, because he wist not why,
Good Gentleman that neuer harme had ment,
Therefore hee asked wherefore hee should dye:
The Priest his ghostly Father did replye
With weepinge eyes: I know one wofull cause,
The Realme hath neyther righteous Lordes, nor lawes.

Sir Thomas Vaughan chaunge cryed still:
This Tyraunt Glocester is the graceleslle G.
That will his Brothers Children beastly kill.
And least the people through his talke might see
The mischiefs toward, and thereto not agree
Our Tormentour that false periured Knight
Bad stop our mouthes, with wordes of high dispight.

Thus

Thus dyed we guiltlesse proceſſe heard we none,
No cauſe alleagde, no Iudge, nor yet accuſer,
No queſt empaneld paſſed vs vppon.
That murdrer Ratcliffe, Law, and Rights refuſer,
Did all to flatter Richard his abuſer.
Unhappy both that euer they were borne,
Through guiltleſſe bloud that haue their ſoules forlorne.

In part I graunt, I well deſerued this,
Becauſe I cauſed not ſpeedy execution
Be done on Richard for that murder of his,
When firſt he wrought Kinge Henries cloſe confuſion.
Not for his Brothers hatefull perſecution.
Theſe cruell murders paynefull death deſerued
Which had he ſuffred, many had bin preſerued.

Warne therefore all that charge, or office beare
To ſee all murdrers ſpeedely executed:
And ſpare them not for fauour or for feare:
By guiltleſſe bloud the earth remaynes polluted.
For lacke of Iuſtice kingdomes are tranſmuted.
They that ſaue murdrers from deſerued payne,
Shall through thoſe murdrers, miſerably be ſlayne.

FINIS.

How

When I had read this, they liked it very wel, one wished ỳ the combat which hee fought with the Bastard of Burgoyne, and the honour which he wan wᵭ both speare & Axe should not be forgotten. Another moued a question about a great matter, and ỳ is the variaunce of the Chronicles about the Lord Thomas Graye Marquise Dorcet: whō Fabian euery wher calleth ỳ queenes brother: sir Thomas Moore and Hal, call him the Queenes sonne as hee was in very deede. Fabian saith he was gouernour of ỳ Prince, and had ỳ conueiaunce of him frō Ludlo towards Londō. The other (whom we follow) say he was than at London wᵭ the Queene prouiding for the kinges coronation, and toke Sanctuary with her as sone as hee heard of the apprehending of his vncle. This disagreing of writers is a great hindraunce of ỳ truth, and no smal combraunce to such as be diligent readers, besides the harme that may happen in succession of heritages. It were therefore a worthye and good deede for the nobility, to cause all the recordes to be sought, and a true and perfect Chronicle there out to be written. Unto which we refer ỳ deciding of this & of all other like controuersies, geuinge this to vnderstand in the meane time, that no man shall thincke his title eyther better or worse by any thing that is written in any part of this treatise. For the onely thing which is purposed herein, is by example of others miseries, to dissuade al men frō al sinnes and vices

and vices. If by the way we touch any thinge concerninge titles, we follow therein Halles Chronicle. And were wee seeme to swarue from hys reasons and causes of diuers doinges, there wee gather vpon cõiecture sutch things as seeme most probable, or at the least most conuenient for the furderaunce of our purpose. When the reader would haue proceeded in the Chronicle which straighte intreateth of the villanous destruction of the Lord Hastings, I willed him to surceas, because I had there hys Tragedy very learnedly penned. For the better vnderstandinge whereof, you must imagine, you see him newly crept out of his graue, and speakinge to mee as followeth.

HOW THE LORD HAstings was Betrayed by trustinge to mutch to his euill Counsaylour Catesby, and Vilanously murdered in the Tower of London by Richard Duke of Gloceſter, the 13. of Iune Anno. 1483.

I Am that Hastinge whose to sty death.
They blame that know wherefore I lost my breath,
Whyth others fearinge least my headless name
Bee wrong'de, by partiall Bruite of flatteringe Fame.
Hearinge O Baldwin that thou mean'st to penne,
The Lyues, and Fals of English Noblemen.
My selfe here present, do Present to thee
My Life, my Fall, and Forced destenye.

Me feare

Ne feare to stayne thy credite by my tale.
In Læthes floud, longe since, in Stigian vale.
Selfe loue I drown'd, what time hath fined for true,
And ceaseth not, (though stale) still to renue:
Recount I will: whereof take this for proofe.
That blase I will my prayse, and my reproofe.
Wee naked ghosts are but the very man
Nor of our selues more than we ought, we scan.

The Heauens high, and Earthly vale belowe,
Yet ring his Fame, whose deedes so great did grow.
Edward the fourth ye know vnnamed I meane,
Whose noble nature so to mee did leane,
That I his staffe was, I his onely ioy,
And euen what Pandare was to him of Troy.
Which moued him first, to create mee Chamberlayne,
To serue his sweetes, to my most sower payne.

Wherein, to fully praysed for secretnesse
(For now my guilt with shrikinge I confesse)
To him to true, to vntrue to the Queene,
Such hate I wan, as lasted long betweene
Our families: Shores wife was my Nice cheat,
The holy hore, and eke the wily peat,
I Fed his lust with louely Peeces so,
That Gods sharp wrath I purchast, my iust wo.

See here of Nobles newe the diuers course.
Some vertue rapseth, some clime by sluttish sorts.
The first, though onely of themselues begon,
Yet circle wise into themselues do run.

With

Within themselues their force united so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe.
For, when endth hit that neuer hath begon?
Or how may that, that hath no ende, be vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grue,
And rayned by flattery, or violence: so soone rue.
First tomblinge step fro honours old, is vice.
Which once stept downe, some Linger, none arise
To former type: But they catch vertues spray,
Which rayseth them that climbe by lawfull way.
Beware to rise by seruinge Princely lust.
Surely to stand, one meane is rislinge iust.

Which learne by mee, whom let it helpe to excuse,
That ruthfull now my selfe I do accuse
And that my Prince I euer pleased with such,
As harmed noue, and him contented much.
In vice some fauour, or lesse hate let win,
That I ne wyped to worser ende my sin.
But vsed my fauour to the safety of such,
As fury of later Warre to liue did grutch.

For as on durt (though durty) shineth the Sunn:
So, euen amids my vice, my vertue shoane.
My selfe I spared with any his cheate to stayne,
For loue or reuerence so I could refrayne.
Gisippus Wyfe erst Titus would desire
With frendships breach. I quencht that brutish fire.
Manly hit is, to loth the pleasinge lust.
Small vaunt to flye, that of constreint thou must.

Thefe

These faults except, if so my life thou skan,
Lo! none I hurt but furdzed every man.
My Chamber England was, my staffe the law:
Where by saunce rigour, all I held in awe.
So louinge to all, so beloued of all,
As, (what ensued vpon my bloudy fall
Though I ne felt) yet surely this I thincke.
Full many a tricklinge teare their mouths did drincke.

Disdayne not Princes easie accesse, meeke cheare.
We know then Aungels stately port yee beare
Of God himselfe: to manly a charge for spirits.
But then, my Lords, consider, he delights
To dayle his grace to vs poore earthly wants,
To simplest Shrubs, and to the Dunghill plants.
Expresse him then, in might, and mercies meane.
So shall yee winne, as now yee rule the realme.

But all to longe I feare I do delaye
The many meanes, whereby I did bewray
My Zealous will, to earne my Princes grace.
Least thou differ, to thincke me kinde percase.
As nought may last, so Fortunes chaunginge cheare
With poutinge lookes gan lower on my fire,
And on her Wheele, aduaunst high in his roume
The Warwicke Earle, Male of Christendome.

Besides the temptinge prowesse of the foe,
My Princes Brother did him then forgo.
The cause was liked, I was his linked allye.
Yet nor the cause, nor Brothers treachery,

Nor en-

Nor Enmies force, nor bande of mingled bloud:
Made Haſtings beare his Prince other minde then good.
But tane, and ſcaped from Warwicks gripinge Pawes,
With mee hee fled through fortunes frowardſt Flawes.

To London come, at large we might haue ſeemed,
Had not we then the Realme a priſon deemed.
Ech Buſhe, a Barre, ech Spray, a Banner ſplayed,
Ech Houſe, a Fort, our Paſſage to haue ſtayed.
To Linne we leape, where while we awayte the Tide,
My ſecrete frendes in ſecret I ſupplide,
In Youth to maynteyne Henry ſixt their King,
By deede to deuoyde, Edward to bringe in.

The reſtleſſe Tyde, to barre the empty Bay,
With waltringe Waues roames wamblinge forth. Away
The mery Mariner hales. The braggінge Boy,
To Maſts high top by ies. In ſigne of Joy
The waueringe Flag is vaunſt. The ſurginge Seas
Their ſwellinge ceaſſe: to calmeſt euen peace
Sinkth downe their pride. With dronkēneſſe gaynſt all care
The Seamen armed, awayt their noble Fare.

On boord we come. The Maſty Anchors wayde,
One Engliſh Ship, two Hulkes of Holland, ayde
In ſutch a pinch. So ſmall tho was the Trayne,
Sutch his conſtraynt, that now, that one with payne
Commaund he might, who late might many moe:
Then ghaſtly Greekes erſt brought to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by hap may loſe,
What neareſt ſeemes, is fartheſt of in woes.

As bani-

As banished wights, such ioyes we mought haue mayde.
Eaſo of aye threatning death that late we dradde.
But once our countries light (not care) exempt,
No harbour shewing, that myght our feare relent,
No couert cane, no shrub to shrowde our liues.
No hollow wood, no slight that oft deprives.
The mighty his pray, no sanctuary left
For exiled prince, that shrouues ech slaue for theft:

In prison pent whose woody walles to passe
Of no lesse peril then the dying was:
With the Ocean moated battred with the waues,
(As chaind at oares the wretched galley slaues,
At mercy sit of sea and enmies shot,
And shonne with death that they wit slight may not)
But grenish waues, and heauy lowring skies
Al comfort els forclosed our exiled eyes:

Loe loe from highest top the slauish boy
Sent vp, with sight of lande our hartes to ioy:
Deseries at hand whole fleete of Easterlings
As then whot enmies of the British Kinges.
The mouse may somtyme helpe the Lion in neede
The bittle Bee once spild the Aegles breede.
O princes seke no foes. In pour distresse,
The earth, the seas, conspyre your beauinesse.

Our foe deseried by slyght we shon in hast
And lade with Canuas now the bending mast
The ship was racke to try her sayling then,
As Squirels clime the troupes of trusty men.

The ſtereſman ſeekes a redier courſe to runne,
The Souldier ſtirs, the Gunner hies to Gunne.
The Fleammings ſweate, the Engliſh Ship diſdayns
To wayte behinde to beare the Fleammings Trayns.

Forth flyeth the Barke, as from the violent Goonne
The Pellet pearſeth all Stayes, and ſtops eftſoone.
And ſwift ſhe Swyndgeth, as oft in Sunny day,
The Dolphin fleetes in Seas, in merry May.
As we forliues, ſo Th'eaſterlinges for gayne,
Thwack on the Sayles, and after make amayne.
Though beauy they were, and of burthen great:
A Kynge to mayſter yet, what Swyne nold ſweat?

So mid the vale the Greyhound ſeinge ſtart
The fearefull Hare, purſueth Before ſhe fierceth.
And where ſhe turn'th her there to beare.
The one pray pricketh, the other ſafties feare.
So were we chaſed, ſo fled we afore our Foes.
Bet flight then fight in ſo vneuen cloſe.
Iend. Some thincke perhaps, to long he ſtaieth
In perill preſent ſhewinge his fixed faith.

This dentred I, this dread I did ſuſtaine,
To try my truth, my lyfe I did diſdayne.
But, loe! like trayll agaynſt his ctuill foe,
Fayths woyſt is trayll, which is reſerued to woe.
I paſſe our ſcape, and ſharpe returninge home,
Where wee were welcom'd by our wonted fone.
To Barnayle mayne diſcends the Empyres right,
At Barnet ioyne the Hoaſtes in bloudy fight.

There

There joyn'd three Battayles ranged in such array,
As mought for terrour, Alexander fray.
What should I stay to tell the longe discourse?
Who wan the Palme? who bare away the worse?
Suffiseth to say by my reserued band,
Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.
My iron army held her steady place,
My Prince to shield, his feared foe to chase.

The like successe befell mee in Tewkesbury field.
My furious force, there forst de perforce to yeld
My Princes foe: and render to my Kinge
Her onely sonne, least he more hate might bringe.
Thus hast thou a mirrour of a Subiectes minde,
Such as perhaps is rare agayne to finde:
The caruinge cuts, that cleane the trusty steele,
My fayth, and du allegiaunce, could not feele.

But out alas, what praise may I recount,
That is not stain'de with spot, that doth surmount
My greatest vaunt? bloudy for Warre to feete
A Tiger was I, all for peace vnmeete,
A soulders hands must oft be dyed with goare,
Least starke with rest, they fustwd ware and hoare.
Peace could I winne by Warre, but peace not vse.
Few dayes enioy he, who Warlike peace doth chuse.

When Crokes a Knight presented Henries Heire
To this our Prince, in furious moode enquere
Of him he gan, what folly or phrensy vayne,
With Arms forst him to inuade his Realme?

Whom auuſweringe that hee clayin'd his fathers right:
With Gauntlet ſmit, commaunded from his ſight:
Clarence, Gloceſter, Dorcet, and I Haſtinge ſlue.
The guilt whereof we ſhortly all did rue.

Clarence, as Cirus, drown'd in blond like Wine,
Dorcet I furthered to his ſpeedy pyne.
Of mee, my ſelfe am ſpeakinge preſident,
Nor eaſier fate the briſtled Boare is lent.
Our blouds haue payd the vengeaunce of our guilt,
His fryed bones, ſhall brople for blond hee hath ſpilt.
O waitſome murther, that attaynteth our fame,
O horrible Traytours wantinge worthy name.

Who as miſchieuouſly of all men deſerue,
As they merite well, who do mens liues preſerue.
If thoſe, therefore we recken heauenly wights,
Theſe may we well deeme Feendes, and damned Spirits.
And while on Earth they walke, diſguiſed deuils,
Sworne fors of vertue, factours for all euils.
Whoſe bloudy hands torment their goared harts,
Through bloudſheds horrour, in ſoundeſt ſleepe hee ſtarts.

O happy World were the Lions men,
All Lions ſhould at leaſt be ſpared then.
No ſuerty now, no laſting leage is blond.
A meacocke is he, who dreadth to ſee blond ſhed.
Old is the Practiſe of ſutch bloudy ſtrife,
While ij. weare Armies. ij. the Iſſues of firſt Wife,
With armed hart and hand, the one bloudy brother,
With cruell chaſe purſueth, and murdreth th'other.

Which

Which who abhorreth not? yet who ceaſeth to ſue?
The bloudye Caynes their bloudye ſyre renue.
The horror yet is like in common ſcales.
For in ech murther, brother brother ſlayes.
Traitours to nature, countrey kin and kinde.
Whom no band serueth in brothers loue to bynde.
O ſimple age, when ſlaunder ſlaughter was.
The tonges ſmal euil, how doth this miſchiefe paſſe?

Hopeſt thou to cloake thy couert miſchiefe wrought?
Thy conſcience, Caytif, ſhal proclaime thy thought.
A viſion, Chaucer sheweth, diſcloaſde thy crime.
The Foxe deſcrie the crowes and chattring pyen.
And shal thy fellow felons, not bewray
The guiltleſſe death, whom guiltye handes do ſlaye?
Unpuniſhed ſcaped for hayuous crime ſome one,
But vnauenged, in mynde or bodye none.

Uengeaunce on minde, the freating furies take,
The ſinful corps, like earthquake agues ſhake.
Their frowning lokes, their troubled minds bewray,
In haſt they runne, and mids their race they ſtaye,
As gidded Roe. Amids their ſpeach they whiſt,
At meate they muſe. No where they may perſiſt
But ſome feare netleth them. Ay hang they so.
So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer wo.

An infant rent with Lions ramping pawes?
Why ſlaunder I Lions? They feare the ſacred lawes
Of royal blood. Ay me more brute than beaſt.
With enfants ſyes, (Licaons pye) to feaſt.

O tyrannt Tygers, O insaciate wolues,
O English curteste, monstrous mawes and gulfes.
Onely because our Prince displeasue we sawe
With him, we slue him straight before al lawe.

Before our Prince commaunded once his death,
Our bloudy swordes on him we did vnsheath.
Preuenting law, and euen our Princes hest,
We hid our weapons in the younglings brest.
Whom not desire of reigne did dryue to field,
But mothers pride, who longd the Realme to weld.
But straight my death shal shew my worthy meede,
If first to one other murther I proceede.

While Edward liued, dissembled discord lurked:
In double hartes yet so his reuerence wrought.
But when succeding tender feeble age,
Gaue open gap to tyraunts rushing rage:
I holpe the Boye, and Bucke, to captiuate
Lord Riuers, Gray, sir Thomas Vaughan & Hawte.
If land would helpe the sea, wel earnde that ground
Hit selfe, to be with conquering waues surround.

Their speedy death by priuy dome procured.
At Pomfret: tho my life short while endured.
My selfe I slue, when them I damned to death,
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath.
For that selfe daye, before or neare the hower
That withred Atropos nipt the springing flower
With violent hand, of their forth running like:
My head and body, in Tower twinde like knife.

By this my patterne al ye peres beware,
Oft hangeth he himſelfe who others weeneth to ſnare
Spare to be ech others butcher. Feare the Kite.
Who loureth alſo, (while frog and mouſe do fight
In cruil combat, grappling boyde of feare
Of foureine foe) at once al both to beare.
Which playner by my pitied plaint to ſee,
A while a new your liſtning lend to me.

Too true it is two ſundrye aſſemblies kept,
At Croſbies place, and Baynardes caſtle ſet.
The Dukes at Croſbies, but at Baynardes wee.
The one to crowne a king the other to bee.
Suſpicious is ſeceſſion of foule frendes,
When eithers drift to thoters miſchiefe tendes,
I feared the end, my Cateſbies being there
Diſcharged al doubts. Him held I moſt entyre.

Whoſe great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some ſpurre, to paye the thankefulneſſe he ought.
The truſt he ought me, made me truſt him ſo,
That priuie he was both to my weale and wo.
My hartes one halfe, my cheſt of confidence,
Myne only truſt, my ioye dwelt in his preſence.
I loued him Baldwin, as the apple of mine eye.
I loathed my life when Cateſby would me dye.

Flye from thy chanel Thames forſake thy ſtreames,
Leaue the Adamant Iron. Phœbus lay thy beames:
Ceaſe heauenly Spheares at laſt your wearie warke,
Betray your charge, retourne to Chaos darke.

At least, some ruthlesse Tiger hang her whelp,
Wy Catesby so with some excuse to help.
And meet to comfort, that I alone, ne seeme
Of all dame natures workes left in extreeme.

A Golden trasure is the tryed frend.
But who may Gold from Counterfayts defend?
Trust not to soone, nor yet to soone mistrust.
With th'one thy selfe, with th'other thy freend thou hurt'st.
Who twyneth bet wirt, and steareth the golden meane,
Nor rashly loueth, nor mistrusteth in vayne.
In frendship soueraigne it is as Mithridate
Thy frend to loue as one whom thou mayst hate.

Of tickle credit ne had ben the mischiefe,
What needed Virbius miracle doubled like?
Credulity surnamed first the Ægean Seas.
Mistrust, doth treason in the trustiest rayse.
Suspicious Romulus, slayn'd his Walls first reard
With Brothers blood, whom for light leape he feard.
So not in Brotherhoode iealousie may be borne,
The Ielous Cuckold weares the Infamous horne.

A beast may Preach by triall, not fore sight.
Could I haue shond light credit, nere had light
The dreaded death, vpon my guilty head.
But Fooles aye wont to learne by after read.
Had Catesby kept vnstayned the truth he plight,
Yet had yet enioyed mee, and I yet the light.
All Derbies doubts I cleared with his name.
I knew, no harme could hap mee without his blame.

But

But see the fruictes of tickle light beleefe.
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the Traytour, these,
To groape mee, if allured I would assent,
To bin a Partner of their curs'd entent,
Whereto, when as by no meanes frēdship vail'de,
By Tyraunt force behold they mee assail'de.
And summond shortly a Counsaile in the Tower,
Of June the fifteenth, at apointed hower.

Alas, are counsels wryed to catch the good?
No place is now exempt from sheading bloud,
Sith counsels, that were carefull to preserue
The guiltlesse good, are meanes to make thē starue.
What may not mischiefe of Mayman abuse?
Religious Cloake some one to vice doth chuse,
And maketh God Protectour of his Crime.
O monstrous world, well ought we wish thy tyme.

The fatall Skies, roll on the blackest day,
Wherein doubled bloudshed, my bloud must repay.
Others none forceth. To me sir Thomas Howard
As Spurre is buckled, to prouoke me froward.
Derbie who feared the parted sittings yore.
Whether, mutch more be knew by experience hoare,
Or better minded, clearlyer truth could see:
At Midnight darke this message sends to mee.

Hastings away, in sleepe the Gods foreshow
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.
Me thought a Boare with Tuske so raseu our Throate,
That both our Shoulders of the bloud did Smoake.

Aryſe to hoyſe, ſtraight homeward let vs hye.
And ſith our foe we cannot match, O kye.
Of Chaunteclere pon learne dreames ſooth to know
Thence wiſemen cõſter, more then ꝑ cock doth crow.

While thus he ſpake, I held within myne arme
Shores Wyfe, the tender peece, to kepe me warme.
Fye on Adultery, fye on Lecherous luſt.
Marke in me yᵉ Nobles al, Gods Iudgements iuſt.
A Pandare, Murtherer, and Adulterer thus,
Onely ſutch death I dye, as I ne bluſhe.
Now leaſt my dame mought think appall'd my hart
With Eger moode vp in my Bed I ſtart.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a Sorcerer?
A wiſe man now become? a dreame reader?
What though ſo Chaunteclere crowed? I reck it not?
On my part pleadeth as well Dame Partelot.
Vniudge hangth yet the caſe betwixt them twayn.
Ne was his dreame cauſe of his hap I ſay.
Shal dreaminge douts from prince my ſeruing ſtack?
Nay, then mought Haſtings life and liuinge lack.

He parteth. I ſlepte, my minde ſorcharged wᵗ ſinne,
As Phœbus beames by miſty Cloud kept in,
Ne could miſgeue, ne dreame of my miſhap.
As blocke, I tumbled to myne Enemies trap.
Security cauſleſſe through my lapned frende,
Reft mee foreſight of my approchinge ende.
So Catelop clawed mee, as when the Cat doth play.
Dalyinge with Moule whom ſtraight ſhe meanes to ſlay.

The morow

The morow come, the latest light to mee,
On Palfray mounted, to the Tower I hye.
Accompanied with that Hayward my mortall Foe,
To slaughter led, thou God diost suffer so.
(O deepe Dissemblers, honouringe with your cheare,
Whom in his heart yee trayterously teare)
Neuer had Realme so open Signes of wracke.
As I had shewed me of my heavy hap.

The pillon first of Stanley late descryed.
Then mirth so extreme, that neare for ioy I dyed.
Were hit, that Swanlike I foresong my death,
Or mery minde foresaw the losse of breath.
That longe it coueyted, from this earths annoy,
But euen as liker as th'ende of woe is ioye,
And glorious light to obscure night doth tend:
So extreame mirth, in extreame moane doth end.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of course.
By violent Might far swinged forth perforce.
Which as they are pearcingst while they violentst moue,
For that they are neare to cause that doth them shoue:
So soonest fall from that their highest extreame,
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane.
So lawghed hee erst, who lawghed out his breath.
So lawghed I, when I lawghd my selfe to death.

The pleasingst meanes boade not the luckiest ends.
Not aye, found treasure to like pleasure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thyse happy hire
Of wit, to shun the excesse that all desire.

But this

But this I paſſe. I hie to other like.
My paſtrey in the playneſt paued ſtreete,
Thyſe bowed his bones, thyſe kneeled on the flower
Thyſe ſhund (as Balams aſſe) the dreaded power.

What ſhould I blake be had ſence of after haps?
As beaſtes foreſhow the drought or rayny drops,
As humours in them want or els abound,
By influence from the heauens, or change of grou?
Or do we interprete by ſucceſſe ech ſigne?
And as we fancye of ech hap deuine?
And make that cauſe, that ſinne is to theffect?
Not hauing ought of conſequence reſpect?

Bucephalus kneeling onely to his Lord,
Shewed onely he was, monarche of the world.
Why may not then the ſteede foreſhew by fall,
What caſual hap the ſiter happen ſhall?
Darius horſe by braying brought a realme.
And what letteth, why be ne ts (as ỹ aſſe) Gods meau
By ſpeaking ſigne, to ſhew his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his ſpeaking domme?

But forward yet. In tower ſtreete I ſtayd,
Where (could I haue ſeene) for Haward al bewrayd
For as I commond with a prieſt I met:
Away my Lord quoth he. your time is ne yet
To take a prieſt. Lo, Synon might be ſeene,
Had not the Troians bares foolish forthright eyen,
But ſince the time was come that I ſhould dye,
Some grace it was to dye with wimpled eye.

Ne

Ne was this all. For euen at Towerwharfe,
Neare to thoſe Walles within the which I ſtarfe,
Where erſt, in ſorrow ſouſt, and deepe deſtreſſe,
I emparted all my pyninge penſifneſſe
With Haſtings: (ſo my purſeuant men call)
Euen there, the ſame to meete it did me fall.
Who gan to me moſt dolefully renew,
The wofull conference had erſt in that Lieu.

Haſtings (quoth I) accordinge now they fare,
At Pomfret this day dyinge, who cauſ'de that care.
My ſelfe haue all the world at my will,
With pleaſures cloyed, engorged with the fill.
God graunt it ſo quoth he, why doubteſt thou tho
Quoth I? and all in chafe, to him gan ſhewe
In ample wiſe, our drift with tedious tale.
And entred ſo the Tower to my bale.

What ſhould we think of ſignes? They are but haps
How may they then, be ſignes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chaunce forſhew or cauſe ſome other?
Or endinge at it ſelfe, extendth no further?
As th'ouerflowinge floude ſome mount doth choake,
But to his ayde ſome other floud it yoake:
So, ik with ſignes thy ſinnes once ſoyne, beware.
Els whereto chaunces tend, doe neuer care.

Had not my ſinne deſerued my death as weake,
What might my myrth haue hurt? or horſes becke?
Or Hawardes bitter ſcoffe? or Haſtings talke?
What meane then foole Aſtrologers to talke?

That

That twincking ſterres ſling down the fixed ſtate?
And all is guyded by the ſterry ſtate?
Perdye a certayne charge aſſigned they haue
To ſhyne, and tymes deuyde, not fate to graue.

But graunt they ſomwhat geue it at one inſtant
Of euery babe the byrth in heauen ſo ſtand,
That they that reſtles roll, and neuer ſtaye,
Should in his lyfe beare yet ſo violent ſwaye:
That, not his actions onely next to byrth,
But all his life and death be ſwayed therwith?
How may one mocion make ſo ſundry affectes?
Or one impreſſion tend to ſuch reſpectes?

Some rule there is yet. Els, why were deferd
Til now, theſe plagues, ſo lōg ere now deſerude?
If for they are trifles, they ne ſeme of care:
But toyes with god the ſtateliеſt ſcepters are.
Yet in them to playne doth appeare foreſet,
The certayne rule and fatal limittes ſet,
Yet thinke we not, this ſure forſetting fate.
But gods faſt prouidence for ech princely ſtate.

And hath he erſt reſtraind his prouidence?
Or is he nigard of his fre diſpence?
Or is he vncertayne foreſet drifte to dryue?
That not dame Chaunce but he al goodes may giue?
A heathen God they hold whom fortune kepe,
To deale them baps while god they wene a ſleepe
Mocke Gods they are and many Gods induce,
Who fortune fayne to father their abuſe.

How

How so it be, it mought haue warned me
But, wha I could not that in me see ye,
Who runne in race, the honour like to win
Whose fairest forme nought may deforme but sin
Alas, when most I did deeme all dread,
By single heare deaths sword hong ouer my head,
For herke the end and listen now my fall.
This is the last, and this the fruit of all.

To counsayle chamber come, a while we stayd
For him without whom nought was done or sayde.
At last he came, and courteously excused,
That he so long our patience had abused.
And pleasauntly began to paint his cheare,
And said. My lord of Elye, would we had here
Some of the Strawberies, wherof you haue store.
The last delighted me so as nothing more.

Would, what so you wish, I mought aswel commaund,
My Lord (quoth he) as those. And out of hand.
His seruaunt sendeth to Ely place for them.
Out goeth from vs the restlesse deuil agaiue.
Belike (I thinke) scarse yet perswaded ful,
To worke the mischiefe that did mad is soul.
At last determind, of his bloudy thought
And force ordaynde, to worke the wyle he sought:

Frowning he enters, with so chaunged cheare,
As for myne may had chopped foule Januere.
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,
The whetted tuske, and furrwed forehead hye,

His

His Crooked ſhoulder brystel like ſet vp,
With frothy Iawes, whoſe foame he chawde and ſupt,
With angry lookes that flamed as the fyer:
Thus gan at laſt to grunt the grymeſt syre.

What merpte they, whomme, the kingdomes ſtay,
Contryued vsue counſayle tratterouſly to ſlay?
Abaſhed all ſate. I thought I mought be bold,
For conſcience clearneſſe and aquaintance old,
Their hire is playne quoth I. Be death the leaſt
To who ſo ſeketh your grace ſo to moleſt
Withouten ſtay: the Quene & the whore Shores wyfe,
By witchcraft (quoth he) ſeke to waſt my life.

Loe here the wythered and bewytched arme,
That thus is ſpent by thoſe two Sorcereſſe charme.
And bared his arme and ſhewed his ſwynish ſkinne.
Such cloaks they vſe, that ſeke to clowd their ſinne.
But out alas, it ſerueth not for the rayne.
To al the houſe the colour was to playne
Nature had giuen him many a maymed marke
And it amonges to note her monſtruous warke.

My doubtfull harte diſtracted this replye.
For thone I cared not. Thother nipt ſo nye
That whyſt I cold not: but forthwith brake forth.
If ſo it be, of death they are doubtleſſe worth.
If, traitour quoth he? playſt thou with yes and ands?
Ile on thy body auowe it with theſe hands.
And therwithal he mightye bounced the boorde.
In ruſhed his byl men one himſelfe beſtird.

Laying

Laying at Lord Stanley, whose brain he had surely cleft.
Had he not downe beneathe the table crept.
But Elye, Yorke, and I were taken straight.
Imprisoned they: I should no longer waite.
But charged was to shrive me, and shift with haste.
My Lorde must dine, and now middaye was paste.
The Bores first dish, not the bores head should be.
But Hastinges head the boarish beast would see.

Why stay I his dinner: unto the chappel ioyneth
A greenish hil, that body and soule eft twineth.
There on a blocke my head was striken of.
As Baptistes head, for Herode bloudy gnoffe.
Thus lived I Baldwin, thus dyed I, thus I fel.
This is the summe, which al at large to tel
Would volumes fil. whence yet these lessons note
Ye noble Lordes, to learne and ken by rote.

By fylthy rising feare your names to stayne.
If not for vertues loue, for dread of payne.
Whom so the mindes unquiet state upheaues,
Be it for loue or feare: when fancye reaues
Reason her right, by mocking of the wyt:
If once the cause of this affection flit,
Reason preuayling on the unbrideled thought:
Downe falth he who by fancye clymbe aloft.

So hath the ryser fowle no stay from fal,
No not of those that ratsde him first of al.
His suretie stands in maintening the cause
That heaued him first, which reft by reasons lawes,

Not onely falth he to his former ſtate,
But liueth for euer in his princes hate.
And marke my Lordes, God for adultery ſleath
Though ye it thinke too ſweete a ſinne for death.

Serue truly your Prince and feare not rebels might,
On Princes ſides the mightie God doth fight.
O much more then forſweare a forrein foe,
Who ſeeketh your realme and countrei to vndo.
Murther deteſt, haue handes vnſtaind with bloud.
Aye with your ſuccour do protect the good.
Chace treaſon where truſt ſhould be wed to your frend
Your hart and power, to your liues laſt end.

Flie tickle credite, ſhunne alike diſtruſt.
To true it is, and credite it you muſt:
The Ialous nature wanteth no ſtormy ſtrife,
The ſimple ſoule aye leadeth a ſower life.
Beware of flatterers, frendes in outward ſhow.
Beſt is of ſuch to make your open foe.
What al men ſeeke, that al men ſeeke to fayne.
Some ſuch to bee, ſome ſuch to ſeeme, them payne.

Marke Gods iuſt iudgemẽts, puniſhing ſinne by ſinn
And ſlipperie ſtate wherein aloft we ſwimme.
The prouerbe, al day vp if we ne fall,
Agreeth wel to vs hie heaued worldlinges al.
From common ſort vpraiſde, in honours weede
We ſhine: while fortune falſe (whom none erſt feede
To ſtand with ſtaye and forſweare tickleneſſe:
Sowleth vs in myre of durtie brittleneſſe.

And

And learne ye princes by my wronged ſpryte,
Not to miſconſter what is ment aright,
The whinged wordes to oft preuent the wyt,
When ſilence ceſſeth afore the lips to ſit.
Alas, what may the wordes peld worthy death?
The wordes worſt is, the ſpeakers ſtinking breath.
Wordes are but winde, why coſt they then ſo much
The guiltye kycke, when they to ſmartly touche.

Forth irreturnable flyeth the ſpoken word,
Be hit in ſcoffe, in earneſt, or in bourd.
Without retourne, and vnreceiued, hit hangs.
And at the takers mercie, or rigour ſtands.
Which if he ſowerly wreſt with wrathful cheare,
The ſhiuering word turnes to the ſpeakers feare.
If frendly curteſie do the word expound,
To the ſpeakers comfort ſweetely it doth redound.

Euen as the vapour which the fier repels,
Turnes not to earth, but in myd aer dweis.
Where while it hangth, if Boreas froſty flawes
With rigour rattle it: not to rayne it thawes.
But thunder, lightninges, ratling bayle or ſnowe
Sendes downe to earth, whence firſt it roſe below,
But if fayre Phœbus with his countenaunce ſwete
Reſolue it, downe the dew, or Manna fleete.

(The Manna dew, that in the eaſterne landes,
Exceth the labour of the bees ſmall handes.)
Els for her Memnon gray Auroras teares,
On the earth it ſtilleth, the partener of her feares.

Or sendeth sweete showers to glad their mother earth,
Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth.
To so great griefes, ill taken woordes do grow.
Of woordes wel taken, such delightes do flow.

This learned, thus be here at length an end,
What since ensued, to thee I wil commend.
Now farewel Baldwin, shield my toyne name,
From sclaunderous trompe of blasting blacke defame.
But ere I part, hereof thou recoyd beare.
I claime no parte of vertues reckned here.
My vice my selfe, but God my vertues take,
So hence depart I, as I entred naked.

Thus ended Hastinges both his life and tale,
Containing al his woordly blisse and bale.
Happye he lived, to happie but for sinne,
Happie bee dyed whom right his death did bring.
Thus euer happie. For there is no meane
Twixt blisseful liues and mortal deathes extreame.
Yet feared not his foes to staine his name.
And by these sclaunders to procure his shame.

In rousty armure as in extreame shift,
They clad themselues, to cloake their diuelish drift.
And forthwith for substancial citezens sent,
Declaring to them, Hastinges forged entent
Was to haue slaine the Duke: and to haue seised.
The kinges young person, slaying whom he had pleased.
But God of Justice had without no that fate,
Which where it ought, light on his proper pate.

Then

Then practiſed they by proclamation ſpred,
Nought to forget, that nought defame him dead.
Which was ſo curious, and ſo cierkely pend,
So long withal: that when ſome did attend
His death ſo young: they ſaw that long before
The ſhroude was ſhaped, then babe to dye was bore.
So wonteth God to blinde the worldly wiſe,
That not to ſee, that al the world eſpies.

One hearing it cried out. A goodly caſt,
And wel contriued, fowle caſt away for haſt.
Whereto another gan in ſcoffe replie,
Firſt pend it was by enſpiring prophecie.
So can God reape by ſecret miſchiefes wrought,
To the confuſion of the workers thought.
My Lords, the tub, that dround the Clarence Duke,
Dround not his death, nor yet his deathes rebuke.

Your politique ſecretes gard with truſty loyalty.
So ſhal they lurke in moſt aſſured ſecretie.
By Haſtinges death, and after fame ye learne,
The earth for murther cryeth out vengeance ſterne.
Fye from his faultes, and ſpare to hurt his fame.
The eager hounde forbeare their ſlayne game.
Dead, dead, auaunt Curres for the conquered chaſe.
Al mought he liue who loueth the dead to race.

Thus liued this Lorde, thus died he, thus he ſlept.
Wids forward race when firſt to reſt he ſtept,
Enuious death that bouncet h aſwel with mace
At Keyſars courtes, as at the pooreſt gates:

The Lord Hastings.

When Nature seemde to slow by this sloape meane,
Conueighed him sooner to his liues extreame.
Happie in preuenting woes that after happd,
And slomber sweete his liuing lights he lappd.

Whose hastye death, if it do anye greeue:
Know hee, he lyued to dye, and dyed to lyue.
Untimelye neuer comes the liues last mette.
In cradle death may rightly clayme his det.
Straight after birth due is the fatal beere.
By deathes permission the aged linger here.
Euen in the swathebandes out commission goeth
To loose thy breath, that yet but younglye bloweth.

Happy, thrise happie, who so looseth his breath,
That like he gayneth by his godly death.
As Hastinges here. Whom time and truth agree,
To engraue by fame in strong eternitie.
Who spareth not speaking, with daunger of his bloud;
Yet loe this noble Lord did thinke it good
To cleare the innocent not to spare to speake,
Although his shoulders with his bloud should reake.

Worthy to liue, who lined not for himselfe
But prised his fame more then this worldly pelfe.
Whose name and line, if any yet preserue,
We wish they like like honour to deserue.
Whether thou seeke by martiall prowesse prayse,
Or Pallas pollicy high thy name to raise,
Or trusty seruice honour to attaine:
Hastinges foreled. Tracke here his bloudy traine.

FINIS. Maister D.

When I had read this, one sayd the admonition geuen in the history was profitable for the auoyding of the vices conteyned in ỳ sayde histozie, and for the imitating of the vertues in the same mentioned and commended. Then sayd the reader: The next here whome I fynde miserable, are king Edwardes two sonnes, cruelly murdred in the Towet of London: Haue you theyr tragedy? No surely (saide I) The Lord Vaulx vndertoke to penne it, but what hee hath done therein I am not certayne, & therfoze I let it passe, til I knowe further.

I haue heare the Duke of Buckingham, kinge Richards chiefe instrument, written by maister Thomas Sackuile. Reade it we praye you, sayde they: with a good wil (quoth I) But first you shal heare his preface oz induction. Hath hee made a preface (saide one) what meaneth he therby, seing none other hath vsed the like ozder? I wil tel you the cause thereof (saide I) which is this: After that hee vnderstoode that some of the counsail would not suffer the booke to be printed in suche ozder as we had agreed and determined, he purposed to haue gotten at my hands, all the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckinghams, which he would haue preserued in one volume. And from ỳ time backwarde euen to the time of William the Conquerour, hee determined to continue and perfecte all the storye

himselfe, in such order as Lydgate (following Bochas) had already vsed. And therefore to make a meete Induction into the matter, hee deuised this poesie: which in my iudgement is so well penned, that I woulde not haue anye Verse thereof, left out of our volume. Nowe that you knowe the cause and meaning of his doing, you shall heare also what hee hath done

His Induction beginneth thus.

THE INDVCTION,

The wrathful winter proching on apace,
With blustring blastes had al ybard the treen,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face,
With chilling cold doo pearst the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladsome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne and euery tree downe blowne.

The soyle that earst so seemely was to seene
Was al despoyled of her beauties hewe:
And foote fresh flowers (wherewith the Somers queene
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe blewe.
And smal foules flocking in their songes did rue
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing dismaid
In wofull wise bewayld the Somer paid.

Haw-

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyuerye,
The naked twigs were shiuering all for cold:
And dropping downe the teares abundauntly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
My selfe within for I was gotten out
Into the fieldes whereas I walkt about.

When lo the night with misty mantles spred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bloudy Mars, to wil him not to rise,
While she her selfe approacht in speedy wise:
And Virgo hyding her disdainful brest
With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bow prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,
Downe slyd into the Occean flud apart,
The Beare that in the Irish seas had dipt
His grisly feete, with speede from thence he whipt:
For Thetis hasting from the Virgins bed.
Pursued the Beare, that ere she came was fled.

And Phaëton now nere reaching to his race
With glistring beames, gold streaming where they bent,
Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Erithius that in the cart first went
Had euen nowe attaind his iourneis stent.
And fast declining hid away his head,
While Titan coucht him in his purple bed.

And

And pale Cinthea with her borowed light
Beginning to supplie her brothers place,
Was past the Noone steede sixe degrees in sight
When sparkling starres amid the heauens face
With twinckling light shone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights chare,
The darke had dimde the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the Sommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the lusty leafe forlorne,
The sturdye trees so shattred with the showers,
The fieldes so fade that florisht so before,
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last,
The Sommers beautie yeldes to winters blast.

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights stars thicke powdred euery where,
Which earst so glistred with the golden streames
That chearful Phœbus spred downe from his Sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare:
The sodaine sight reduced to my minde,
The sundrie chaunges that in earth we finde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster then we see
The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My busie minde presented vnto mee
Such fal of Peeres as in the realme had be:
That oft I wisht some would their woes describe,
To warne the rest whom Fortune left aliue.

And

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In blacke al clad there fel before my face
A piteous wight, whom wo had al forewast,
Forth on her eyes the christal teares forth brast,
And sighing sore her handes she wrong and fold,
Tare al her haire, that ruth was to behold.

Her body smal forewithred and forespent,
As is the stalke that Sommers drought opprest,
Her wealked face with wofull teares besprent,
Her colour pale, (as it seemed best)
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streames a flote,
Where with her lookes throwne vp ful piteously,
Her forcelesse handes together oft she smote,
With doleful shrikes, that ecked in the skie:
Whose plaint such sighes did strait accompanie,
That in my doome was neuer man did se
A wight but halfe so wo begone as shee.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight,
Twene dread and dolour so distreinde in hart,
That while my heares vpstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamde for sorow of her smart:
But when I saw no ende that could appart
The deadly dewle, which she so sore did make,
With doleful voyce then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap

Unwrap thy woes what euer wight thou bee
And start in time to spil thy selfe with plaint,
Tel what thou art, and whence: for wel I see
Thou canst not dure with sorow thus attaint.
And with that word of sorow al forfaint
She loooked vp, and prostrate as she lay
With piteous sound to thus she gan to say.

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seest distreined
With wasting woes, that neuer shal aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endlesse tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernal lake:
Where Pluto God of Hel so grisly blacke
Doth hold his throne, and Lætheus deadly taste
Doth rieue remembraunce of ech thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the very destenie
And luckelesse lot for to bemoane al those
Whom Fortune in this maze of miserie
Of wretched chaunce most wofull myrrours chose
That thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pompe, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou maiest sone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whose rufull voice no soner had outbrayed
Those woful wordes, wherewith she sorowed so,
But out alas she shrikt and neuer stayed,
Fel downe, and all to dasht her selfe for wo.
The cold pale dread my limbs gan ouer goe,
And I so sorowed at her sorowes eke,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reke.

I stretcht

I stretcht my selfe, and strait my hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer striues
When sickenesse seekes his castle health to skale:
With gathred spirites so forst I feare to auale.
And rearing her with anguish al foredone,
My spirites returnde, and then I thus begone.

O Sorow alas sith sorow is thy name,
And that to thee this dreere doth wel pertaine.
In vayne it were to seeke to cease the same:
But as a man himselfe with sorow slaine,
So I alas do comfort thee in payne,
That here in sorow art forsonche so viepe
That at thy sight I can but sighe and weepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike
But that the stormе so rumbled in her breast,
As Eölus could neuer roare the like.
And showers downe rayned from her eyes so fast.
That al bedreint the place, til at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde.
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormie winde.

Forth forth she paced in her fearefull tale:
Come, come, (quoth shee) and see what I shall showe,
Come beare the playning and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortune ouerthrow.
Come thou and see them rewing al in rowe.
They were but shades that earst in mynde thou rolld.
Come, come with me, thyne eyes shal them behold.

What could these wordes but make me more agast:
To heare her tel whereon I musde while ere,
So was I mazde therewith: til at the last,
Musing vpon her wordes, and what they were,
Al sodenlye wel lessened was my feare:
For to my minde retourned how she teld
Both what she was, and where her won she held.

Whereby I knew that shee a Goddesse was,
And therewithal resorted to my minde
My thought, that late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes, to seely men assinde:
And how she now bid me come and beholde
To see with eye that earst in thought I solde.

Flat downe I fel, and with al reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that shee
A Goddesse sent by godlye prouidence,
In earthly shape thus showd her selfe to me,
To waple and rue this worlds certaintye:
And while I honourd thus her Godheads might,
With playning voyce these wordes to me she shright

I shal the guide first to the griefsye lake,
And thence vnto the blisful place of rest,
Where thou shalt see and heare ꝑ plaint they make.
That whilom here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the vnrest
That thou must byde before thou canst attaine
Vnto the dreadful place where these remaine.

And with

And with these wordes as I vpraysed stode,
And gan to kolow her, that straight forth passe,
Ere I was ware, into a desert woode
We now were come: where hand in hand embrasse,
She led the way, and through the thicke so trasse,
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
We passed on with steps and pace vnmeete:
A rumbling roare confusde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, shoke al the ground vnder our feete,
And stroke the din within our eares so deepe,
As haise distraught vnto the ground I fel,
Besought returne, and not to visite Hel.

But she forthwith vplifting me a pace
Removed my dread, and with a stedfast mynde
Bid me come on, for here now was the place,
The place where we our trauaile end should finde.
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assinde
Astoinde I stalke, when straight we approached nere
The dreadful place, that you wil dread to here.

An hideous hole al balde, withouten shape,
Of endelesse depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and grieslye iawes both gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred wee, and peding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auern:

A dead-

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish grows,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps ẏ lies,
Which vp in thayre such stinking vapors throwes
That ouer there, may flie no foule but dyes,
Choakt with the pestlent sauours that arise.
Hyther we come, whence foorth we stil did pace,
In dreadful feare amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and lawes of Hel
Sate diepe Remorse of conscience, al besprent
With teares: And to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednesse, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sighe: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtful care, as she that al in vayne
Would weare and wast continually in paine.

Her eyes vnstedfast rolling here and there,
Whurld on ech place, as place ẏ vengeance brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Tossed and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:
With dreadful cheare and lookes throwne to ẏ skie
Wishing for death, and yet she could not dye.

Next saw we Dread al trembling how she shooke,
With foote vncertaine prokered here and there,
Benumbd of speach, and with a gastly looke
Searcht euery place al pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
Stopnd and amazde at his owne shade for dread,
And fearing greater daungers then was neede.

Ans

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnashinge her teeth for ire,
Deuisinge meanes how shee may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire:
But frets within so farforth with the fier
Of wreakinge flames, that now determine shee,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to bee.

When fell Reuenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had showd her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling Limmes wee softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight wee met:
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet
Rewing alas vpon the wofull plight
Of Misery, that next appeard in sight.

His face was leaue, and somedeale pyned away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his Carkas rayment had he none
Saue Clouts, and Patches peeced one by one.
With staffe in hand, and Scrip on shoulder cast,
His chiefe defence against the Winters blast.

His foode for most, was wild fruictes of the Tree,
Vnlesse sometime some Crumes fel to his share:
Which in his Mallet longe God wot kept hee,
As on the which full daynteily would fare
His drincke the running streame: his Cup, the bare
Of his Palme clos'de, his Bed, the hard cold ground.
To this Poore life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when wee had well beheld
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace wee held.
And by and by, another shape apperes
Of greedy care, still brushinge vp the breres,
His Knuckles knobbe, his Flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned Skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begon
To spreade his light euen peepinge in our eyes,
When he is vp, and to his worke yron,
But let the nights blacke misty Mantles rise,
And with foule darke neuer so much disguise
The Fayre bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candels to prolonge his toyle.

By him lay heauy sleepe the Cosin of death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very Corps, saue yealdinge forth a breath,
Small kepe take he whom Fortune frowned on
Or whom she lifted vp into the Trone
Of high renowne, but as a lyuinge death,
So dead aliue, of life bee drew the breath.

The bodies rest, the quiet of the heart,
The trauayles ease, the still nights feare was hee,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of right, and yet in whom wee see
Things oft that tyde, and oft that neuer bee.
Without respect esteeminge equally
Kinge Cresus pompe, and Irus Pouerty.

And next

And next in order sad Olde age wee founde
His Beard all hoare, his eyes hollow, and blind.
With droupinge cheare still poringe on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assind
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwind
His vitall thred, and ended with their Knife
The fleetinge course of fast declyninge lyfe.

There heard wee him with broke, and hollow playnt
Rewe with himselfe his ende approchinge fast,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment.
With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And fresh delightes of lusty youth forewaste.
Recountinge which, how would hee sob and shrike:
And to be yonge agayne of Ioue beseeke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed bee
That time forepast cannot retourne agayne,
This one request of Ioue yet prayed hee:
That in such withred plight, and wretched payne,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsome traine)
Had brought on him, all were it woe, and griefe.
Hee might a while yet linger forth his lief.

And not so soone descend into the pit:
Where death, when hee the mortall corps hath slayne,
With retchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,
Thereafter neuer to enioy agayne
The gladsome light, but in the ground plaine,
In depth of darknesse wast, and weare to nought,
As he had neuer into the world bin brought.

But who had seene him sobbinge, how he stoode
Unto himselfe, and how he would bemone
His youth forepast, as thought it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would haue mused, and maruayled much whereon
This wretched age should life desire so fayne,
And knowes full well life doth but lengthe his payne.

Crokebackt hee was, toothshaken, and blere Eyed,
Went on three feete, and somtime crept on foure,
With olde lame Bones, that ratled by his syde,
His scalpe all pild, and he with eld forlore:
His withred fist still knockinge at deathes doore,
Fumblinge, and driuelinge as hee drawes his breath,
For briefe the shape, and Messenger of death.

And fast by him pale malady was plaste,
Sore sicke in Bed, her coulour all foregone,
Bereft of Stomacke, Sauour, and of Taste.
Ne could she Brooke no meate but Broths alone,
Her Breath corrupt, her Keepers euery one
Abhorringe her, her Sicknesse past recure,
Detestinge Phisicke, and all Phisicks Cure.

But oh the dolefull sight that than wee see,
Wee tourn'de our look, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought wee see,
With greedy lookes, and gapinge mouth that cryed,
And roarde for meate, as she should there haue dyed,
Her body thinne, and bare as any Bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that

And that alas was gnawen on euery where,
All full of Holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares to see how shee her armes could teare
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne:
When all for nought shee vayne would so sustayne
Her starued Corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whom Stonewall could not stay,
Her tearinge nayles snatchinge at all shee sawe:
With gapinge Jawes that by ne meanes ymay
Bee satisfyed from hunger of her Mawe,
But eates herselfe as shee that hath no Lawe:
Gnawinge alas her Carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eth Sinow, Bone, and Vaine.

On her while wee thus firmely fixt our Eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dyery sight,
Loe! sodainly shee shright in so huge wise,
As made Hell gates to shiuer with the might.
Wherewith a Dart wee sawe how it did light.
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale death
Enthrillinge it to reue her of her breath.

And by and by a dumme dead Corps wee sawe,
Heauy and cold, the shape of death a right,
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Agaynst whose Force in vayne it is to fight
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no Mortall Wight,
No Townes, ne Realmes, Cities, ne strongest Tower,
But all perforce must yelde vnto his Power.

His dart anon out of his corps he toke,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumphe eftsones the same he shoke,
That most of al my feares affrayed mee:
His body dight with nought but Bones perdye
The naked shape of man there sawe I plaine,
All saue the Flesh, the Sinow, and the Vayne.

Lastly stoode Warre in glitteringe armes pclad.
Wyth Vysage grim, Sterne lookes, and Blackly hewed
In his right Hand a naked Sword hee had,
That to the Hilts was all with blood embrued:
And in his left (that Kinge, and Kingdomes rewed)
Famine, and Fyer hee beide, and therewithall
Hee razed Townes, and threw downe Towers, and all.

Cities hee Sackt, and Realmes that whilome flowred,
In Honour, Glory, and rule aboue the best,
Hee ouerwhelm'de, and all their Fame deuoured,
Consum'de, destroy'de, wasted, and neuer ceast,
Till hee their wealth, their name and all oppriest.
His Face forehewed with Wounnes, and by his syde,
There hunge his Targe with gashes deepe, and wide.

In mids of which, depaynted there wee founde
Deadly debate, all full of fraky feare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybounde,
Outbreathinge nought but discord euery where.
And round about were portrayde here and there
The hugy Hoastes, Darius and his power,
His Kinges, Princes, his Peeres, and and all his flower.

Whom

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
With deepe slaughter, despoylinge all his pride,
Pearst through his Realmes, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Cannas fielde, victor how hee did ride,
And wofull Romaynes that in payne withstoode
And Consull Paulvs couered all in bloode.

Yet sawe I more the fight at Trasimene
And Treberie fielde, and eke whan Hanniball
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seene
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The Worlds Empyre, to whom it should befall.
There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in Arms,
Their hoasts allyed, and all their ciuill harms.

With Conquerers handes forbathde in their owne bloud,
And Cæsar weepinge ouer Pompeis head.
Yet saw I Scilla, and Marius where they stoode,
Their great cruelty, and the deepe bloudshed
Of freendes: Cyrus I sawe, and his hoast dead,
And how the Queene with great despight hath flonge
His head in bloude of them shee ouercome.

Xerxes the Percian Kinge yet sawe I there
With his huge hoast that dranke the Riuers dry,
Dismounted Hilles, and made the Vales ryse,
His hoast, and all yet sawe I slayne perdye.
Thebes I sawe all razde how it did lye
In heapes of Stones, and Tyrus put to Spoyle.
With Walles, and Towers flat Euened with the Soyle.

But Troy alas (mee thought) aboue the all,
It made myne eyes in very teares consume:
When I behelde the woefull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
And Ioues vnmoued sentence and foredoome
On Priam Kinge, and on his towne so bent.
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith destenye was so sterne
As force perforce, there might no force auayle,
But shee must fall: and by her fall wee learne,
That Cities, Towers, Wealth, World, and all shall quayle.
No Manhoode, Might, nor nothinge mought preuayle,
All were there Preest, full many a Prince, and Peere
And many a Knight that solde his death full deere.

Nor worthy Hector worthiest of them all,
Her Hope, her Ioy, his Force is now for naught.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The bugy Horse within thy Wales is brought:
Thy Turrets fall, thy Knights that whilome fought
In Armes amid the Field, are slayne in Bed,
Thy Gods defilde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vprising, and cruelly they creepe
From Wall to Roofe, till all to Cinders waste,
Some fire the Houses where the Wretches sleepe,
Some rush in beere, some run in there as fast.
In euery where, or Sworde, or Fyre they caste.
The Wales are torne, the Towers whurld to the ground,
There is no mischiefe, but may there bee found.

Cassandra

Cassandra yet there sawe I how they haled
From Pallas House, with sparcled tresse vndone,
Her Wrists fast bound, and with Greeks Rout empaled:
And Priam eke in vayne how hee did ronne
To Armis, whom Pyrrhus with dispight hath done
To cruell Death, and Bath'de him in the Bayne
Of his Sonnes bloud before the Aulter layne.

But how can I describe the dolefull sight,
That in the shield so liuely layde did shyne?
Sith in this world I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fine.
I can no more but tel how there is seene
Faire Ilium fall, in burninge red gleedes downe,
And from the sople great Troy Neptunus Towne.

Herefrom when scarce I could my eyes withdrawe
That filde with teares as doth the springinge Well,
Wee passed on so farre forth till wee sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome Lake to tell
That Boyles and Bubs vp swelth as blacke as Hell.
Where grisly Charon at their fixed tyde
Still ferries Ghosts vnto the farder side.

The aged God no sooner Sorrow spied,
But hasting strait vnto the banke apace
With hollow call vnto the Rout hee cried,
To swarue apart and giue the Goddesse place,
Strait it was done, when to the shoare we pace,
Where hand in hand as we than linked fast,
Within the Boote wee are together plaste.

And

And forth wee launch, full Fraught to the Brincke,
When with the vnwonted waight, the rusty Keele
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.
Wee hoyse vp Mast and Sayle, that in a while
Wee fet the shore, were scarcely wee had while
For to arriue, but that wee heard anone
A three sound barke confounded all in one.

Wee had not longe forth past, but that wee sawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hideous Hound of Hell,
With Bristles reard, and with a three mouthed Jawe,
Foredinninge the Ayre with his horrible yelle.
Out of the deepe darke Caue where hee did dwell,
The Goddesse straite her knewe, and by and by
Hee peast, and couched, whilst that wee passed by.

Thence come wee to the horrour, and the Hell,
The large great Kingdomes, and the dreadfull raygne
Of Pluto in his Trone where hee did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugy Playne:
The Waylinges, shrikes, and sundry sortes of payne,
The Sighes, the Sobs, the deepe, and deadly groane,
Earth, Ayre, and all resoundinge playnt, and moane.

Here pewed the Babes, and heere the Maydes Unwed
With folded hands their sory chaunce bewayl'd,
Here wept the guiltlesse slayne, and Louers dead,
That slew themselues when nothinge els auayl'd,
A thousand sortes of Sorrowes here that wayl'd
With Sighes, and Teares, Sobs, Shrikes, and all ytere,
That (oh alas) it was a Hell to heare.

Wee

Wee ſtayed vs ſtraight, and wyth a rufull feare,
Beholde this heauy ſight, while from mine eyes,
The vapored teares downe ſtilled here, and there,
And Sorrow eke in farre more wofull wiſe.
Tooke on with plaine, vpbraidinge to the Skies,
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the Rout
Gan all in heapes to ſwarme vs roundе about.

Loe! here (quoth Sorrowe) Princes of Renowne,
That whilom late on top of Fortunes wheele
Nowe layde full low, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne that ſtayed but with a ſmile,
And nowe beholde the thinge that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now ſhalt heare
Recompt the ſame to Kezar, Kinge, and Peere.

Then firſt came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His Cloake al blacke, al pilde, and quite forworne,
Wringinge his handes, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her ſcorne,
With gaſtly lookes as one in maner lorne,
Oft ſpred his Armes, ſtretcht hands hee ioynes as faſt,
Wyth rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcaſt.

His Cloake hee rent, his manly breaſt hee beat,
His beare all Torne about the place it lay,
My heart ſo molte to ſee his greefe ſo great,
As feelingly mee thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurle about withouten ſtaye,
With ſtormy Sighes the place dis ſo complayne,
As if his heart at eche had burſt in twayne.

Thzise

Thyse bee begau to tell his dolefull Tale,
And thyse the Sighes did swallow vp his Voyce,
At eeh of which bee shyked so withall
As though the Heauens rlaed with the noyse:
Till at the last recoueringe his Voyce,
Suppinge the teares that all his byest berayude
On cruell Foztune weepinge thus bee playude.

FINIS.

The Complaynt of Henry Duke of Buckingham.

Who trusts to mutch to honours bigbest throne
And warely watch not slye Dame Foztunes snare:
Oz who in court will beare the swinge alone,
And wisely weigh not how to wield the care,
Beholde bee mee, and by my death beware:
Whom flatteringe Foztune falsely so begil'de
That lo! shee slewe, where erst full smoth shee smyl'de.

And Sackuile sith in purpose now thou hast
The wofull fall of Pzinces to descriue,
Whom Foztune both vplift and eke downe cast,
To shewe thereby the vnsuerty in this life,
Marke well my fall, which I shall shew beline.
And paintre forth that all Estates may knowe:
Haue they the warninge, and bemine the woe,

Foz

For Noble bloud made mee both Prince, and Peere
Yea Pearles too, had season purchast place,
And God with gifts endowed mee largely heare.
But what auayles his gifts where fayles his grace?
My Mothers sire Sprong of a Kingly Race
And cald was Edmond Duke of Somerset,
Bereft of lyfe ere time by nature set.

Whose faythfull heart to Henry first so wrought
That neuer bee him in weale, or woe forsooke,
Till lastly bee at Tewkesbury field was cought
Where with an Axe his violent death hee tooke:
Hee neuer could Kinge Edwards party brooke,
Till by his death hee vought that Quarrell good,
In which his Sire, and Graundsire spilt their bloud.

And such was erst my Fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle by name that Humfrey hight
Who euer Prest did Henryes part Auaunce,
And neuer ceast till at Saynct Albones fight
Hee lost his lyfe, as than did many a Knight:
Where eke my Graundsire, Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded sore, and hardly scapt vntane.

But what may boote to stay the Sisters three?
When Atropos perforce will cut the Threed:
The dolefull day was come when you might see
Northampton Field, with Armed men Dispred,
Where Fate would algates haue my Graundsire dead:
So rushinge forth amids the fiercest fight,
Hee lived, and died there in his Maisters right.

An place

In place of whom as it befell my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in straiteway,
Enioyinge there but wofully God wot,
As hee that had a slender part to play:
To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge or lengthe our age
So passe wee all while others fill the stage.

For of my selfe the verye fate to plaine,
I was sometime a Prince withouten peere,
When Edward fifte began his rufull raygne,
Anone, than I began that hatefull peare,
To compasse that which I have bought so deare:
I bare the swinge, I and that wretched wight,
The Duke of Glocester that Richard hight.

For when the fates had reft that Royall Prince
Edward the fourth, chiefe mirrour of that name,
The Duke, and I fast foynes euer since,
In kaytifull loue, our secret drifte to frame:
What hee thought best, to mee so seem'de the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspire,
As to fulfill that greedy Dukes desire.

Whose restlesse minde sore thirstinge after rule,
When that hee sawe his nephewes both to bene
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their Mothers Kin,
There sought hee first his mischiefe to begin,
To plucke from them their Mothers frends assinde,
For well he wist they would withstand his myndе.

To follow

To follow which hee ran so headlonge swift,
Wyth eigre thirst of his desired draught,
To seeke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
Of whom the chiefe the Queenes allies he thought,
That bent thereto with mounts of mischiefe fraught
Hee knew their lives would be so soze his let,
That in their deaths his onely help hee set.

And I most cursed caitife that I was,
Seeinge the state vnstedfast howe it stoode,
His chiefe complice to bringe the same to passe,
Unhappy wretch consented to their blood:
Yea Kinges, and Peeres that swim in worldly good,
In seekinge blood the ende aduert you playne,
And see it blood ey aske not blood agayne.

Consider Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makelesse Prince in ritches, and in might,
And weigh in minde the bloudy deedes hee wrought,
In sheadinge which hee set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
Hee whose huge power no man might ouerthrowe,
Tomyris Queene with great dispite hath slowe.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe shee cast into a vessell fraught
Wyth clottred blood of them that felt her force.
And with these words a iust reward she taught:
Drinke now thy fill of thy desired draught.
Loe! Marke the fine that did this Prince befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Beholde

Beholde Cambises, and his Fatall day,
Where murders mischiefe mirrour like is left:
While hee his Brother Mergus cast to slay,
A dreadfull thinge his wits were him bereft,
A Sword hee caught where with hee pearced eft
His body gored, which he of lyke benooms:
So iust is God in all his dredfull dooms.

O bloudy Brutus rightly didst thou rewe,
And thou Cassius iustly came thy fall,
That with the Sword where with thou Cæsar slewe
Murdrest thy selfe, and reft thy life withall.
A mirrour let him be vnto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out Vengeaunce on your seede.

Loe! Bessius he that arm'de with murderers Knife,
And traytours heart against his royal King,
With bloudy hands bereft his maisters Lyfe,
Abuirt the fine his foule offence did bring:
And loathinge murder as most lothly thing
Beholde in him the iust deserued fall,
That euer hath, and shall betide them all.

What booted him his false vsurped raygne?
Whereto by murder he did so ascend?
When like a wretch led in an yron chayne
Hee was presented by his chiefest frend
Unto the Foes of him whom he had slayne:
That euen they should venge so fowle a gilt,
That rather sought to haue his bloud vspilt:

Take

Take heed ye Princes and ye prelates al
Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while
And not disclose, as it doth seeld befal,
Yet God that suffereth silence to beguile
Such giltes, wherewith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last diseries them to your foule deface,
You see theramples set before your face.

And deepely graue within your stony hartes,
The very dewle that mighty Macedo,
With teares vnfolded wrapt in deadly smartes,
When he the Death of Clitus sorowed so,
Whom earst he murdered with the deadly blow
Raught in his rage vpon his frend so deare,
For which behold to how his pangues appeare,

The launced speare he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple bloud spins in his face:
His heynous gilt when he returned found,
He throwes himselfe vpon the corps alas.
And in his armes how oft doth he embrace
His murdred frend: and kissing him in vayne,
Forth flowe the fluds of salt repentaunt rayne.

His frendes amazde at such a murder done,
In fearefull flockes begin to shrinke away.
And he thereat with heapes of griefe forgone.
Hateth him selfe, wishing his later day.
Now he likewise perreiued in like staye,
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others and himselfe dred.

The calles

Hee calles for death, and loathinge lenger life,
Bent to his Bane, refuseth kindely Foode:
And plung'de in depth of death, and dolours strife,
Had queld him selfe, had not his freendes withstoode.
Loe! he that thus hath shed the guiltlesse bloud,
Though hee were Kinge, and Kezar ouer all
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This Prince whose Peere was neuer vnder sunne
Whose glisteringe Fame the Earth did ouergipde,
Which with his power welnigh the Worlo had won,
His bloudy handes himselfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to haue died:
The worthy Prince deemed in his regarde,
That death for death could be but iust rewarde.

Yet wee that were so drowned in the depth
Of deepe desire to drinke the guiltlesse bloud,
Like to the Wolfe, with greedy lookes that lepth
Into the Snare, to feede on deadly Foode,
So wee delighted in the State wee stoode,
Blinded so farre in all our blinded Trayne
That blinde wee sawe not our destruction playne.

Wee spared none whose life could ought forlet
Our wicked purpose to his passe to come.
Fower worthy Kinghtes wee Headed at Pomfret
Guiltlesse (God wote) withouten lawe or dome.
My heart euen bleedes to tell you all and some,
And how Lord Hastings when hee feared leall,
Dispiteously was murdred, and oppress.

Thele

The ſe rocks vpraught, that threatned moſt our wrecke
Wee ſeem'de to ſayle much ſurer in the Streame:
And fortune faringe as ſhee were at becke
Lay'de in our lap the rule of all the Realme.
The Nephewes ſtrait depoſ'de were by the Same.
And wee auaunſt to that wee bought full deere,
Hee Crowned Kinge, and I his chiefeſt Peere.

Thus hauinge wonne our longe deſired Pray,
To make him Kinge that bee might make mee chiefe,
Downe throwe wee ſtrait his ſely Nephewes tway,
From Princes Pompe, to wofull Priſoners lyfe:
In hope that nowe ſtint was all furder ſtrife.
Sith hee was Kinge, and I chiefe ſtroke did beare.
Who ioyed but wee, yet who more cauſe to feare?

The guilteleſſe bloud which wee vniuſtly ſhed,
The Royall Babes deueſted from their Trons,
And wee like Trayteurs raigninge in their ſted,
Theſe heauy Burdens paſſed vs vpon,
Tormentinge vs ſo by our ſelues alone,
Watch like the Felon that purſued by night,
Starts at ech Buſh, as his Foe were in ſight.

Nowe doubtinge State, now dreadinge loſſe of lyfe,
In feare of wracke at euery blaſt of Winde,
Now ſtart in Dreames through dread of murthers knyfe,
As though euen then reuengement were aſſinde.
With reſtleſſe thought ſo is the guilty minde
Tormoyde, and neuer feeleth eaſe, or ſtay,
But liues in feare of that which followes aye.

Well gaue that Iudge his dome vpon the death
Of Titus Glelius that in Bed was slayne:
When curry wight the cruell murder leyth
To his two Sonnes that in his Chamber layne,
That Iudge that by the proofe perceiueth playne,
That they were founde fast sleepinge in their Bed,
Hath deem'de them guiltlesse of this bloud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in sutch outrage
Could so forthwith themselues to sleepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour, and the rage
Of sutch an haynous gilt, could neuer swage.
Nor neuer suffer them to sleepe, or rest;
Or dreadles breath one breath out of their brest.

So gnawes the greife of conscience euermore
And in the heart it is so deepely graue,
That they may neyther sleepe nor rest therefore,
Ne thinke one thought, but on the dread they haue.
Still to the death forrolled with the waue
Of restlesse woe, in terrour, and dispeire.
They leade a life continually in feare.

Lyke to the Deare that striken with the Dart,
With drawes himselfe into some secrete place,
And feelinge greene the wounde about his hart,
Startlesse with pangs till bee fall on the grasse,
And in great feare lies gaspinge there a space,
Forth brayinge Sighes as though eche pange had brought
The present death which bee doth dread so oft:

So wee

So wee diepe wounded with the bloudy thought,
And gnawing worme that grieued our consciens so,
Neuer tooke ease, but as our hart outbraught
The stayned sighes in witnesse of our woe,
Such restlesse cares our fault dio wel beknowe:
Wherewith of our deserued fal the feares
In euery place rang death within our eares.

And as il grayne is neuer wel ykept,
So fared it by vs within a while:
That which so long with such vnrest we reapt,
In dread and daunger by al wit and wyle,
Loe see the fyne, when once it felt the wheele
Of slipper fortune, stay it mought no stowne,
The wheele whurls vp, but strait it whurleth down.

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gainsay the thing that we auerde?
Will was wisedome, our lust for lawe dio stand,
In sort so straunge that who was not afeard
When de the sound but of king Richard heard?
So hateful wayt the hearing of his name
That you may deeme the residue of the same.

But what auaild the terrour and the feare,
Wherewith he kept his lieges vnder awe?
It rather wan him hatred euery where.
And fayned faces forst by feare of lawe:
That but while Fortune doth wich fauour blawe
Flatter through feare: for in their harte lurkes ape
A secrete hate that hopeth for a rape.

Recorveth Dionysius the Kynge,
That with his Rigour so his Realme oppress,
As that he thought by cruel feare to bringe
His Subiects vnder, as him liked best:
But loe! the dread wherewith himselfe was stress,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most myrrour like in this proude Prince appeare.

All were his Head with Crowne of Golde yspread,
And in his Hand the Royall Scepter set:
And hee with Princely Purple richly clad,
Yet was his heart with wretched cares orefret:
And inwardly with deadly feare beset,
Of those whom hee by Rigour kept in awe,
And sore oppress with might of Tyrants Lawe.

Agaynst whose feare, no heapes of Golde, and glie,
No strength of garo, nor all his hired power,
Ne proude high Towers that preaced to the Skie,
His cruell heart of safty could assure:
But dreadinge them whom hee should deeme most sure,
Himselfe his Beard with burninge Brand would reare,
Of death deseru'de so vexed him the feare.

This might suffise to represent the fine
Of Tyrants force, their feares, and their vnrest,
But beare this one, although my heart repine
To let the sound once sincke within my brest:
Of fell Phereus, that aboue the rest,
Such lothsome cruelty on his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some

Some bee encaled in the Coates of Bears,
Amonge Wilde beasts devoored so to bee:
And some for Pray vnto the Hunters Speares,
Like Sauage Beasts withouten ruth to dye.
Sometime to encrease his horrible cruelty,
The quicke with face to face engraued bee,
Eeh others death that eeh mought liuiage see.

Loe! what more cruell horrour mought bee found,
To purchase feare, if feare could stay his rayne?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him to feare the like agayne.
And so he did full oft, and not in vayne:
And in his life his cares could witnesse well:
But most of all his wretched end doth tell.

His owne deare Wyfe whom as his life bee loued,
Hee durst not trust, nor proch vnto her Bed,
But causinge first his Place with naked Sworde
To go before, himselfe with trembling dread
Strayt followeth fast, and whurlinge in his head
His rollinge eyen, bee searcheth heere, and there
The deepe daunger that hee so sore did feare.

For not in vayne it ran still in his Breast,
Some wretched hap should bale him to his ende.
And therefore alway by his pillow prest
Had hee a Sworde, and with that Sworde bee wende,
In vayne (God wote) all perils to defende.
For loe! his Wife forepyked of his Rayne,
Sleepinge in Bed this cruell Wretch hath Slayne.

What should I more now seeke to say in this
Or one iote larger linger foorth my Tale?
Wyth cruell Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domitian, and all
The cruell Rout? or of their wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name auert
All earthly powers beware of Tyrants heart.

And as our State endured but a throw,
So best in vs the stay of such a State
May best appeare to hange on ouer throw,
And better teach Tyrants deserued hate
Than any Tyrants death tofore, or late.
So cruell seem'de this Richard third to mee,
That loe! my selfe now loath'de his cruelitee.

For when alas, I saw'e the Tyraunt Ringe
Content not onely from his Nephues twayne
To riue Worlds blisse, but also at Worlds beinge,
Sauuce earthly guilt y-causinge both be stayne,
My hart agriek'de that such a wretch should raygne,
Whose bloudy brest so saluaged out of kinde,
That Phalaris had neuer so bloudy a minde.

Ne could I brooke h'm once within my breast,
But with the thought my Teeth would gnashe wal:
For tcough I earst were his by sworne behest,
Yet when I sawe mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So deepe in bloud to murther Prince, and all
Ay then thought I, alas, and weale away,
And to my selfe thus mourninge would I say.

If ney-

If neyther Loue, Kinred, ne knot of Bloude,
His owne allegeaunce to his Prince of due,
Nor yet the State of trust wherein hee stoode,
The Worlds defame, nor nought could forme him true
Those guiltlesse Babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reuiage them their life, and all?

Alas it could not moue him any iote,
Ne make him once, to rue or wet his eye,
Stird him no more than that that stirreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that wil not plye,
So was his hart made hard with crueltye,
To murther them, alas I weepe in thought,
To thincke on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

That now when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he would, compliſht and compaſt all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slay his Prince and all,
Then seemde he first to doubt and dread vs all,
And me in chiefe, whose death all meanes he might
He sought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes vpharbard in his brest
With enuious hart my honour to defame,
And knowing he that I which noted best
His wretched drifts, and all his wretched same,
If euer sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must needes abhorre him and his hateful race:
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which sodaine chaunge when I by secret chaunce
Had wel perceiued by proofe of enuious frowne,
And saw the lot that did me to aduaunce
Him to a king that sought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne:
Sith present choise lay cast before myne eye,
To worke his death, or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knight in field among his foes,
Beset with swordes, must slaye or there be slayne:
So I alas layd in a thousand woes,
Beholding death on euery syde so playne,
I rather chose by some slye secret traine
To worke his death, and I to liue thereby,
Than he to liue and I of force to dye.

With beauy choise so hastned me to choose,
That I in part agrieued at his disdaine,
In part to wreake the doleful death of those
Two tender Babes, his seely Nephues twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slayne,
With painted cheare humblye before his face,
Straight toke my leaue & rode to Brecknocke place

And there as close and couert as I might,
My purpose practise to his passe to bring,
In secret drifts I lingered day and night:
At how I might depose this cruel king,
That seemde to all so much a desperate thing,
As thereto trusting I emprise the same:
But too much trusting brought me to my bane.

For

For while I now had Fortune at my becke
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares alas least looking for a checke,
She mated me in tourning of a ball:
When least I feared, the nearest was my fall.
And when whole hoastes were prest to stroy my foen,
She chaunged her cheare, and left me post alone.

I had prayside a mighty band of men,
And marched fourth in order of arrop,
Leading my power amid the forest Dene,
Against the eyraunt banner to displaye:
But lo my Souldiers cowardly shranke awaye,
For such is Fortune when she list to frowne,
Who seemes most sure, him soonest whurls she down

O let no Prince put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in faith of giddie peoples minde,
But let al noble men take heede by mee,
That by the prooke to wel the payne do fynde:
Lo, where is truth or trust: or what could binde
The vayne people, but they wil swerue and swaye,
As chaunce bringes chaunge, to driue & draw ỳ way.

Rome thou that once advaunced up so hye,
Thy stay, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast now throwne him to depth of miserie,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence.
Ne compteſt it not an horrible offence,
To reeuen him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Behold

Behold Camillus, he that earſt reuiued
The ſtate of Rome, that ypinge he did fynde,
Of his owne ſtate is now alas depriued,
Banisht by them whom he did thus defende:
That cruel folke vnthankeful and vnkinde,
Declared wel their falſe inconſtancie,
And fortune eke her mutabilitie.

And thou Scipio, a mirrour maieſt thou be
To al nobles, that they learne not to late,
How they once truſt the vnſtable commontie.
That thou recureſt the torne diſmembred ſtate,
Euen when the conqueror was at the gate,
Art now exiloe, as though thou not deſerued
To reſt in her, whom thou haſt ſo preſerued.

Ingrateful Rome haſt ſhewed thy crueltie,
Vn him, by whom thou liueſt yet in fame.
But not thy deede, nor his deſert ſhal dye,
But his owne woordes ſhal witneſſe aye the ſame:
For lo his graue doth thee moſt inſtlye blame.
And with diſdaine in Marble ſayes to thee:
Vnkinde countrey my bones ſhalt thou not ſee.

What more vnworthye than this his exile?
More iuſt than this the woful plaint he wrote?
Or who could ſhew a playner proofe the while,
Of moſt falſe faith, than they thus forgot
His great deſertes? that ſo deſerued not?
His cinders yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denied amongſt them for to dye.

Milciades

Melciades, O happy hadst thou bee,
And well rewarded of thy Country men,
If in the Field when thou hadst foyst to flye
By thy prowesse, three hundred thousand men,
Content they had bin to Exile thee then:
And not to cast thee into Prison so,
Laden with Gyues to ende thy life in woe.

Alas how hard, and Steely hearts had they
That not contented there to haue thee dye,
Wyth fettred Gyues in Prison where thou lay,
Increast so farre in hatefull Cruelty,
That burial to thy Corps, they eke denyd:
Ne will they graunt the same, till thy Sonne haue
Put on thy Gyues, to purchase thee a Graue.

Loe! Hanniball as longe as fixed fate,
And brittle Fortune had ordayned so,
Who euermore aduaunst his Countrey state
Then thou that liuedst for her, and for no moe?
But when the stormy Waues began to growe,
Without respect of thy deserts erewhile,
Art by thy Countrey throwen into Exile.

Unfrendly Fortune shall I thee now blame?
Or shall I fault the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou Ioue the causer of the same?
Or cruelty her selfe doth thee constrayne?
Or on whom els alas shall I complayne?
O trustlesse world I can accusen none,
But fickle fayth of Commonty alone.

The Poli-

The Polipus nor the Chamelion straunge,
That tourne themselues to euery hue they see
Are not so ful of vayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false vnstedfast commontie.
Loe I alas with mine aduersitie
Haue tried it true, for they are fled and gone
And of an hoast, there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought plaine
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares beweepen and complaine
My hateful hap, still looking to be slaine.
Wandring in woe, and to the Gods on hye
Cleaping for vengeaunce of this treachery.

And as the Turtle that hath lost her mate,
Whom griping sorow doth so sore attaint,
With doleful voyce and sound that she doth make
Mourning her losse filles al the groue with plaint,
So I alas forsaken and forfaint,
With restlesse foote the wood rome vp and downe,
Which of my dole al shiuering doth resowne.

And being thus alone and al forlake,
Amid the thick, forewandred in despaire,
As one dismaid ne wist what way to take,
Until at last gan to my minde repayre,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banastaer:
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour to his house I fled.

Who

Who beeing one whom erſt I had vp brought
Euen from his youth. and loued and liked beſt,
To gentry ſtate aduauncing him from nought,
And had in ſecret truſt aboue the reſt.
Of ſpecial truſt now beeing thus diſtreſt
Ful ſecretely to him I me conueyed
Not doubting there but I ſhould fynde ſome ayde.

But out alas on cruel trecherie,
When that this caytife once an inkling hard,
How that King Richard had proclaimde that hee
Which me deſcried ſhould haue for his reward
A thouſand poundes and farther be prefarde,
His truth ſo turnde to treaſon, al diſtaynde
That fayth quite fled, and I by truſt was traynde.

For by this wretch I beeing ſtrait betraied,
To one John Mitton ſhyriffe of Shropſhire then,
Al ſodenlye was taken and conueyed
To Saliſburie, with rout of barneſt men,
Unto King Richard there encamped then:
Fait by the cittie with a mighty hoaſt
Withouten dome where head and life I loſt:

And with theſe wordes as if the axe euen there
Diſmembred had his head and corps apart,
Dead fel he downe and wee in woful feare
Stoode mazed when he would to life reuert:
But deadly griefe ſtil grew about his hart,
That ſtil he lry, ſomtime reuiued with payne,
And with a ſighe becomming dead againe,

Mionight

Mydnight was come, when euery vital thing
With sweete sound sleepe their weary lims did rest,
The beastes were stil, the litle birdes that sing.
Now sweetely slept besides their mothers brest:
The old and al were shrouded in their nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, the fieldes, & al thinges held their peace

The golden starres were whirld amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinckling light,
When ech thing nestled in his resting place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the night:
The hare had not the greedy hounde in sight,
The fearful Deare of death stoode not in doubt,
The Partridge slept not of the Falcons foote.

The ougly Beare now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruel maistiues do him teare,
The stag lay stil vnpursued from the brake,
The fompe boze feared not the hunters speare:
Al thing was stil in desert bush and breare.
With quiet hart now from their trauailes rest.
Soundly they slept in midst of al their rest.

When Buckingham amid this plaint oppressed,
With surging sorowes and with pineing paines
In sort thus sowned, and with a sigh he ceast,
To tellen forth the treacherie and traines,
Of Banastar, which him so sore distreines.
That from a sigh he falles into a sound,
And from a sound lyeth raging on the ground.

So wyp-

So twitching were the panges that he assaied,
And he so sore with rufull rage distraught.
To thinke vpon the wretch that him betraied
Whom earst he made a Gentleman of nought
That more and more agreeued was his thought.
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the Bull chased with dartes,
And with deepe wounds sore galde and gored so,
Til he oppressed with the deadly smartes,
Fal in a rage and runne vpon his foe,
Let him I say behold the raging woe
Of Buckingham that in these gripes of griefe
Rageth gainst him that hath betraied his life.

With bloud red eyen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:
When loe my limbs were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stoode stil in dreadn ad doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gainst the ground himselfe plundge w̄ such force
As if the life forthwith should leaue the corps.

With smoake of sighes sowr time I might beholde
The place al dimde, like to the morning mist:
And straite againe the teares how they downe rolde
Alongste his cheekes, as if the riuers bist:
Whose flowinge streames ne were no sooner whist,
But to the starres such dreadful shoutes he sent,
As if the trone of mighty Ioue should rent,

And I the while with spites welny bereft,
Behold the plight and pangues that did him straine.
And how the blood his deadly colour left,
And straight returnd with flaming red againe:
When sodenlye amid his raging payne,
He gaue a sighe and with that sigh he saied,
Oh Panastar, and straight againe he staied.

Dead laye his corps as dead as any stone,
Til swelling sighes storming within his brest
Upraisde his head, that downeward fel anone,
With lookes vpcast, and sighes that neuer ceasst
Forth streamde the teares recordes of his vnrest,
When he with shrikes thus groueling on the ground
Vbraied these wordes with shril and doleful sound.

Heauen and earth and ye eternal lampes
That in the heauens wrapt, wil vs to rest,
Thou bright Phœbe, that clearest the nights damps
Witnesse the plaintes that in these panges oppresst
I woful wretch vnlade out of my breast.
And let me peeide my last wordes ere I part,
You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And thou Alecto feede mee with thy foode
Let fal thy serpentes from thy snakie hayre,
For such reliefe wel sittes mee in this moode,
To feede my plaint with horror and with feare,
While rage afresh thy venomde worme areare.
And thou Sibilla when thou seest me faint,
Aduise thy selfe the guide of my complaint.

And

And thou O Ioue, that with thy diepe kingdome
Doest rule the earth, and raigne aboue the skies,
That wreakest wronges, & geuest the dreadful dome
Against the wretch that doth thy name dispise,
Receiue these words and wreake them in such wise,
As heauen and earth may witnesse and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfolde.

Thou Banaster gainst thee I clepe and call
Unto the Gods, that they iust vengeaunce take
On thee, thy blood, thy stayned stocke and all:
O Ioue to thee aboue the rest I make
My humble plaint, guide me that what I speake,
May be thy wyl vpon thys wretch to fall,
On thee Banastar, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruel dismal day,
That gaue me light fyrst to behoulde thy face,
With fowle Eclipse had rest my sight away:
The vnhappie houre, the time, and eke the day:
The Sunne and Moone, the sterres, and al that was
In their aspectes helping in ought to thee,
The earth and ayre, and all accursed bee.

And thou caytife, that like a monster swarued,
From kinde and kindenesse, hast thy maister borne,
Whom neither truth, nor trust wherein thou serued,
Ne his desertes, could moue, nor thy fayth sworne,
How shall I curse, but wish that thou vnborne
Had bene, or that the earth had rent in twaye,
And swallowed thee in Cradle as thou laye.

To this did I euen from thy tender youth
With laue to bring the vp, did I therefore
Beleeue the oath of thy vndoubted troth?
Auaunce thee vp, and trust thee euermore?
By trusting thee that I should dye therfore?
O wretch, and worse than wretch, what shal I say?
But cleape and curse gainst thee and thine for aye.

Hated be thou, disdainde of euery wight,
And pointed at where euer that thou goe.
A trapterous wretch, vnworthy of the light,
Be thou esteemed: and to encrease thy woe,
The sound be hateful of thy name also:
And in this sort with shame and sharpe reproach,
Leade thou thy life til greater griefe approach.

Dole and dispayre, let those be thy delight,
With rapnie eien and sighes cannot be told,
And let no wight thy woe seeke to withhold:
But count thee worthy (wretch) of sorowes store,
That suffring much, oughtest stil to suffer more.

Deserue thou death, yea be thou deemde to dye
A shameful death, to end thy shameful life:
A sight longed for, ioyful to euery eye,
When thou shalt be arraigned as a thiefe,
Standing at Barre and pleading for thy life,
With trembling tongue in dread and dolours rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fourskore yeares of age.

Yet

Yet shal not death deliuer thee so sone
Out of thy woes, so happye shalt thou not bee:
But to the eternal Ioue this is my boone,
That thou maiest liue thine eldest sonne to see,
Reft of his wyts, and in a fowle Bores Skye
To end his dayes in rage and death distrest,
A worthy tombe where one of thine should rest.

Yet after this, yet pray I more thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sort to cloase his later daye,
As heard or seene erst hath not beene the like:
Ystrangled in a puddle not halfe so deepe
As halfe a foote, that such hard losse of lyfe,
So cruelly chaunst, may be the greater griefe.

And not yet shal thy huge sorowes ceasse,
Ioue shall not so withhold his wrath fro thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encrease,
Thou shalt stil liue that thou thy selfe shalt see
Thy deare daughter stroken with leprosye:
That shee that erst was al thy whole delight,
That now maist loathe to haue her come in sight.

And after that let shame and sorowes griefe
Feede forth thy yeares continuallye in woe,
That thou maist line in death, and dye in life,
And in this sort forewaild and wearied so,
At length thy ghost to part thy body fro:
This pray I Ione, and with this later breath,
Vengeaunce I aske vpon my cruel death.

This sayd he flong his restles armes abroade,
And groueling flat vpon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he al to gnasht and gnawde:
Deepe groanes he fet, as he that would away,
But loe in vayne he vid the death assaye:
Although I thinke was neuer man that knew,
Such deadly paynes, where death did not ensue.

So stroue he thus awhile as with the death,
Now pale as lead and told as any stone,
Now stil as calme, now stroming forth a breath.
Of smoakie sighes, as breath and al were gone:
But euery thing hath end: so he anone
Came to himselfe when with a sigh outbrayed,
With wofull cheare, these wofull wordes he sayd.

Ah, where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reft my wits? or how do I thus lye?
My limbs do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why sigh I so? or wherevnto do I
Thus grawle on the ground? and by and by
Vpraisde he stoode, and with a sighe hath staide,
When to himselfe returned thus he sayde.

Suffiseth now this plaint and this regreete,
Whereof my hart his bottome hath vnfraught:
And of my death let Peeres and princes weete
The worlds vntrust, that they therby be taught.
And in her wealth, sith that such chaunge is wrought,
Hope not too much, but in the midst of al
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So

So long as Fortune would permit the same,
I liued in rule and riches with the best:
And past my time in honour and in fame,
That of Mishap no feare was in my breast:
But false Fortune when I suspected least,
Did tourne the wheele, and with a doleful fall
Hath me bereft of honour life and all.

Loe what auayles in ryches flouds that flowes?
Though she so smylde as al the world were his?
Euen kinges and Kesars biden Fortunes throwes,
And simple sort must beare it as it is.
Take heede by me that blithde in baleful bittle:
My rule, my ryches, royal blood and al,
When Fortune frounde, the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,
Whose wretched state erst neuer fell no chaunge,
Agrieue them not in any part so much,
As their distresse to whom it is so straunge,
That al their liues nay passed pleasures raunge:
Their soden woe that aye wield wealth at will,
Algates their hartes more pearcinglye must thrill.

For of my byrth, my blood was of the best,
First borne an Earle, then Duke by due discent:
To swing the sway in Court among the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kinde courage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me did she most smyle?
And whom but me loe, did she most beguile?

Now hast thou hard the whole of my mishap
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of al my care:
In wealth and woe, how fortune old me wrap,
With world at will to winne me to her snare,
Bid kinges, bid Besars, bid al states beware,
And tel them this from mee that tryed it true.
Who reckelesse rules, right soone may hap to rue.

FINIS. T. S.

NOw like you this my maisters (quoth I) very wel sayd one: the tragedy excelleth: ỹ inuention also of the Induction, and ỹ descriptions, are notable. But whereas he fayneth to talke with the Princes in Hel, that I am sure wyl be misliked, because it is most certaine, that some of their soules be in heauen. And although he herein, do folowe allowed Poets, in their description of hel, yet it sauoreth so much of Purgatorie, whiche the Papistes haue digged thereout, that the ignoraunt may thereby bee deceiued. Not a whit I warrant you sayd one: for hee meaneth not by his hel ỹ place either of damned soules, or of suche as lye for their fees, but rather the graue, wherin ỹ dead bodies of al sortes of people do rest til time of the resurrectiō. And in this sence is Hell taken often in the Scriptures, and in the writinges of learned Christians, & so wold haue it taken. Tush (quoth another) what stand we hereupon: it is a Poesy and no deuinitye.

and.

and it is lawful for Poetes to fayne what they lyst so it be appertinent to the matter: And therfore let it passe euen in such sort as you haue read it. Wyth a good wil (quoth I) But whereas you say a Poet may fayne what he list: in dede me thinke it should be so, & ought to be wel taken of the hearers: But it hath not at al times bene so allowed: ye say troth quoth the Reader: For here foloweth in the storye that after the death of this Duke, one called Collingbourne, was cruelly put to death for makinge of a ryme. I haue his tragedie here (said I) For the better perceiuing whereof, you must imagin that you see him a meruelous wel fauoured man, holdinge in his hand his owne hart newlie tipped out of his breast, & smoaking out the lyuely spirite: & with his hand, beckning too and fro, as it were to warne vs to auoyd: and with his faynt tongue, & voyce saying as couragiously as he may these wordes that follow.

How Collingbourn was cruelly executed, for making a fooliſh Ryme.

BEware, take heede, take heede, beware, beware
You Poetes you, that purpose to rehearce
By any arte what tyrannes doinges are,
Erinnis rage is growen so fel and fearce
That vicious artes may not be toucht in verse,
The Muses freedome, graunted them of elde,
Is bard, lle reasons treasons hie are helde.

Be rough

Be rough in ryme, and then they say you raple,
As Iuuenal was, but that makes no matter:
With Ieremie you shalbe had to iaple,
Or foyst with Martial, Cæsars faultes to flatter,
Clarkes must be taught to clawe and not to clatter:
Free Hellicon, and francke Parnassus hylls,
Are hellye haunts, and rancke pernicious ills.

Touch couertlye in termes, and then you taunt
Though prayse Poetes, alway did the like,
Controll vs not, els traytour vile auaunt,
What passe we what the learned do mislike?
Our sinnes we see, wherein to swarme we seeke.
We passe not what the people say or thinke,
Their shittle hate maketh none but cowardes shrinke.

We know (say they) the course of Fortunes wheele,
How constantly it whirleth still about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele.
How al the ryders alway hang in doubt.
But what for that we count him but a loute
That sticks to mount, and baselye like a beast
Liues temperately for feare of Blockham feast.

Indeede we would of al bee deemed Gods
What euer we doe: and therfore partelye hate
Rude preachers that dare threaten vs plagues and rods,
And blase the blots whereby we staine our state:
But nought we passe what any such do prate.
Of course and office they must say their pleasure,
And wee of course must heare and mend at leysure.

But

But when these pelting Poetes in their rimes
Shal taunt, or iest, or paint our wicked workes,
And cause the people know and curse our crimes,
This ougly fault, no tyraunt lines but vrkes.
Wherfore we loath such taunters worse than Turkes,
Whose meaning is to make vs know our misse,
And so to mend, but they but doate in this.

We know our faultes as wel as any other,
We also doubt the daungers for them due.
Yet stil we trust so right to guyde the rother,
That scape we shal the sourges that ensue.
We thinke we know no shiftes than other knew.
In vaine therfore for vs are counsailes writ:
We know our faultes and wil not mend a whit.

These are the feates of the vnhappye sort,
That preace for honours, wealth, and pleasure vaine,
Ceasse therfore Baldwin, ceasse I thee exhort,
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gaine
Saue hate, with losse of paper, ynke and paine.
Few hate their faultes, al hate of them to heare
And fautlesse, from fault would seme most cleare.

Thy entent I know is honest, plaine, and good,
To warne the wise, to fray the fond fro ill:
But wicked worldlings are so wilde of wood.
That to the worst they all thinges construe stil.
With rigour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the wordes til time their sinowes burst,
In doubtful sences, straining stil the worst.

A painful

A painful proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through tyrauntes rage, and Fortunes cruel tourne:
They murdred me, for meetring thinges amisse.
For wotst thou what? I am that Collingbourne
Which made the ryme, whereof I wel may mourne.
The Cat, the Rat, and Louel our Dog,
Do rule al England vnder a Hog.

Whereof the meaning was so plaine and true,
That euery foole perceiued it at furst:
Most liked it, for most that most thinges knewe,
In bugger mugger, muttred what they durst.
The tyraunt prince of most was held accurst,
Both for his owne and for his counsels faultes,
Of whom was tyree the naughtiest of al naughts.

Catesbye was one whome I called a Cat,
A craftie lawyer catching all he could.
The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a Rat,
A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should.
Lord Louel barckt and byt whom Richard would,
Whom I therfore did rightly terme our Dog,
Wherewith to ryme, I cald the king a Hog.

Til he the crowne had caught he gaue the Boze,
In which estate would God he had deceased,
Then had the realme not ruined so soze.
His Nephues raigne should not so sone haue ceassed,
The noble blood had not bene so decreased.
His Rat, his Cat, and Bloudhound had not noyed
Such liegemen true, as after they destroyed.

Their

Their lawlesse actes, good subiectes did lament,
And so did I, and therfore made the rimes
To show my wit how wel I could inuent,
To warne withal the carelesse of their crimes,
I thought the freedome of the auncient times
Stoode stil in force. Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? Nay nay, Veritas est pessima rerum.

Belike no tyrauntes were in Horace dayes,
And therefore Poets freely blamed vice,
Vnlesse their Satyrs sharpe, and tragicke plaies,
With chiefest Princes chiefly had in price.
They name no man they mixe their gall with spice,
No more doe I. I name no man outright,
But riddle wise, I meane them as I might.

When brute had brought this to their guiltie eares,
Whose right surnames were noted in the ryme,
They al conspyred like most greedy beares,
To charge me straight with this most greuous crime:
And dampned me the Galow tree to clime,
And then strangled, in quarters to be cut,
Which shoud on high ouer London Gates be put.

This iudgement geeuen so vehement and sore
Made me exclaime against their tyrannye.
Wherewith encenst, to make my payne the more,
They practised a shameful bylanie:
They cut me downe aliue and cruelly,
Ript vp my paunch and bulke to make me smart,
And lingered long ere they tooke out my hart.

Here

Collingbourne.

Here tyraunt Richard plaied the eager Hog,
His grashing tuskes my tender gristles shore:
His bloudhound Louel playde the rauening Dog,
His wuluish teeth, my guiltlesse carkasse tore:
His Rat, and Cat, did what they might, and more,
Cat Catesby clawed my guts to make me smart,
The Rat Ratcliffe gnawed mee to the hart.

If Iewes had kild the iustest king aliue,
If Turkes had burnt vp Churches, Gods, and al,
What greater payne could cruel hartes contriue,
Than that I suffred, for this trespasse small?
I was no Prince nor Peer, but yet my fal
Is worthy to be thought vpon for this,
To see how cankard tyrantes mallice is.

To teach also al subiecte to take heede
They meddle not with magistrates affaires,
But pray to God to mend them if they neede:
To warne also al Poetes that be Strapers,
To keepe them close in compasse of their chayres,
And when they touch that they would wish amended,
To sauce them so, that sewe neede be offended.

And so to mixe their sharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pearce, not causing any paine,
Saue such as folowe the euerye kindely birth,
Requited straight, with gladnesse of the gayne.
A Poet must be pleasaune, not to plaine,
Faultes to control, ne yet to flatter vice
But sound and sweete, in al thinges ware and wise.

The

The Grekes do paint a Poetes office whole
In Pegasus, their fayned horse with winges,
Whom shaped so Medusaes bloud did foale,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses springes
Fro flintie rockes to Hellicon that clinges.
And then flew vp into the starrie skie,
And there abides among the Gods on hye.

For hee that shal a perfect Poet be,
Must first be bred out of Medusaes bloud:
He must be chast and vertuous as was shee,
Who to her power the Occean God withstoode,
To thend also his doome be iust and good,
He must (as shee) looke rightlye with one eye
Truth to regard and write nothing awrie.

In courage eke he must bee like a horse,
He may not feare to register the right.
What though some frowne, thereof he may not force,
No bit nor reine his tender iawes may twight.
He must be armde with strength of wit and spite,
To dash the rockes, darke causes and obscure,
Til he attaine the springes of truth most pure.

His hooves also must pliaunt be and strong,
To riue the rockes of lust and errors blinde,
In brainlesse heades, that alway wander wrong:
These must be brise with reasons plaine and kinde,
Til springes of grace do gush out of the minde,
For til affections from the fond be driuen,
In vayne is truth told, or good counsel geuen.

Like

Like Pegasus a Poet must haue winges,
To flie to heauen or where him liketh best:
He must haue knowledge of eternal thinges,
Almighty Ioue must harbour in his breast,
With worldly cares he may not be oppresst.
The winges of wit and skil must beaue him hier.
With great delight to satisfye desier.

He must also be lustye, free, and swift
To trauail far to view the traues of men.
Great knowledge often is gotten by the shifte:
Thinges that impart he must be quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices sharpely now and then.
He must be swift when touched tyrauntes chafe,
To gallop thence to keepe his carkas safe.

If I had wel these qualities considered,
Especially that which I touched last,
With speedy flight my feete should haue deliuered
My feeble boope from a most boystrous blast,
They should haue caught me ere I had bene cast,
But too much trust vnto a tyrauntes grace,
I neuer shronke, nor chaunged port or place.

I thought the Poets auncient liberties
For pleas had bene allowed at the barre,
I had forgot how new found tyrannies
With truth and freedome were at open warre,
That lust was lawe, that might did make and mar,
That among tyrauntes this is, and euer was
Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

Vpher:

Where lust is lawe it booteth not to pleade,
No Priuiledge nor liberties auayle.
But with the learn'de whom Lawe and Wisedome leade,
Although through rashnesse Poets hap to rayle,
A plea of dotage may all Quarels quayle:
Their olde licence their Writinges to expounde,
Doth quit them clere from faults by Momus sounde.

This freedome olde ought not to be debard
From any wight that speaketh ought or writeth.
The authors meaninge should of right bee hard,
Hee knoweth best to what ende hee enditeth:
Wordes sometime beare more then the heart behiteth.
Admit therefore the authors exposition,
If playne for truth: if forst, for his submission.

In case of sclaunder the lawes require no more
Saue to amende that seemed not well sayde:
Or to wasshe the slaunders sayd afore,
And aske forgeuenesse for the hastie brayde:
To Heretickes no greater paynes layde
Then to recant their errours or retract:
And worse than these can bee no writers acte.

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy raylinge wordes bee treason,
And treason is farre worse then Heresy.
Then must it follow by this auckwarde reason,
That Kinges bee more than Godin maiesty,
And soules be lesse then bodies in degree.
For Heretikes both soules and God offend,
Traytours but seeke to bring mans life to end.

I speake not this to abase the haynous fault,
Of trayterous Acts abhorde by God, and man,
But to make playne their iudgement to bee naught
That Hereſie for leſſer ſinne do ban,
I curſe them both as deepe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my fooliſh rime,
They ſtayned mee with that moſt hatefull crime.

I neuer ment the Kinge, or counſayle harme,
Unleſſe to wiſhe them ſafety were offence,
Againſt their power I neuer lifted Arme,
Neyther Pen, nor Tongue for any ill Pretence.
The Rime I made, though Rude, was ſound in Sence,
For they therein whom I ſo fondly named,
So ruled all that they were fowle defamed.

This was no Treaſon but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the ſame:
What was the cauſe then, why they were ſo wroth?
What? is it treaſon in a riminge frame
To clip, to ſtretch, to adde, or chaunge a name?
And this reſerued, there is no rime nor reaſon.
That any craft can clout to ſeeme a treaſon.

For where I ment the Kinge by name of Hog,
I onely alluded to his Badge the Boze:
To Louels name I added more our Dog,
Becauſe moſt Dogs haue borne that name of yore:
Theſe Metaphors I vſe with other more,
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the reſt,
To hyde the Sence which they ſo wrongly wreſt.

I praye

I maye you nowe what treason finde you heere
Enough: you rubbed the guilty on the Gaule,
Both Sence, and names do note them very neere.
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my faule,
Yet can you finde therein no treason at all:
There is no worde agaynst the Prince, or State,
No harme to them whom all the Realme did hate.

But sith the guilty alwaies are suspicious,
And dread the ruine that must sue by reason,
They cannot chose but count their counsayle vicious
That note their faults, and therefore call it treason:
All grace, and goodnesse with the lewde is geason.
This is the cause why they good thinges do wrest
Where as the good take ill thinges to the best.

And therefore Baldwin boldly to the good
Rebuke their fault, so shalt thou purchase thankes
As for the bad, thou shalt but moue their moode,
Thoughe pleasauntly thou touch their naughty prankes:
Warne Poets all, no wise to passe the bankes
Of Hellicon, but keepe within the bound:
So shall their Freedome, vnto no harme redound.

FINIS.

I speake not this to abase the haynous fault,
Of trayterous Acts abhorde by God, and man,
But to make playne their iudgement to bee naught
That Heresie for lesser sinne do ban,
I curse them both as deepe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my foolish rime,
They stayned mee with that most hatefull crime.

I neuer ment the Kinge, or counsayle harme,
Unlesse to wishe them safety were offence,
Agaynst their power I neuer lifted Arme,
Neyther Pen, nor Tongue for any ill Pretence.
The Rime I made, though Rude, was sound in Sence,
For they therein whom I so fondly named,
So ruled all that they were fowle defamed.

This was no Treason but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the same:
What was the cause then, why they were so wroth?
What? is it treason in a riminge frame
To clip, to stretch, to adde, or chaunge a name?
And this reserued, there is no rime nor reason.
That any craft can clout to seeme a treason.

For where I ment the Kinge by name of Hog,
I onely alluded to his Badge the Boze:
To Louels name I added more our Dog,
Because most Dogs haue borne that name of poze:
These Metaphors I vse with other moze,
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the rest,
To hyde the Sence which they so wrongly wrest.

I praye

I haue you nowe what treason finde you heere
Enough: you rubbed the guilty on the Gaule,
Both Sence, and names do note them very neere.
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my faule,
Yet can you finde therein no treason at all:
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That note their faults, and therefore call it treason:
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Warne Poets all, no wise to passe the bankes
Of Hellicon, but keepe within the bound:
So shall their Freedome, vnto no harme redound.

FINIS.

GOds blessinge on his heart that made this (sayd one) specially for reuiuinge our auncient Liberties. And I praye God it may take such place with the Magistrates, ỳ they may ratify our olde freedome. Amen sayd another, for that shalbee a meane both to stay and vphold themselues from fallinge: and also to preserue many kinde true, zealous, & well meaninge mindes from slaughter, and infamy. If kinge Richard, and his Counsaylours had allowed, or at the least but wynked at some such wits, what great commodities might they haue take thereby. First, they should haue knowen what the people misliked, and grudged at, (which no one of their flatterers either wold or durst haue tolde them) and so mought haue found meane, either by amendement (which is best) or by some other pollicy to haue staied ỳ peoples grudge: the forerunner commonly of Rulers destructions. Vox populi, vox dei, in this case is not so Famous a prouerbe as true: The experience of al times do approue it. They should also haue bin warned of their owne sinnes, which call continually for Gods vengeaũce, which neuer fayleth to fall one their neckes sodaynly and horribly, vnles it be staied with harty repentaunce. These weighty commodities mought they haue taken by Collingborns bayne ryme. But as all things worke to the best in thẽ that be good, so best things heape vp mischiefe in the wicked, & al

to haste

to haſtē their vtter deſtruction. For after this poore wretches lamentable perſecution, (the common reward of beſt endeuours ſtraite followed the fatal deſtruction both of this Tyrant, and of his tormentours. Which I wiſhe might bee ſo ſet foorth that they might be a warninge forever, to all in authority to beware how they vſurpe, or abuſe their offices. I haue heere (quoth I) Kinge Richards tragedy. Reade it wee praye you (quoth they) wyth a good will (quoth I) For better vnderſtandinge whereof, Imagine that you ſee him tormented with Diues in the deepe Pit of Hell, and thence howlinge thys which followeth.

HOW RICHARD PLANtagenet Duke of Gloceſter, murdered his Brothers Children vſurpinge the Crowne, and in the. iij. yeare of his Raygne, was moſt worthely depriued of life, & Kingdome in Boſworth Playne, by Henry Earle of Richmond, after called Kinge Henry the ſeuenth, the. 22. of Auguſt. 1485.

WHat heart ſo hard, but doth abhorre to heare
The rufull raygne of mee the third Richard?
Kinge vnkindly cald though I ỳ Crown did weare:
Who entred by rigour, but right did not regard,
By tyrranny proceedinge in killinge Kinge Edward,
Fift of that name, right Heyre vnto the Crowne,
With Richard his Brother, Princes of Renowne,

Of truſt they were committed vnto my Gouernaunce,
But truſt turned to treaſon to truly it was tried,
Both agaynſt Nature, Duety, and Allegiaunce,
For through my procurement moſt shamefully they dyed
Deſire of a Kingdome forgetteth all Kinred,
As after by diſcourſe it shalbe shewed here,
Howe cruelly theſe Innocents in Priſon murdred were.

The Lords, and Commons all with one aſſent,
Protectour made mee both of Land, and Kinge,
But I therewith alas was not content:
For mindinge miſchiefe I ment another thinge,
Which to confuſion in ſhort time did mee bringe,
For I deſirous to Rule, and Raigne alone,
Sought Crowne, and Kingdome, yet title had I none.

To all Peeres, and Princes, a Preſident I may bee.
The like to beware how they do enterprize,
And learne their wretched falles by my Facte to foreſee,
Which rufal ſtand bewaylinge my chaunce before their eyes,
As one cleane bereft of all felicities:
For right through might, I cruelly defaced,
But might, helped right, and mee agayne diſplaced.

Alas that euer Prince ſhould thus his honour ſtayne
With the blood of Innocents moſt ſhamefull to bee tolde
For theſe two Noble Imps I cauſed to bee ſlayne,
Of yeares not full ripe as yet to rule, and raygne.
For which I was abhorred both of yongue, and olde,
But as the deede was Odious in Sight of God, and man,
So ſhame, and Deſtruction in the ende I wan.

Both

Both God, Nature, Duty, Allegiaunce all forgot,
This vile, and haynous Acte vnnaturally conspired:
Which horrible deede done, alas, alas, God wot
Such Terrours mee tormented, and so my Spyrites tired,
As vnto such a murder, and shamefull deede required,
Such horple daply felt I, bleedinge in my brest,
Whereby more, and more, increased myne vnrest.

My Brothers Children were right heyres to the Crowne
Whom Nature rather bound to defend than destroy,
But I not regardinge their Right, nor my Renowne
My whole care, and study to this ende did employ,
The Crowne to obtayne, and them both to put downe:
Wherein I God offended, prouokinge iust his ire,
For this my attempt, and most wicked desire.

To cursed Cain compare my carefull case,
Which did vntruly slay his Brother iust Abell,
And did not I in rage make run that rufull race
My Brother Duke of Clarence, whose death I shame to tell
For that so straunge it was, as it was horrible?
For sure hee drenched was, and yet no Water neare,
Which straunge is to bee tolde to all that shall it heare.

The But hee was not whereat I did shoote,
But yet hee stoode betweene the Marke, and mee,
For had hee liued, for mee it was no boote
To attempt the thinge that by no meanes could bee,
For I third was then of my Brethren three:
But yet I thought the Elder beinge gone,
Then needes must I beare the stroke alone.

Deſire of Rule made mee alas to rewe,
My fatall fall I could it not foreſee,
Puft vp in Pride, to Hauty then I grewe,
That none my Peere I thought now could bee,
Diſdayninge ſutch as were of high degree:
Thus dayly ryſinge, and pullinge other downe,
At laſt I ſhot how to win the Crowne.

And dayly deuiſinge which was the beſt way
And meane how I might my Nephues both deuour
I ſecretely then ſent without further delay
To Brackinbury then Lieutenaunt of the Tower,
Requeſtinge him by letters to helpe vnto his power,
For to accompliſhe this my deſyre, and will,
And that hee would ſecretly my Brothers Children kill.

Hee aunſwered playnely with a flat nay,
Sayinge that to dye hee would not do that deede:
But findinge then a proffer to my pray,
Well worth a freende (quoth I) yet in time of neede.
James Tyrrill hight his name, whom with all ſpeede,
I ſent agayne to Brackinbury, as you heard before,
Commaundinge him deliuer the Keyes of euery Doore.

The Keyes hee rendered but Partaker would not bee
Of that flagitious Fact. O happy man I ſay!
As you haue heard before, hee rather chooſe to dye
Then on thoſe ſeely Lambes his violent handes to lay.
His Conſcience him pricked, his Prince to betray:
O conſtant minde! that wouldſt not conſiſtend
Thee may I prayſe, and my ſelfe diſcommend.

What

What though beee refused, yet bee sure you may,
That other were as ready to take in hand that thinge,
Which watched, and wayted as duly for their Pray,
As euer dio the Cat for the Mouse takinge,
And how they might their purpose best to passe bringe:
Where Tyrrell bee thought good to haue no blouo shed,
Becaus them to kill by Smotheringe in their Bed.

The Wolues at hande were ready to deuour
The seely Lambes in Bed whereas they laye
Abidinge death, and lookinge for the Hower,
For well they wist, they could not scape away,
Ah woe is mee, that dio them thus betray,
In assigninge this vile deede to bee done,
By Myles Forrest, and wicked Jhon Dighton.

Who priuely into their Chamber stale,
In secret wise somewhat before Midnight,
And gan the Bed together Tug, and hale,
Bewrappinge them alas in woful plight,
Keepinge them downe, by force, by power, and might,
With Halinge, Tuggінge, Turmoylinge, Turnde, & Toss,
Till they of force were Forced yeelde the Ghoss.

Whych when I heard, my hart I felt was raisd
Of grudge, of greefe, of inward deadly payne,
But with this deede the Nobles were displeasd,
And sayd: O God, shall such a Tyraunt raygne,
That hath so cruelly his Brothers Children slayne?
Which Brute once blowen in the Peoples Eares,
Their dolour was such, that they brast out in Teares.

But

But what thinge may suffise vnto the greedy mā,
The more bee bathes in bloud, the bloudier bee is alway:
By proofe I do this speake, which best declare it can,
Which onely was the cause of this Princes decaye.
The Wolfe was neuer greedier than I was of my Pray,
But who so vseth murther full well affirme I dare,
With murther shall be quit, ere bee thereof beware.

And marke the sequell of this begon mischiefe
Which shortly after was cause of my decay,
For high, and lowe conceyued such a griefe
And hate against mee, which sought day by day,
All wayes, and meanes that possible they may,
On mee to bee reuenged for this sinne,
For cruell murderinge vnnaturally my kinne.

Not onely kin, but Kinge the truth to saye
Whom vnkindly of Kingdome I bereft,
His life from him I also raught awaye,
With his Brothers, which to my charge was left.
Of ambition behold the worke, and weft,
Prouokinge mee to do this haynous Treason,
And murther them against all right and reason.

After whose death thus wrought by violence.
The Lords not spyinge this vnnaturall deede,
Began on mee to haue greate diffidence,
Such hrunninge hate gan in their hearts to breede,
Which made me doubt, and lose my daunger dreede:
Which doubt, and dreade proued not in vayne,
By that ensued alas vnto my payne.

For I

For I supposinge all thinges were as I wished,
When I had brought these seely Babes to vane,
But yet in that my purpose far I missed:
For as the Moone doth chaunge after the Waine,
So chaunged the hearts of such as I had tane
To bee most true, to Troubles did mee turne,
Such rage, and rancour in boylinge Breasts do burne.

And sodaynly a brute abroade was blowen,
That Buckingham the Duke doth sterne, and stout,
In field was ready, with diuers to mee knowen,
To geue mee Battayle if I durst come out:
Which daunted mee, and put mee in great doubt,
For that I had no Army then prepared,
But after that I little for it cared.

But yet remembringe, that oft a little sparke
Suffered doth grow vnto a great flame,
I thought it wisedome wisely for to warke,
Musters then men in euery place I came.
And marchinge forward dayly with the same,
Directly towardes the Towne of Salisbury,
Where I gat knowledge of the Dukes Army.

And as I passed ouer Salisbury downe,
The Rumour ran the Duke was fled, and gone.
His Hoast dispersed besides Shrewesbury Towne,
And hee dismayed was left there post alone,
Bewaylinge his chaunce, and makinge great moane:
Towards whom I hasted withall expedition,
Makinge due search, and diligent inquisition.

But as

But at the first I could not of him heare,
For hee was scaped by secret Bywayes,
Unto the House of Humfrey Banastar,
Whom hee had much preferred in his Dayes,
And was good Lord to him in all assayes:
Which hee full euill requited in the ende,
When hee was driuen to seeke a trusty freende.

For it so happened to his mishap, alas,
When I no knowledge of the Duke could heare
A Proclamation by my Commaundement was
Published, and Cryed throughout euery Shyre,
That who so could tell where the Duke were,
A Thousand marke should haue for his payne,
What thinge so hard but Money can obtayne?

But were it for Money, Meede, or Dreede,
That Banastar thus Betrayed his Ghest,
Diuers haue diuersly deuined of this deede,
Some deeme the worst, and some Iudge the best,
The doubt not dissolued, nor playnely expresst,
But of the Dukes death hee doubtlesse was cause,
Which dyed without iudgement or order of Lawes.

Loe! this Noble Duke I brought thus vnto bane,
Whose doinges I doubted, and had in great dred,
At Banastars house I made him to bee tane,
And without iudgement bee shorned by the head,
By the Shrieke of Shropshire to Salisbury led.
In the Market place vpon the Scaffolde newe,
Where all the Beholders did much his death rewe.

And after

And after this done I brake vp the boaste,
Greatly applauded with this beauy hap,
And forthwith I sent to euery Sea coaste
To fore see all mischieues, and stop euery gap,
Before they should chaunce, or light in my lap,
Geuinge them in charge to haue good regarde,
The Sea coast to keepe with good watch and warde,

Directinge my letters vnto euery Shriue,
With strait Commaundement vnder our name,
To suffer no man in their partes to arriue
Nor to passe forth out of the same,
As they tendered our fauour, and hoyde would our blame,
Doinge therein their payne, and industry,
With diligent care, and vigilant Eye.

And thus settinge thinges in order as you heare:
To preuent mischieues that might then betide,
I thought my selfe sure, and out of all feare,
And for other thinges began to prouide:
To Nottingham Castle streait did I ride,
Where I was not very longe space,
Straunge tydinges came which did me fore amaze.

Reported it was, and that for certaynty,
Th'Earle of Richmonde landed was in Wales
At Milforde Hauen with an huge Army,
Dismissinge his Nauy which were many Sayles:
Which at the first I thought fayned Tales.
But in the ende did otherwise proue,
Which not a little did me vexe, and moue.

Thus

Thus fawninge Fortune gan on mee to frowne,
And cast on mee her scornefull lowringe looke:
Then gan I feare the fall of my Renowne,
My heart it fainted, my Sinowes sore they shooke,
This heauy hap a scourge for sinne I tooke,
Yet did I not then vtterly dispayre,
Hopinge Storms past the whether should bee fayre.

And then with all speede possible I might,
I caused them muster throughout euery Shyre,
Determininge with the Earle speedely to fight,
Before that his power much encreased were,
By such as to him great fauour did beare:
Which were no smal number by true report made,
Dayly repayringe him for to ayde.

Directinge my letters to diuers Noble men,
With earnest request their power to prepare,
To Nottingham Castle whereas I lay then.
To ayde and assist mee in this waighty affayre:
Where strayt to my presence did then repayre,
Iohn Duke of Northfolke, his Eldest Sonne also,
With th'Earle of Northumberland, and many other mo.

And thus beinge furnisht with men, and munition,
Forward wee marched in order of Battayle ray,
Makinge by Scouts euery way inquisition,
In what place the Earle with his Campe lay:
Towards whom directly wee tooke then our way,
Euermore mindinge to seeke our most auayle,
In place conuenient to geue to him Battayle.

So longe wee laboured, at last our Armies met
On Bosworth playne besides Leycester towne,
Where sure I thought the Garland for to get,
And purchase peace, or else to lose my Crowne.
But fickle Fortune alas on me did frowne,
For when I was Encamped in the Fielde,
Where most I trusted, I soonest was beguilde.

The Brand of mallice thus kindlinge in my brest
Of deadly hate which I to him did beare,
Pricked mee forwarde, and bad mee not desist,
But boldly fight, and take at all no feare,
To win the field, and the Earle to conquere:
Thus hopinge glory great to gayne, and get,
Mine Army then in order did I set.

Betyde mee life or death I desperately ran,
And ioyned me in Battayle with this Earle so stoute,
But Fortune so him fauoured that pre the Battayle wan
With force and great power I was beset about.
Which when I did behold, in mids of the whole route
With dent of Sword I cast mee on him to be reuenged,
Where in the midst of them my wretched life I ended.

My body was hurried, and Tugged like a Dog,
On horsebacke all naked, and bare as I was borne.
My head, hands, and feete, downe banginge like a Hog,
With Dirt, and bloud besprent, my Corps all to torne,
Cursinge the day that euer I was borne,
With greenous wounds bee mangled most horrible to see,
So sore they did abhorre this my vile cruelty.

Loe! heere

Loe! heere you may behold the due, and iust rewarde
Of tyrranny, and treason which God doth most detest.
For if vnto my duety I had taken regarde,
I might haue lined still in honour with the best,
And had I not attempt the thinge that I ought leste.
But desire to rule alas did mee so blinde,
Which caused mee to do against nature, and kinde.

Ah cursed Captiue, why did I climbe so hye,
Which was the cause of this my balefull thrall.
For still I thirsted for the Regall Dignity,
But hasty rysinge threatneth sodayne fall,
Content your selues with your Estates all,
And seeke not right by wronge to suppresse,
For God hath promist eth wronge to redresse.

See here the fine, and fall of mee,
And guerdon due for this my wretched deede,
Which to all Princes a mirrour now may bee
That shall this Tragicall Storie after reede,
Wyshinge them all by mee to take heede,
And suffer right to rule as it is reason,
For time tryeth out both truth, and also treason.

FINIS. F. Seg.

When I had read this, wee had muche talke aboute it. For it was thought not vehement enough for so violent a man as king Rychard had bene. The matter was wel enough liked of some, but the meetre was misliked almost of all.

And when diuers therfore woulde not allow it, what (quoth one) You know not whereupon you sticke: els you would not so much mislike this because of the vncertayne meetre. The cumelynesse called by the Rhetoricians Decorum. is specially to be obserued in al thinges. Seeing than that king Richard neuer kept measure in any of his doinges, seeing also he speaketh in Hel, wheras is no order: it were against the Decorum of his personage to vse eyther good meeter or order.

And therfore if his Oration were far worse, in my opinion it were more fyt for him. Mars and the Muses did neuer agree. Neither is to bee suffered that their myld sacred Arte should seeme to procede from so cruel and prophane a mouth as his: seinge they themselues do abhorre it.

And although we reade of Nero, that hee was excellent both in Musicke, & in versifyinge, yet do not I remember that euer I saw any song or Verse of his making: Minerua iustly prouiding that no monument should remaine of any such vniust vsurpation. And therfore let this passe euen as it is which

the writer I knowe both could and would amend in many places, saue for keepinge the Decorū whych hee purposely hath obserued heerein.

In deede (quoth I) as you say: It is not meete ỹ so disorderly, and vnnaturall a man as Kynge Richard was, shoulde obserue any metrycall order in his talke: which notwithstandinge in many places of his Oration is very wel kept: it shal passe therefore euen as it is, though to good for so euill a person. Then they willed me to reade ỹ blacke Smith, With a good will (quoth I) but first you must Imagin that you see him standinge on a Ladder ouerchrined wyth the Tybourne a meete Stage for all such Rebels, & Traytours: & there stoutly saying as followeth.

How

THE WILFVL FAL OF blacke Smith, and the fooliſhe ende of the Lord Awdeley in Iune. Anno. 1496.

* *
*

WHo is moze bould than is the blinde Beard?
Where is moze crakt than in the Clouted ſhoone?
Who catch moze harme than ſutch as nothinge feard?
Where is moze guile then where miſtruſt is none?
No playſters helpe beloze the greeſe bee knowen,
So ſeemes by mee who could no wiſedome leare,
Untill ſutch time I bought my wit to deare.

Who beinge Boyſtrous, Stout, and braynleſſe bolde,
Puft vp with Pride, with fierce, and Furies fret,
Incenſt with Tales ſo rude and plainely tolde,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as ſeely fiſhe in net,
Who ſwift in ſwimminge, not doubtfull of deſceit,
Is caught in Ginne whereein is layde no bayt.

Sutch force, and vertue hath this dolefull playnte,
Set forth with Sighes, and teares of Crocodile,
Who ſeemes in ſight as ſimple as a Sainct,
Hath layde a Baite the wareleſſe to beguile,
And as they weepe they worke deſceit the while
Whoſe rufull cheares the Rulers ſo relent,
To worke in haſt that they at laſt repennt.

Take heede therefore yee Rulers of the Lande,
Bee blinde in sight, and stop your other Eare,
In sentence slow, till skill the truth haue scande,
In all your doomes both loue, and hate forbeare,
So shall your iudgement Iust, and right appeare:
It was a southfast sentence longe agoe,
That hasty men shall neuer lacke mutch woe.

Is it not truth? Baldwin, what sayest thou?
Say on thy minde, I pray thee muse no more.
Wee thincke thou starest and lokest I wot not howe,
As though thou neuer sawest a man before:
By like thou musest why I teach this lore,
Else what I am that heere so boldly dare,
Amonge the Prealle of Princes to compare.

Though I bee bolde, I pray thee blame not mee,
Like as men sowe, such Corne needes must the reape,
And nature hath so planted in ech degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindly crall, and creepe:
The suttle Fore vnlike the seely sheepe:
It is according to mine Education,
Frowarde to Prealle in Rout, and Congregation.

Behold my coate burnt with the Sparkes of Fyer,
My Leather Apron filde with horse shoe Nayles,
Behold my Hammer, and my Pincers heere,
Behold my lookes a marke that seldome fayles:
My Cheekes declare I was not fed with Quayles,
My Face, my Clothes, my Tooles with all my fashion,
Declare full well a Prince of rude Creation.

A Prince

A Prince I sayd, a Prince I say againe,
Though not by birth by craftie vsurpation,
Who doubts but some men princehood do obtaine,
By open force and wrongful domination,
Yet while they rule are had in reputation:
Euen so by mee, the while I wrought my feate,
I was a prince at least in my conceit.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Because of him whom here I leade in band,
Tyrrel Lord Awdley a Lord of byrth and fame,
Which with bys power and strength serude in my band,
I was a Prince while that I was so mand:
His Butterflie stil vnderneath my shielde,
Displayed was from Wells, to Blackheath fielde.

But now behold he doth bewayle the same:
Thus after wits their rashnesse do deprave,
Behold dismaid he dare not speake for shame,
He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came foorth of Trophonius caue,
For that in wyt he had so little pith,
As hee a Lord to serue a traytour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth despise the vile and baser sort,
He may not touch that sauours of the cart,
Him listeth not with reb Jacke lout to sport,
He lets him passe for paying of his port,
The iollye Egles eateth not litle flees,
The courtly silkes matcht seeld with homely frees.

But surely Baldwin if I were allowd
To say the truth, I could somwhat declare:
But clarkes will say, this Smyth doth waxe to proud,
Thus in precepts of wisedome to compare.
But Smithes must speake that clarkes for feare ne dare
It is a thing that all men may lament,
When clarkes keepe close the truth least they be shent.

The Hostler, Barber, Myller, and the Smyth,
Heare of the sawes of such as wisedome ken,
And learne some wit although they want the pith,
The clarkes pretend and yet both now and then,
The greatest clarkes prove not the wisest men:
It is not right that men forbid should bee:
To speake the truth al were be bond or free.

And for because I haue vsed to fret and fome,
Not passing greatly whom I should displease,
I dare be bold awhile to play the mome,
Out of my sacke some others faultes to lease,
And let mine owne behinde my backe to peyse,
For'bee that hath his owne before his eye,
Shal not so quicke anothers fault espie

I say was neuer no such woful case,
As is when honour doth it selfe abuse:
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Represseth pride, and humblenesse doth vse,
By wisdome workes, and rashnesse doth refuse
His wanton wil and lust that bridle can,
In deede is gentle both to God and man.

But

But where the nobles want both wit and grace,
Regard no reede, care not but for their lust,
Oppresse the Poore, set will in reasons place,
And in their words, and domes bee founde vniust,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lye in the dust:
There Fortune frownes, and spite beginneth to growe,
Till high, and lowe, and all bee ouerthrow.

Then sith that vertue hath so good reward,
And after vice so vnelye wayteth shame,
How hapth that Princes haue no more regard,
Their tender youth with vertue to enflame?
For lacke whereof the wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to lust, and pride,
Not knowinge howe them selues or theirs to guide.

Whereby it happeneth to the wanton wight,
As to a Ship vpon the stormy Seas,
Which lackinge sterne to guide it selfe a right,
From shore, to shore the Winde, and Tide do teese,
Findinge no place to rest and take his ease,
Till at the last it sinke vpon the Sande:
So fare they all that haue not vertue cande.

The Plowman first his Lande doth dresse, and tourne,
And makes it apt or ere the Seede bee sowe,
Whereby hee is full like to reape good Corne.
Where otherwise no seede but weede would growe:
By which ensample men may easely knowe,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it
It is no wonder though they do abuse it.

How can bee rule well in a common wealth,
Which knoweth not himselfe in rule to fraine?
How should bee rule himselfe in ghostly health,
Which neuer learnde one lesson for the same:
If lutch catch harme their Parentes are to blame:
For needes must they bee blynde, and blindly led.
Where no good lesson can bee taught or read.

Some thinke their youth discreet, and wisely taught,
That brag, and boast, and weare their Feather braue,
Can ropst, and rout, both lowre, and looke a loft,
Can swere, and stare, and call their felowes Knaue,
Can pyll, and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can Carde, and Dyce, both Cog, and Fopst at fare,
Play on vnthrifty, till their Purse bee bare.

Some teach their youth to pipe, to singe, and daunce,
To Hauke, to Hunt, to hoose and kill the game,
To wynde their horne, and with their horse to praunce,
To play at Tenis, set the Lute in frame,
Run at the Ringe and vse lutch other game:
Which feates although they bee not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothinge so meete
As learninge is, to knowe the good from ill:
To knowe the Tongues, and perfectly endyte,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right, and iustice will:
For honour is ordeyned for no cause,
But see right mayntayned by the Lawes,

It spites my heart to heare when Noble men
Cannot vnclose their secrets to their frend,
In sauegarde sure with Paper, Inke, and Pen,
But first they must a secretary finde,
To whom they show the bottome of their minde:
And bee bee false, or true, a Blab, or close,
To him they must their counsayle needes disclose.

And where they rule that haue of Lawe no skill,
There is no boote, they needes must seeke for ayde:
Then ruled are they, and rule as others will:
As bee that on a Stage his part hath playde:
But bee was taught nought hath bee done, or sayde.
Such youth therefore seeke Science of the Sage,
As thinke to Rule when that yee come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare, and Obedience,
Kept from ill company, hydeled of their lust,
Do serue God duely, and know their allegiaunce,
Learne godly wisedome which time nor age can rust:
There Prince, People, and Peeres needes prosper must,
For happy are the People, and blessed is that Land,
Where Truth, and Vertue haue got the ouer hand.

I speake this Baldwyn of this rufull Lorde,
Whom I perforce do beere present to thee,
Hee faynts so sore bee may not speake a worde,
I pleade his cause without reward, or Fee,
And am inforst to speake for him, and mee.
If in his youth bee had beene wisely tought,
Hee should not now his Wit so deere haue bought.

For

For what is hee that hath but halfe a Wit,
But may well know that Rebelles cannot speede,
Marke well my Tale, and take good heede to it,
Recount it well and take it for good reede.
If it proue vntrue I will not trust my creede.
Was neuer Rebell before the World, nor since,
That could or shall preuayle against his Prince.

For ere the Subiect beginneth to rebell,
Within himselfe let him consider well,
Foresee the daunger, and beat well in his Brayne,
How hard it is his purpose to obtayne,
For if hee once bee entred to the Brears,
Hee hath a raginge Wolfe fast by the Ears.

And when hee is once entred to rule the beastly rout,
Although hee would hee can no way get out.
Hee may bee sure none will to him resorte,
But such as are the vile, and rascall sorte.
All honest men, as well the most as lest,
To talk of treason will vtterly detest.

Then let him way how longe hee can bee sure,
Where fayth, nor Frendship may no while endure:
Hee whom hee trusteth most, to gayne a groate
Will fall him from, and assay to cut his throate,
Amonge the Knaues, and slaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other Freendship to bee looked.

With Slashers, Slaues, & Snuffers so falshoode is in price
The simple fayth is deadly sinne, and vertue counted vice.
And where the Quarrell is so vile, and bad,

What

What hope of ayde then is there to bee had?
Thincks hee that Men will run at this, or that,
To do a thinge they knowe not how, or what?

Nor yet what daunger may thereof betide,
Where Wysedome woulde they should at home abide,
Rather then seeke, and knowe not what to finde.
Wysemen will first debate this in their minde:
Full sure they are if that they go to wrecke,
Without all grace they loose both head, and necke.

They loose their Lands, and Goods, their Childe, and Wyfe,
With Sorrow, and Shame shall leave a wofull Lyfe,
If hee bee slayne in field hee dieth accurst,
Which of all wrecks wee should attempt the worst:
And hee that dieth defendinge his liege Lord,
Is blist, and blist againe by Gods owne Worde.

And where the Souldiers wages is unpayde,
There is the Captayne slenderly obayde,
And where the Souldier is out of feare, and dreede,
Hee will bee lacke when that there is most neede,
And priuately hee seekes his ease, and leasure,
And will bee ruled but at his will, and pleasure.

And where some drawe forth, and other do draw backe,
There in the ende must needes bee woe, and wracke:
To hope for ayde of Lordes it is but vayne,
Whose fore taught wit of treason knoweth the payne,
They knowe what power a Prince hath in his Land,
And what it is with Rebelles for to stand.

They

They know by treason honour is defaced,
Their offspring and their progenie disgraced,
They know to honour is not so worthy a thing,
As to be true and faithful to their king,
Aboue cognisaunce or armes, or pedigrew far,
An vnspotted cote is like a blazing star:

Therfore the rebel is accurst and mad,
That hopeth for that which rebel neuer had:
Who trusting stil to tales doth hang in hope,
Til at the last he hang fast by the rope,
For though such tales be told that hope might feede,
Such foolish hope hath stil vnhappie speede.

It is a custome that neuer will be broken,
In troyles the bag of lies is euer open,
Such lying newes men daylye will inuent,
As can the hearers fancy best content,
And as the newes do runne and neuer cease,
So more and more they daily do encrease,

And as they encrease they multiplie as fast,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thousand at the last:
And though the rebel had once got the field,
Thinkes he thereby to make his prince to yeild:
A princes power within his owne region,
Is not so soone brought vnto confusion.

For Kinges by God are stronge, and stoutly harted,
That they of Subiects will not bee subuerted:
If Kinges would yeld, yet God would them restrain,

Of whom the Prince hath grace, and power to raygne:
Who ſtraytly chargeth vs aboue all thinge,
That no man ſhould reſiſt agaynſt his Kinge.

Who that reſiſteth his dread Soueraygne Lorde,
Doth dampne his ſoule by Gods owne very worde.
A Chriſtian Subiect ſhould with honour due,
Obey his Soueraygne though hee were a Iewe:
Whereby aſſured when Subiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, and threatneth fyre, and hell.

It is ſoone knowen when Gods wrath is kyndled,
How they ſhall ſpeede with whom hee is offended:
If God gaue victory to whom hee liketh beſt,
Why looke they for it whom God doth moſt deteſt?
For treaſon is hatefull, and abhord in Gods ſight,
Example of Iudas that moſt wicked Wight:

Which is the chiefe cauſe no treaſon preuayles,
For ill muſt bee ſpeede, whom Gods wrath aſſayles:
Let Traytors, and Rebels looke to ſpeede then,
When Gods mighty power is ſubiect to men.
Much might bee ſayde that goeth more neere the Pith,
But this ſufficeth for a rurall Smith.

Baldwin when thou heareſt my reaſon in this caſe,
Belike thou thinkeſt I was not very wyſe,
And that I was accurſt, or elſe lacked grace,
Which knowinge the ende of my fond Enterpriſe,
Would thus preſume agaynſt my Prince to ryſe:
But as there is a cauſe that moueth every woe,
Somewhat there was whereof this ſore did growe. And

And to be plaine and simple in this case,
The cause why I such matter tooke in hand,
Was nothing els but pryde and lacke of grace,
Vayne hope of helpe, and tales both false and fond:
By meanes whereof I did my prince withstand,
Denied the taxe assest by connocation
To maintaine warre against the Scottish Nation.

Whereat the Cornish men did much repine,
For they of Gold and Siluer were ful bare,
And liued hardly digging in the Myne,
They said they had no money for to spare:
Began first to grudge, and then to sweare and stare,
Forgot their due obeysaunce, and rashly fel to raving,
And said they would not beare suc polling and such shaving.

They first accuse the king as authour of their griefe,
And then the bysshop Moreton. and sir Reinold Bray,
For they then were about the king most chiefe,
Because they thought the hole fault in them lay:
They did protest to ryd them out of the way.
Such thanke haue they that rule about a prince,
They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When I perceiued the commons in a roze,
Then I and Flamocke consulted both together,
To whom the people resorted moze and moze,
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,
Breake this yoake of bondage then are we free for euer:
Whereat we enflamed in hope to haue a fame,
To be their captaines tooke on vs the name.

When

Then might you heare the people make a shout,
And crye, God saue the Captaines, & sende vs al good speede,
Then hee that fainted was counted but a lout,
The ruffians ran abroade to sowe seditious seede:
To call for company then there was no neede
For euerye man laboured another to entice,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then al such newes as made for our auaile,
Was brought to me, but such as sounded ill,
Was none so bold to speake or yet bewayle:
Euerich was so wedded vnto his wyll,
That foorth they cryed with bowes, sword and byll.
And what the ruffler spake, the lout toake for a verdite
For there the best was worst, the worst was best regarded.

For when men goe a madding, there stil the byler part
Conspire together and wil haue al the swaye,
And bee it wel or il, they must haue al the port,
As they wil doe, the rest must needes obay,
They prattle and prate as doth the Popingaye:
They crye and commaund the rest to keepe tharray,
Whiles they may raunge and rob for spoyle and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,
We went to Tawnton with al our prouision,
And there we slue the Prouost of Penryn,
For that on the Subsidie bee sate in commission:
He was not wise, nor yet of great discretion,
That durst approach his enemies in their rage,
When wit nor reason could their yre asswage.

From

From thence we went to Welles, where wee were receiued
Of this Lord Awdley, as of our chiefe captaine,
And so had the name, but yet he was deceiued,
For I in deede did rule the clubbish traine,
My earely knightes true honour did disdayne:
For like doth laue his like. it wil be none other,
A choyle wil loue a choyle, before he wil his brother.

From Wels to Winchester, and so to Blackheath field,
And there we encamped looking for more ayde,
But when none came, we thought our selues beguilde,
Such Cornish men as knew they were betraide,
From their felowes by night away they straide:
There might we learne how vayne it is to trust,
Our fayned frendes in quarels so vniust.

But we the sturdy captains ẏ thought our power was strõg,
Were bent to trye our Fortune what euer should betide
We were the bolder, for that the king so long
Deferred battaile: which so increast our pryde,
That sure we thought the king himselfe did dyde
Within the cittie, therfore with courage hault,
We did determine the cittye to assault.

But he working contrary to our expectation,
Was fullye mynded to let vs runne our race,
Til wee were from our domestical habitation,
Where that of ayde or succour was no place,
And then to be plagued as it should please his grace.
But al doubtful plaintes, how euer they did sound,
To our best vayle we alway did expound.

When

When that the king saw tyme, with courage bolde
He sent a power to circumuent vs al:
Where wee enclosed as simple sheepe in fold,
Were slayne & murdred as beasts in butchers stall.
The king himselfe, what euer chaunce might fall,
Was strõgly encãped within S. Georges field,
And there abode til that he hard vs yelde.

Then downe we kneled, and cryed to saue our lyfe,
It was to late our folly to bewayle,
There were we spoyled of armour, cote, and knife:
And we which thought with pride the city to assayle,
Were led in prisoners naked as my nayle,
But of vs two thousand they had slaine before,
And wee of them three hundred and no more.

This my Lord and wee the captaines of the west
Tooke our Iane at Newgate fast in fetters tyde,
Where after triall we had but little rest,
My Lord thorow London was drawne on a slyde,
To Tower hil where with an axe he dyed,
Clad in his cote armour painted all in paper,
Torne and reuersed in spight of his behauer.

And I with Thomas Flamocke, & other of our bent,
As traytours at Tybourne our iudgement did obay:
The people looked I should my fault lament,
To whom I boldly spake that for my fond assay,
I was sure of fame that neuer should decay:
Whereby ye may perceiue bayn glory doth enflame
Aswel the meaner sort as men of greater name.

But as the sickely patient, sometime hath desire
To tast the things that Phisicke hath denyed,
And hath both payne and sorow for his hyre,
The same to me right wel may be applied,
Which while I raught for fame on shame did slyde.
And seking fame brought forth my bitter bane.
As he that fyered the temple of Diane.

I tel thee Baldwin, I muse right oft to see
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the skie,
How euery man thassured meane so hateth,
How froward Fortune oft their purpose mateth:
And if they hap their purpose to obtaine,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and paine.

Wee see the seruaunt more happie then his Lord,
We see him liue when that his Lord is dead,
He sleepeth sound, is merp at his boorde,
No sorow in his hart doth vexe his head:
Happie then is he that pouertie can wed.
What gaine the mightye conquerours when they be dead
By all the spoile and bloud that they haue shed?

The terrible tower where honour hath his seate,
Is hye on rockes more slipper then the yse,
Where stil the whorling wynde doth roare and beate,
Where sodaine qualmes and perils stil aryse,
And is beset with many sundry vice,
So straunge to men when first they come thereat,
They be amased, and do they wot not what.

The

He that preuailes and to the tower can clime,
With trouble and care must needes abridge his dayes,
And he that slydes may curse the bower and tyme,
He'd'd attempt to greeue so fond assaics,
And al his life to sorow and shame obayes.
Thus slide he downe or to the top ascend,
Assure himselfe repentaunce is the end.

Wherfore Baldwine do thou record my name
To bee ensample to such as credite lies,
Or thirst to sucke the sugred cup of fame,
Or do attempt against their prince to rise,
And charge them al to keepe within their sise:
Who doth assay to wrest beyond his strength,
Let him be sure he shal repent at length.

And at my request admonish thou al men,
To spend wel the talent which God to them hath lent,
And he that hath but one, let him not toyle for ten,
For one is too much, vnlesse it bee wel spent:
I haue had the proofe, therfore I now repent,
And happie are those men, and blist and blist is hee,
As can be wel content to serue in his degree.

FINIS. Maister Cauille.

IT is pity (quoth one) that the metre is no better seeing ꝯ matter is so good: you may do very wel to helpe it, and a little fyling would make it formal.

The authour himselfe (quoth I) coulde haue done that, but he would not, and hath desyred me that it maye passe in suche rude, sort as you haue hearde it: for her obserueth therein a double decorum both of the Smith, and of him selfe: for he thinketh it not meete for the Smyth to speake, nor for himselfe to wryte in any exacte kinde of meeter Wel sayd another: the matter is notable to teache al people aswel officers as subiects to cõsyder their estates, and to lyue in loue ⁊ obedience to the highest powers. what so euer they bee, whom God eyther by byrth, law, succession, or vniuersal election, doth or shall auctho[illegible] in his owne rowme to execute his lawes and iustice, among any people or nation: for by all these meanes God placeth his deputies, and in my iudgemẽt there is no meane so good either for the cõmon quiet of the people, or for gods free choise, as the natural order of enheritaunce by lyneal discent for so it is left in Gods hands, to create in the wombe what prince hee thinketh meetest for his purposes: the people also know their princes and therfore the more gladly and willinglie receiue and obay them. And although some realmes more careful then wyse, haue entayled their Crowne to their Male thinking it not meete for the feminine sexe to beare the royal office: yet if they consyder all cir-

circumstaunces, and the chiefest vses of a prince in a realme, they shal see howe they are deceiued. For princes are Gods lieutenauntes or deputies, to see gods lawes executed among their subiectes, not to rule accordinge to their owne lustes or deuises, but by the prescript of Gods lawes: so that the chiefest point of a princes office cõsisteth in obediẽce to god and to his ordinaunces, & what should let but that a woman may be as obediente vnto God as a mã? The second point of a princes office is to prouide for the impotent, needy, and helpelesse, as widowes, orphanes, lame, and decrepite persons: & seeing women are by nature tender harted, milde, and pitiful who may better than they discharge this dutie? Yea but a woman lacketh courage, boldnesse, and stomacke, to withstand the aduersarie, and so are her subiects an open spoile to their enemies. Debora, Iael, Iudith, Thomiris, and other do proue the contrarie. But graunt it were so: what harme were that seeing victorie consisteth not in wyt or force, but in Gods pleasure. I am sure that whatsoeuer prince doth his dutie in obaying God, and causing Iustice to be ministred according to Gods lawes, shal not onely lacke warre (be he man, woman or child) but also be a terrour to al other princes. And if God suffer any at any time to be assayled, it is for ỹ destruction of the assayler, whether he be rebel or forreine foe, & to the honour & profite of ỹ vertuous prince, in whose behalfe rather then he shal miscarye, God himselfe wil fight with enfections, & earthquakes

from the land and waters, and with stormes, and lightninges from the ayre and skies. Moe warres haue bene sought throughe the wilfull & hauty courages of kinges. and greater destructions hapned to realme thereby, than by any other meanes. And as for wisedome and pollicye, seeing it consisteth in folowing the counsel of many godly, learned, & long experienced heades, it were better to haue a woman, who consideringe her owne weakenes and inabilitie, should be ruled thereby, than a man which presuming vpon his owne fond brayne, will heare no aduise saue his owne. You muse peraduenture wherfore I say this. The franticke heades whiche disable our Queene, because she is a woman, & our king because he is a straunger, to be our prynces & chief gouernours hath caused me to say thus much For what soeuer man, woman, or childe, is by the consent, of the whole realme established in the royal seate, so it haue not bene iniuriously procured by rigour of sword and open force, but quietly, by title, eyther of enheritaunce, succession, lawful bequeste, common consent, or election, is vndoubtedlye chosē by God to be his deputie: and whosoeuer resisteth any such, resisteth against God himselfe, and is a ranke traytour and rebel, and shalbe sure to prosper aswel as the Blacke Smyth and other suche haue done. Al resist that wilful breake any lawe, not being against Gods law, made by common consent for

the

the wealth of the realme, and commaunded to bee kept by authoritye of the prince: or that deny to pay such duties, as by consent of the high court of Parliament, are appointed to the Prince for the defence and preseruation of the realme. You haue sayd very truly herein (quoth I) and I trust this terrible example of the Blacke Smyth, will put all men in mynde of their duties and teach them to be obediēt to al good lawes, and lawful contributions. The scriptures do forbid vs to rebel, or forcible to withstand Princes, though they commaūd vntust thinges: yet in any case we may not do thē but receiue quietly at the princes hand whatsoeuer punishment God shal suffer to be layd vpon vs for oure refusal, God wil suffer none of his to be tēpted aboue their strength. But because these two persons last before rehearsed were thought not onelye obscure in matter, but also crabbed in the meeter (I haue here readye to supplie that which lacked in theym) Shores wife, an eloquent wench, which shal fynish out both in metre & matter, that which coulde not comlily be sayd in their persons Marke I pray you what shee sayth, & tel me how you lyke it.

HOVVE SHORES WIFE

Kinge Edwarde the fowerthes

Concubine, was by king Richard despoyled of al her goodes, and forced to doe open pennaunce.

AMong the rest by Fortune ouerthrowen,
I am not least, that most may waple her fate:
My fame and bruite abrode the world is blowen,
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?
My greae mischaunce, my fal and heauy state,
Is such a marke whereat ech tongue doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt vp by the roote.

This wandring world bewitched me with wyles,
And won my wits with wanton sugred ioyes,
In Fortunes frekes who trusles her when she smiles,
Shal fynde her false and ful of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes al but fil our eares with noyes,
Her flattring giftes are pleasure mixt with payne.
Yea al her wordes are thunders threatning raine.

The fond desire that we in glorye set,
Doth thirle our hartes to hope in slipper hap,
A blast of pompe is al the fruite we get,
And vnder that lies hid a sooden clap,
In seeking rest vnwares wee fall in trap:
In groping flowers: with nettles stong we are,
In labouring long we reape the crop of care.

Oh darke deceit with painted face for showe,
Oh poysoned bayte that makes vs eager stil,
Oh fayned frend deceiuing people so,
Oh world of the wee cannot speake to ill:
Yet fooles we are to bend so to thy skyl,
The plague and scourge, that thousands dayly feele,
Should warne the wise to shun thy whirling wheele.

But who can stop the streame that runnes ful swift:
Or quench the fire that crept is in the strawe?
The thirstie drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such that neede obayes no lawe:
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And cannot stay, nor turne againe in time,
Nor learne of those that sought to high to clime.

My selfe for proofe lo here I now appeare,
In womans weede with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delightes full deare,
Whose loud reproach doth sound vnto the skies
And bids my corps out of the graue arise,
As one that may no longer hyde her face,
But needes must come and shew her piteous case.

The sheete of shame wherein I shrowded was
Did moue me oft to plaine before this day,
And in myne eares did ryng the trumpe of brasse,
Which is defame, that doth each vice bewraye.
Yea though ful dead and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voyce of me what people said,
But then to speake alas I was afrayde.

And

And now a time for mee I see prepare,
I heare the liues and falles of many wightes:
My tale therfore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the little candle lightes.
Where pageauntes vse, small thinges fil out the sightes,
Therfore geeue eare, good Baldwin do thy best,
My tragedye to place among the rest.

Because the truth shal witnesse wel with thee,
I wil rehearse in order as it fell,
My lyfe, my death, my doleful destenie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwel:
A whole discourse by me Shores wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble bloud I cannot boast my birth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Mine heritage but seuen foote of earth,
Fortune ne gaue to me the giftes of Gold:
But I could brag of nature if I would,
Who filde my face with fauour fresh and fayre,
Whose beauty shone like Phœbus in the ayre.

My shape some sayd was seemely to eche sight,
My countenaunce did show a sober grace,
Myne eyes in lookes were neuer proued light,
My tongue in wordes was chast in euery case,
Myne eares were deafe and would no louers place,
Saue that (alas) a prince did blot my brow.
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bow.

The

The maiestie that kinges to people beare,
The stately port, the awful cheare they show,
Doth make the meane to shrinke & couch for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maister knowe:
What then, since I was made vnto the bow:
There is no cloake, can serue to hyde my fault,
For I agreed the fort he should assault.

The Eagles forte subdues ech bird that flies.
What mettal may resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the Sunne, dasill the cleerest eyes,
And melt the yse, and make the frost retire?
Who can withstand a puissaunt kinges desire?
The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles,
The wisest are, with princes made but fooles.

If kinde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set me forth in colours blacke and browne,
Or beautye had beene parcht in Phœbus flames,
Or shamefast wayes had pluct my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne:
For natures giftes was cause of al my griefe.
A pleasaunt pray entiseth many a thiefe.

Thus wo to thee that wrought my peacockes pride,
By cloathing me with natures tapistrie,
Wo worth the hue wherein my face was dyde,
Which made me thinke I pleased euery eye:
Like as the sterres make men behold the skie,
So beauties show doth make the wise ful fond,
And bringes free hartes ful of to endlesse bond.

But

But cleare from blame my frendes cannot be found,
Before my time my youth they did abuse:
In mariage, a prentise was I bound,
Then that meere loue I knew not how to vse,
But welaway, that cannot me excuse,
The harme is mine though they deuised my care,
And I must smart and sit in slaunderous snare.

Yet geue me leaue to pleade my cause at large,
If that the horse do runne beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,
Do breake their course, where rulers may take place:
Or meate be set before the hungries face,
Who is in fault the offender yea or no,
Or they that are the cause of all this woe?

Note wel what strife this forced mariage makes,
What loathed liues do come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching breers do grow vpon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke,
What beaupe loade is put on pacientes backe,
What straunge delightes this brunch of vice doth breede
And marke what graine springes out of such a seede.

Compel the hauke to sit that is vnmand,
Or make the hound vntaught to braue the Deere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your time is lost and you are neuer the neere:
So loue ne learnes of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that feele swete fancies fit.

The

The leſſe deſame redounded to my diſpraiſe,
I was entiſte by traynes, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my power remained peas and nayes,
Unto my frendes yet needes conſent I muſt,
In euery thing, ye lawful or vniuſt.
They brake the bowes and ſhakt the tree by ſleight,
And bent the wand ẏ mought haue grown ful ſtreite.

VVhat helpe is this, the pale thus broken downe,
The deere muſt needes in daunger runne aſtray:
At me therfore why ſhould the world ſo frowne,
Py weakeneſſe made my youth a Princes pray.
Though wiſedome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet trye my caſe who liſt, and they ſhall proue,
The rypeſt wits are ſooneſt thralles to loue.

VVhat neede I more to cleare my ſelfe to much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call:
His royal ſtate his Princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will (that women ſeeke for all,)
The eaſe, the wealth, the gyfts which were not ſmal,
Beſieged me ſo ſtrongly round about,
Py power was weake I could not hold him out.

Duke Hannibal in al his conqueſt great,
Or Cæſar yet, whoſe triumphes did exceede,
Of al their ſpoyles which made them toyle and ſweate,
VVere not ſo glad to haue ſo rich a meede,
As was this Prince when I to him agreed.
And yelded me a priſoner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to flye.

The

Shores wyfe.

The Nightingale for al his merye boyce
Nor yet the Larke that yet delightes to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so reioyce,
As I with woordes haue made this worthy king:
I neuer iarde, in tune was euery string,
I tempered so my tongue to please his eare,
That what I said was currant euery where.

I ioynde my talke, my iestures, and my grace
In wittie frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the King in such a case,
That to his death I was his chiefest hand,
I gouerned him that ruled al this land:
I bare the sword though he did weare the crowne,
I strake the stroke that threw the mightie downe:

If Iustice said that iudgement was but death,
With my sweete woordes I could the king perswade,
And make him pause and take therein a breath,
Til I with suite the fautors peace had made:
I knew what waye to vse him in his trade,
I had the arte to make the Lyon meeke.
There was no point wherein I was to seeke.

If I did frowne, who then did looke awrie:
If I did smile, who would not laugh outright?
If I but spake, who durst my woordes denie?
If I pursued, who would forsake the flight?
I meant my power was knowen to euery wight,
On such a height good hap had built my bower,
As though my sweete should neuer haue turnd to sower.

My husband then as one that knew his good,
Refusde to kepe a Princes Concubine,
Foreseeing the end and mischief as it stoode,
Against the King did neuer much repine,
He saw the grape whereof he dranke the wine,
Though inward thought his hart did stil torment.
Yet outwardlye he seemde he was content.

To purchase praise and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do some good,
I euer did vphold the common weale,
I had delight to saue the guiltlesse blood:
Eche suters cause when that I vnderstood,
I did prefer as it had beene mine owne,
And helpe them vp that might haue bene orethrowne.

My power was prest to right the poremans wrong,
My handes were free to greue where neede required,
To watch for grace I neuer thought it long,
To doe men good I nede not be desired.
Nor yet with gifres my hart was neuer hyred.
But when the Ball was at my foote to guide,
I plaied to those that Fortune did abide.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at wil,
My robes was rich and braucr than the Sunne:
My Fortune than was far aboue my skil,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne,
My fatal threede so happely was spunne,
That then I sate in earthly pleasurs clad,
And for the time a goodlie place I had.

But

But I had not so sone this life possest,
But my good hap began to slip aspyde.
And Fortune then did me so sore molest,
That vnto plaintes was turned al my Pryde,
It booted not to rowe against the tide:
Mine oares were weake my hart and strength did fayle,
The winde was rough I durst not beare a sayle.

What steps of strife belong to high estate:
The climing vp is doubtful to endure,
The seate it selfe doth purchase priuie hate,
And honours fame is fickle and vnsure,
And al the pringes, is flowers that be vnpure:
Which fal as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last they are so vayne a thing.

We count no care to catch that we do wish,
But what we win is long to vs vnknowne,
The present payne be serued in our dish,
We scarce perceiue whereon our griefe hath growen:
What graine proues wel that is so rashly sowen:
If that a meane did measure all our deedes,
And steede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The setled mynde is free from Fortunes power,
They neede not feare who looke not vp aloft,
But they that clyme are careful euery bower,
For when they fal they light not very soft:
Examples hath the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blow and haue most rigour there.

Where

Where is it strouge but neere the Ground, and Roote?
Where is it weake but on the highest Sprayes?
Where may a man so surely set his Foote,
But on those Boowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The little Twiges are but vnstedfast stayes,
If they breake not, they bend with euery blast,
Who trusts to them shall neuer stand full fast.

The Winde is great vppon the highest Hilles,
The quiet lyfe is in the Dale bee lowe,
Who treades on Ise shall slide against their wills,
They want not Cares that curious Artes would know.
Who liues at ease, and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and sets vs all to Schoole,
Who hates this loze may well be calde a Foole.

What greater griefe may come to any life,
Than after sweete to taste the bitter sower?
Or after Peace to fall at Warre, and strife,
Or after myrth to haue a cause to lower?
Under such Props false Fortune builes her Bower,
On sodayne chaunge her flittrings Frames bee set,
Where is no way for to escape her Net.

The hasty smart that Fortune sendes in spite
Is hard to brooke where gladnesse wee embrace,
Shee threatens not, but sodainly doth smite,
Where Ioy is most, there doth shee Sorrow place.
But sure I thincke, this is to straunge a case,
For vs to feele such greefe amid our Game,
And know not why vntill wee taste the same.

As earſt I ſayd, my bliſſe was turnd to bale,
I had good cauſe to weepe and wringe my handes,
And ſhewe ſad cheere with Countenaunce full pale,
For I was brought in ſorrows wofull bandes:
A Pirry came and ſet my Ship on Sandes,
What ſhould I hide, or colour Care, and Mope?
Kinge Edward dyed in whom was all my Hope.

And when the Earth receiued had his Corſe,
And that in Tcumbe, thys worthy Prince was layde,
The World on mee began to ſhewe his Force,
Of Troubles then my part I longe aſſayed:
For they of whom I never was afrayde,
Undid mee moſt, and wrought mee ſutch diſpite,
That they bereft mee from my pleaſure quite.

As longe as life remainde in Edward breſt,
Who was but I? who had ſutch frends at call?
His body was no ſooner put in Cheſt,
But well was hee that could procure my fall:
His Brother was mine Enemy moſt of all
Protectour then, whoſe vice did ſtill abound,
From ill to worſe till death did him confound.

Hee falſely fayned, that I of counſayle was
To poyſon him which thinge I never ment,
But hee could ſet thereon a face of braſſe,
To bringe to paſſe his lewde, and falſe entent,
To ſutch miſchiefe this Tyrants heart was bent:
To God ne man hee never ſtoode in awe,
For in his wrath hee made his will a lawe.

Loyde

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeaunce on him cryes,
And many moe, that were to longe to name:
But most of all and in most wofull wyse
I had good cause this wretched man to blame,
Before the World I suffered open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the Sande,
A Penaunce tooke with Taper in my Hand.

Ech Eye did stare, and looke mee in the Face,
As I past by the Rumours on mee ran,
But Patience then had lent mee such a Grace,
My quiet Lookes were praysed of every man:
The Shamefacke bloud brought mee such coulour then
That Thousands sayd, which sawe my Sober cheere,
It is great ruth to see this Woman heere.

But what prevayle the peoples pitty there?
This raginge Wolfe would spare no guiltelesse bloud.
Oh wicked Wombe that such ill fruite did beare,
Oh cursed Earth that yeldeth forth such Mud,
The Hell consume all thinges that did thee good,
The Heauens shut their Gates against thy Spyte,
The World tread downe thy Glory vnder Feete.

I aske of God a vengeaunce on thy Bones,
Thy stinkinge Corps corrups the Ayre I know:
Thy shamefull death no earthly Wight bemoanes,
For in thy Lyfe thy workes were hated so,
That every man did wishe thy ouerthrowe:
Wherefore I may, though parciall now I am,
Curse euery caule whereof thy body came.

¶ Wo worth the man that fathered such a childe:
¶ Wo worth the bower wherein thou wast begate.
¶ Wo worth the Bests that have the world begilde,
To nourish thee that all the World did hate,
¶ Wo worth the Gods that gaue thee such a fate,
To liue so longe, that death deserude so ofte.
¶ Wo worth the chaunce that set thee vp a loft.

Yee Princes all, and Rulers euerychone,
In punishment beware of hatreds ire.
Before yee scourge, take heede, looke well thereon;
In wrothes ill-will if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burne in such a hote desire,
That in those flames the Smoake shall dimme your sight,
Yee shall forget to ioyne your Iustice right.

You should not iudge till thinges bee well discernde,
Your charge is still to maintayne vpright lawes,
In conscience rules yee should bee throughly learnde,
¶ Where clemency bids wrath, and rashnesse pause,
And further sayth: Strike not without a cause,
And when yee smite do it for Iustice sake,
Then in good part ech man your Scourge will take.

If that such zeale had moued this Tyrannes minde,
To make my plague a warrant for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to finde,
Such punishment is vsed for the best;
But by ill will and power I was oppresst.
Hee spoyled my goods, and left mee bare, and Powre,
And caused mee to begge from Doore, to Doore.

¶ That

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watch for crummes amonge the blinde and lame?
When almes were dole I had an hungry share,
Because I knewe not how to aske for shame,
Till force & neede had brought me in suche frame,
That starue I must, or learne to beg an Aues,
With booke in hande to say S. Dauids Psalmes.

Where I was wont the golden Chaynes to beare,
A paire of Beades about my Necke was wound,
A lynnen cloth was lapt about my beare,
A ragged Gounе that trayled on the Ground,
A Dish that clapt, and gaue a heaup sound,
A slayinge staffe, and wallet therewithall,
I beare about as witnesse of my fall.

I had no house wherein to hide my head,
The open Streate my lodginge was perforce,
Full oft I went all hungry to my Bed,
My flesche consumde, I looked like a corse,
Yet in that plight who had on mee remorse?
O God thou knowest my freendes forsooke mee than,
Not one holpe mee who suckred many a man.

They frownde on mee, that fawnd on mee before,
And fled from mee that followed mee full fast,
They hated mee, by whom I set mutch store,
They knew full well my fortune did not last,
In euery place I was condemnd and cast:
To plead my cause at Barre it was no boote,
For euery man did treade me vnderfoote.

Thus

Thus longe I rode all weary of myne,
Till death appli'de, and tooke me from that woe:
Example take by dier doth Mayde, and Wife,
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly so.
A Mirrour make by my great ouerthrowe:
Dese this World, and all his wanton ioyes,
Beware by me that spent so ill her dayes.

FINIS.

Th. Churchyarde.